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November, 1928

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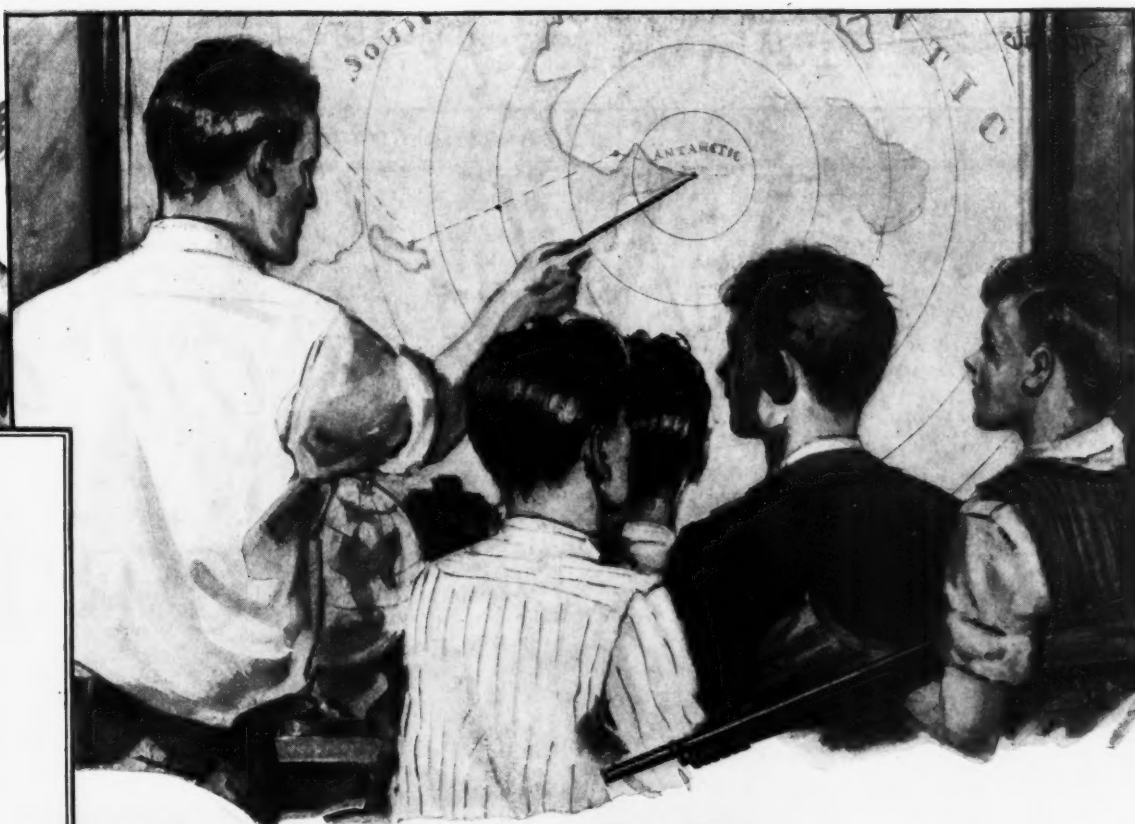

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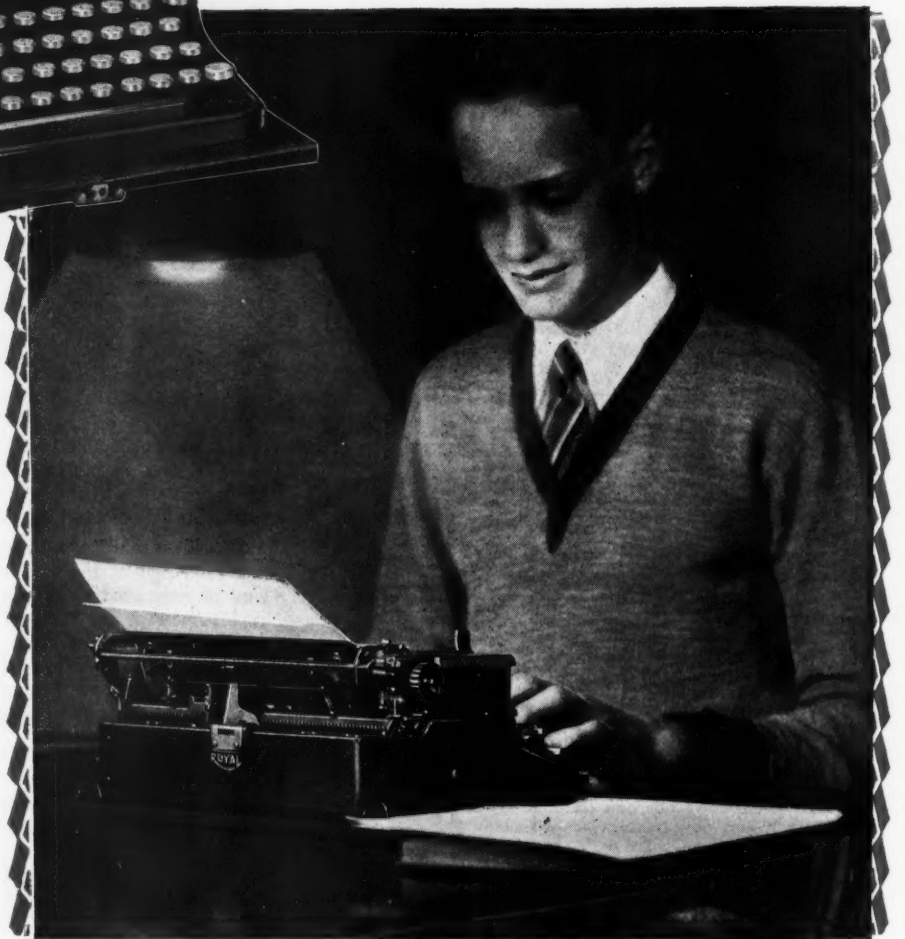


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# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 102

NOVEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 11

## Red Plume of the Royal Mounted

The Long Story Complete in This Issue

By *Edward H. Williams*

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ANDERSON



### CHAPTER ONE

#### *On the Wilderness Trail*

SERGEANT MACLEOD of the Royal Northwest Mounted—Canada's wonderful "crime crushers"—paused and stood looking at the signs written in the snow all about him. They told him a story as plainly as though it were written for him in black and white. "Here's where they started out after the storm," he commented.

The sergeant was "Red Coat" in name only now. For, in place of the cocky red jacket, neatly fitting trousers and riding-boots, and jaunty cap cocked at an angle—the regular uniform—the officer's athletic figure was now muffled in shapeless fur coverings, the clothes of the Arctic region.

Nevertheless, he was still Officer Macleod, efficient sergeant of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police Force, even through the thick disguise of heavy furs and snow-shod feet. And now he was standing with his faithful old .44-40 Winchester, cocked and ready, studying the tracks in the snow all about him.

Close behind the big sergeant a dog team of six male-mute sledge dogs sat on their haunches with ears cocked expectantly. They, too, had seen the tracks in the snow. And beside the long sled stood a sixteen-year-old boy, red-checked and sturdy, also with a rifle drawn from its sheath and ready, while, plowing forward on his snow-shoes on the back trail a few yards away was another big man, in dress and appearance a counterpart of the sergeant.

The sergeant turned to the two companions, after a hasty glance at the sun, which, only a "yard or two" above the horizon even at midday at this time of year,

was now just hiding its upper rim. "This trail is cold—three hours old, anyhow," he announced. "So we might as well camp right here. What do you say, Dick?" He was watching the boy, with a little twinkle in his eye.

The boy gave no verbal answer, but after sheathing his rifle turned to the dogs and busied himself with their harnesses. Meanwhile the sergeant had broken a path into a clump of firs with thickly clustered branches, knocked the snow from the limbs and cleared it away from the rather open space underneath. In half an hour's time the dogs had been fed their ration of frozen fish, the kettle had boiled, and the little group were seated before a hot, blazing campfire, thoroughly enjoying the thawed-out baked beans, bacon and black bread.

EVERYONE, even those almost entirely ignorant of the history, deeds and traditions of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police Force, the "Mounties," or "Red Coats"—or by whatever name of endearment and respect they are known—appreciates the almost uncanny efficiency of these officers; not any single or particular officer, but each and every one of them. Their guiding motto is one without variation:

*"It's the awful nights!" Dick confided. "I suppose I can stand it—I've got to. But sometimes I almost wish that bullet had gone two feet higher than it did"*

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"Get your man!" Even though you must follow him to the ends of the earth, spend a king's ransom in money and the better part of a lifetime in doing it, the rule still holds: "Get your man!" There is no exception.

This old, fixed rule was actively fermenting Sergeant Macleod's system—had been doing so for many months, and over trackless miles. Now, with his man practically in sight, he would turn on full power and hold straight ahead to the end.

It was a peculiar situation, most unusual. "Rock" Wissler—trapper, gambler, camp-hanger—had killed and robbed a man just above the Canadian line at a place near the hunting-grounds and reservation of the Cheyenne Indians. Rock was familiar with these Indians and their territory. So, after the killing, he had disappeared northward into the Cheyenne region.

At once Sergeant Macleod took up the chase and, alone, began searching the vast territory and examining the many and elusive inhabitants of the Cheyenne community. But, baffled at every turn, mainly because he could not speak the language of these northern Indians, who knew neither English nor French, he had made a hasty return to the south to secure an interpreter. He felt sure the criminal would linger somewhere within the

friendly protection of the tribe during his absence.

At first the officer met only with disappointment: there was no interpreter available. What next?

A young plainsman, fresh from some of the Indian fights just over the border in the States, offered a possible solution. He told the officer that, living about ten miles below the line, was the very person he sought—a boy named Dick Webster, who had recently been a captive among the Cheyennes. He had been in some mix-ups between these Indians and the Blackfeet, had earned the name "Red Plume," and had been dubbed a real Cheyenne warrior. Later on he had been adopted as a son by the great chief, Gray Eagle, the head of this very northern tribe in which the criminal was hiding.

Probably this boy could be easily induced to act as interpreter for the Red Coat. He was that kind of boy. And, anyhow, it would be just a lark for him, because the very name "Mountie" and the fame of those officers had spread into the remotest corners even of the hardy Cheyennes' country.

Sergeant Macleod saddled his horse and rode over to have a parley with this Indian-white boy, Dick. And the following day, this new official interpreter—who, at that, was a veteran scout and Indian fighter—rode away beside the officer up into the Cheyenne country to aid in catching the elusive murderer.

But the country of the Cheyennes is large and the number of Indian families small and scattered. Furthermore, the pursued has every advantage over the pursuer in such a country. So that, after several weeks of wandering from one point to another, sometimes on hot trails and again on trails that were cool or made elusive by the aid of an occasional stealthy friend, the Red Coat and his sturdy boy companion found themselves "running in circles"—baffled. And now the northern winter was at hand, and they were far away up toward the Arctic region.

But this, of course, did not modify in the least that "eleventh commandment" of the Mounties. Sergeant Macleod, if he returned at all, would do so either with his man or with proof that the man no longer existed. Yet here was his handicap, an almost insuperable difficulty, it seemed: he was responsible for the boy in his care. He could not leave him; he could not send him back through the wilderness. If the officer took Dick with him, it might be a year before they saw civilization again. Possibly they would never see it.

"A penny for your thoughts, Sergeant," Dick said impulsively to the officer one night as the Red Coat sat gazing into the glowing coals in the center of their smoky tepee. They were spending the night in the borrowed lodge of a Cheyenne family at the very northern extremity of the tribe's domain. Also, they had lost the last trace of the fugitive at this point.

The big sergeant, at first evasive, had finally loosed his tongue and explained the situation. He had at last decided to give it up, return to headquarters and acknowledge defeat—and, he admitted, all because of the boy.

There was a long pause after this. Dick had risen and stood looking earnestly at the officer. Then, impulsively, he exploded into a shout of laughter. If that was all the trouble, it was easily settled. True, he was only a boy. But he was a frontier boy—the kind that "is grown up right from the start," the kind that would stay with the officer to the bitter end, no matter how long it took or how far they went.

An hour later the Cheyenne warrior who was their host and who, with his numerous family, occupied a tepee a few yards away, was roused unceremoniously from his slumbers. And shortly after the now wide-awake savage was sitting humped in his blanket beside the lodge fire of the two white guests, listening. What he heard, through interpreter Dick, was impressive, finally convincing. He was told very emphatically what would inevitably happen to anyone who aided any criminal wanted by the Mounted Force. And, knowing the truth of the officer's statements, he had finally grunted the admission that the man they were seeking had left the tribal region a few days before headed for the north.

"There is only one place for him to go from here at this time of year," the Mountie explained to the boy after the warrior had returned to his slumbers. "He

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could stay out in the forests, trapper fashion, if he is equipped for it and is a good enough woodsman. But he isn't equipped. And so he must make for MacDougal's place, the farthest northern post of the Hudson's Bay Company. There isn't any other place to go."

So the following day man and boy had hurried away to the north, racing against the coming cold weather to reach the Hudson's Bay post before winter cut them off. It was a closely timed race. Indeed, the first blizzard of the season—the opening gun of winter—came upon them the very day of their arrival at the group of low, sturdy log buildings that represented the post of the Great Company.

It was into a dark, somewhat smoky, but comfortable log-walled room that Sergeant Macleod and Dick made their way out of the now raging storm. Their coming was a complete surprise to the three men sitting about the great fireplace.

Two of these, old Mac and the ancient Caleb, were known to Officer Macleod, at least by repute. The third was a stranger, a young woodsman, Jim Blair. But these three were equally enthusiastic in their welcome to the strangers. And while they danced about like delighted schoolboys, helping to unload packs and hasten their hospitality, they swung the kettle over the fireplace, threw venison and bear meat into the frypans, lighted tallow candles and prepared the universal token of welcome, a feast. Only once in many years did strangers ever drop thus out of the sky into MacDougal Post.

Later, as they all sat about the fireplace eagerly asking and answering questions, the sergeant revealed his mission. Had a stranger, answering to the description of Rock Wissler, passed that way?

He had indeed. Only two days before he had gone off to his trap lines—he and his partner, the half-breed, Pete—old Mac assured the officer. They had outfitted there at the post and departed into unknown parts for the winter's trapping. What of it?

Sergeant Macleod explained. The man they had outfitted from the stores of the H. B. Company was a murderer wanted, for purposes of hanging, by the Dominion

of Canada! The half-breed, Pete, must have been picked up somewhere in the Cheyenne country.

The announcement produced an effect scarcely second to the surprising entrance of the sergeant and Red Plume. Murderers, criminals of any kind, were almost unknown on that far frontier. To have harbored one—probably two—even for a day, was disconcerting. What was to be done now?

Sergeant Macleod explained further. First of all he would, by process of law, transform trapper Blair into an officer of the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, a deputy on temporary duty to assist in capturing the fugitive, Rock.

Caleb's old, thumb-leaved Bible was brought out forthwith, and, standing with one hand resting on the book, the other raised, trapper Blair solemnly took the oath to uphold and keep the laws of the Dominion. The oath was administered by Sergeant Macleod, and the process of transformation was duly recorded on the pages of a grimy old book of the Great Company.

Red Plume sat in awed silence as he watched this solemnity. It seemed like a play, unreal. Yet the roar of the storm through the trees of the trackless forests all about them, the errand of death that had lured them into this vast wilderness, the serious faces of this little group of seasoned woodsmen—all this emphasized the real meaning of this seemingly childish game.

"The storm will blow itself out by morning," old Mac had predicted. And, sure enough, when the first streaks of dawn lightened the east, there was the calm stillness of the frozen forests, interrupted by the frost snaps and the occasional crash of falling snow from the overlaid branches.

An hour before this time Officer Blair had been up, making preparations. His harnesses had been inspected and placed upon the dogs, the sled packed to full capacity, its load held in place by the lacing of tongs. Caleb from the storeroom had been handing out and recording supplies, and helping with the final preparations; so that by the time Mac was ready to give the breakfast call everything was in moving order.

"Eat all you can today, boys, and a little more," the old man urged, and then added, significantly: "It may be the last time you will have a good chance to have a decent meal for some time."

The two officers and the boy acted enthusiastically upon the old man's advice. Then, with many a good wish for "success and speedy return," they left the two old men standing in the gateway while, with Sergeant Macleod leading and breaking trail on his snowshoes, Dick at his heels, and the new Officer Blair "mushing" on the dog team, they disappeared into the forest.

At first, for want of a better guide, they followed a "hunch" course—the hunch of Sergeant Macleod that the pair they were trailing had gone in a certain direction. And, since this pair had shown no signs of apprehension at the post, evidently believing that the pursuit had been abandoned, there were many reasons for believing that they would travel leisurely. So it was no great surprise to the three travelers when, just before nightfall, they had come upon the plain trail of the two fugitives. And now the three pursuers were passing their first night almost on the same spot where the two outlaws had camped a few hours before.

AN hour before daylight Sergeant Macleod roused his two companions from their sleeping-bags and made preparations for the start. And the moment it was light enough for trailing they renewed the pursuit.

But now the order of their advance changed. The dog-team was turned over to Dick and kept somewhat in the rear. Sergeant Macleod, with his rifle unsheathed and carried in the hollow of his left arm ready for instant action, cautiously advanced on the right and a hundred yards in advance, while Blair covered the left in the same manner.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, two shots rang out on the left, out of the thick screen of the spruce. Instantly other shots followed, echoed now by the sullen bark of Sergeant Macleod's old .44-40.

At the first shot, Officer Blair had stumbled forward headforemost and lay still in the snow. In the same moment the leader of the dog-team, after one snarl of surprise, had collapsed in his tracks and lay writhing





A cautious peep around the corner showed the short, sturdy figure of Rock humped over close to the door and growling his demands, while Indian Joe stood just behind him, on the edge of the narrow platform

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and gasping in the reddening snow. Instantly another shot clipped a piece from the harness of the second dog. The assailants, evidently as yet unaware of the presence of a third man, were attempting to disable the dog-team. Even though they failed in destroying their human pursuers, they would foil the pursuit by eliminating the dogs. Probably this part of the attack had been delegated to Pete, the half-breed. And he was doing his work well, for another shot stretched the second dog on the snow.

By that time the boy's repeater, a duplicate of Sergeant Macleod's .44-40, but lighter and of smaller caliber, had come into action. Dick had located the sniper by the puffs of smoke. In a moment the head and shoulders of a man appeared from behind the tree, and instantly there was a puff of smoke, and the rifle report. Simultaneously Dick pulled the trigger, so that the two reports sounded as one.

At the moment of firing, the boy felt a sharp stab in his leg. But as he dropped into the snow he saw the head of the man behind the tree jerk backward, the arms flop downward, and the body crumple in the snow. His shot had gone true.

The next Dick remembered was a feeling of cold on his cheek. Then, as he opened his eyes, he looked into those of Sergeant Macleod leaning over him. And, after a moment or two, he realized that it was the officer's voice coming from far away, but drawing closer.

"Dick, boy, he got you," he heard the big officer saying, as he rubbed snow on the boy's still pale cheek. Then after a moment: "But you got him—got him right."

By this time the boy was getting hold of himself, rallying from the momentary shock that follows a heavy bullet wound. He raised himself on his hands and attempted to rise. But he found that a sharp pain stabbed him in the leg whenever he moved it.

Sergeant Macleod was examining the wound gently and carefully. "Not the bone, thank God!" he volunteered after a moment. "But clean through, and right alongside it."

"Where's Blair?" the boy asked.

The sergeant shook his head, and did not reply as he bound his handkerchief tightly about Dick's thigh.

"Gone on—ahead, poor Blair has," he said presently.

"Your shot was just a little too late, Dick. One of them got Blair in his tracks, the first shot. Then the half-breed got you in the leg. But you got him."

The bandaging was now completed, and at once the sergeant turned to the sledge and began unloading, throwing the packages hurriedly off into the snow. And now Dick noted that the officer had on only one snowshoe.

"What about Rock?" the boy asked after a moment.

The sergeant paused in his work, spreading his hands in a gesture of utter disgust. "Gone! Gone, and without a scratch, I think!" he declared. "A shot ripped the toe frame and lacings of one of my shoes and I couldn't follow. But I'll get him yet, never fear—you and I, Dick," the officer blurted savagely. "He's bottled himself up for the winter up here. And long before that your leg will be all well. And Mister Rock will pay well for what he has done to poor Blair."

The big officer was winking and swallowing hard as he now came over to the boy and unlaced and removed his snowshoes. Then he brought the sledge around and helped Dick to arrange himself comfortably in his sleeping-bag. The boy's leg was numb and useless, but as yet was giving him little pain.

This done, the sergeant guided the dog-team to where poor Blair lay and reverently placed the body on the sledge. Not a word was spoken while this sad task was under way—the feelings of both man and boy were too tense for expression. Then, when all was ready, Sergeant Macleod gave the word of command to the dogs, and, with his help at the gee-pole to push and guide the heavy load, they began the slow journey back to the post.

The four remaining dogs of the team needed neither guidance nor urging. Back-trailing toward home was incentive enough to keep them straining at the traces; and following their broken-out trail of the day before made traveling relatively easy, even with this extra-heavy load.

Nevertheless, it was midnight when the sergeant staggered up to the heavy door of the post and shouted and pounded to rouse old Mac and old Caleb.

From then on until daylight the dingy old post was the scene of fervid activity. Several times the usual quota of candles were lighted, a full half-dozen at once.

For Sergeant Macleod must have hot water, and clean cloths, and plenty of light for dressing Dick's badly punctured thigh. Then came a trying time for Dick.

Aside from the Bible, there was no reading matter whatever in the place, except a year-old copy of an almanac. And even if there had been, it would have been almost impossible for the wounded boy to spend very much time reading. For such daylight as there was came only during the few hours each day when the sun skimmed along the horizon and spent itself in passing through the little windows and across the dingy room.

FOR a few days this dull idleness really made little difference to the boy. His pain and exhaustion occupied his full time. But by the end of the fifth day the strain was beginning to tell.

"How long did you say I must keep quiet?" he asked the sergeant, just as Caleb was lighting one of the smoky dips at the fire to relieve the gloom sufficiently so that he might complete his preparation of the evening meal.

The big officer looked at the boy with understanding apprehension. He realized fully the import of that question.

"Twenty days," he said simply. "And five of them are gone already."

"Twenty days!" the boy repeated. "And only five of them gone! Gee!"

For three days following nothing more was said. But Sergeant Macleod was watching and thinking. He lived Dick's routine with the boy, sat beside his bunk in the morning in the blinking firelight while Caleb and Mac prepared the breakfast—always fried meat, sometimes sour-dough bread, sometimes raised muffins. Then the four or five hours of daylight, during which the old men pottered about their work, in and out,—looking after the dogs, getting in the wood, shoveling paths,—listless, aimless work, but something to occupy their minds and bodies. Then the preparation of supper in the frypans and Dutch oven. And, at last, the long, long night.

At two o'clock in the morning of the ninth day something roused the officer from his sleep. Without moving, except to turn his head, he could look into Dick's bunk. To his surprise he saw that the boy was wide-awake—awake, staring into space, a look of abject

misery on his face. For an hour the officer watched; and during that time there was no change in the boy's expression. The only movement he made was to shift his hands—clasping them back of his head for a few moments, dropping them at his sides, clasping them over his chest—the routine of the restless, sleepless vigil.

At the end of an hour the sergeant could bear it no longer. With a little cough, as though just awakening, he rose from his bunk and came and stood before the fire. Instantly the boy sensed that the officer had been watching him, that he understood.

"It's the awful nights!" Dick confided. "I suppose I can stand it—I've got to. But sometimes, Sergeant—sometimes I almost wish that bullet—well, had gone about two feet higher than it did."

That morning, when Caleb and Mac finally finished their long night's sleep, they found the officer and the boy still talking. And then, breakfast finished, in the old trading-room back of the sleeping quarters, there was a secret conference. Caleb, Mac and Sergeant Macleod were present.

At the end of an hour Sergeant Macleod was saying: "I tell you it's a matter of life and death. It's got to be done."

"I know, I know," old Caleb nodded, his wrinkled face troubled. "We've got to keep him from thinking of himself."

"We've got to keep him occupied with the stories of the country that we know," said the sergeant.

"But what do I know to tell him, a young boy," said old Caleb, troubled still. "All I know is things of years ago that happened in out-of-the-way places, where I've spent all my life, like Mac—things about life at the old posts—"

"Just the things! Just the very things a boy like Dick will be eager to hear, to take his mind off himself. You and Mac have hundreds of stories. How about Duroc? How about when David MacGregor's traps were robbed? Hundreds? There's thousands!"

"But I'm no story-teller—" began old Mac, feebly.

"Up till now," Sergeant Macleod amended, with a chuckle. "But you're going to be."

The sergeant was right. For the next fifteen days old Mac held up his end of the newly appointed Committee on Recreation.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *The Tragedy of the New Snow*

HAVE you ever been snow-blind?" old Caleb asked Dick the following evening after supper.

The boy laughed and shook his head. "Why?" he asked the old man. "Is it so bad?"

Caleb deliberated before he answered.

"Yes, snow-blindness is always bad—for the eyes," he said. "But sometimes it is good for the soul. I knew of such a case once. It cured a man of another complaint that was even worse than snow-blindness."

IT happened right here in this region (began the old man, as he leaned back), during the winter that followed the wonderful dry autumn when no snow fell until more than a month later than had ever been known before. In fact, it was that long brown spell that made possible the whole thing, since it enabled the man who was robbing David MacGregor's traps to cover his tracks and conceal the fact that he was robbing David at all.

You must understand that robbing traps is an unpardonable crime in the great North Woods. It is also a very unusual one. But David convinced the factor that his traps were really being robbed, although he hadn't the remotest notion who the thief might be. It must be an Indian or a half-breed, of course, for white trappers do not steal from one another.

So the factor sent word to all the white trappers in his territory, asking them to come for a conference in the post trading-room on an evening a week later, but keeping this meeting a secret from the Indians.

At the meeting held secretly in the trading-room that night, Joe Marquard, whose trapping grounds were close to David's, told of seeing an Indian hanging about this vicinity at various times. Joe was not sure about the identity of this Indian, but strongly suspected that it was a comparatively new arrival—an Indian called Tom, who had come to us the year before with his brother from one of the agencies lying outside our territory. We felt sure that none of the other Indians in the vicinity would steal from the traps, because most of them knew the relentlessness of the Hudson's Bay Company and the length and strength of its arm.

As Joe Marquard's trapping grounds lay close to those

of David, Joe volunteered to catch the prowler, or two of them, if Tom's brother was mixed up in it. But ten days passed without Joe's getting any chance to use his rifle; and yet David's traps were certainly robbed during that time.

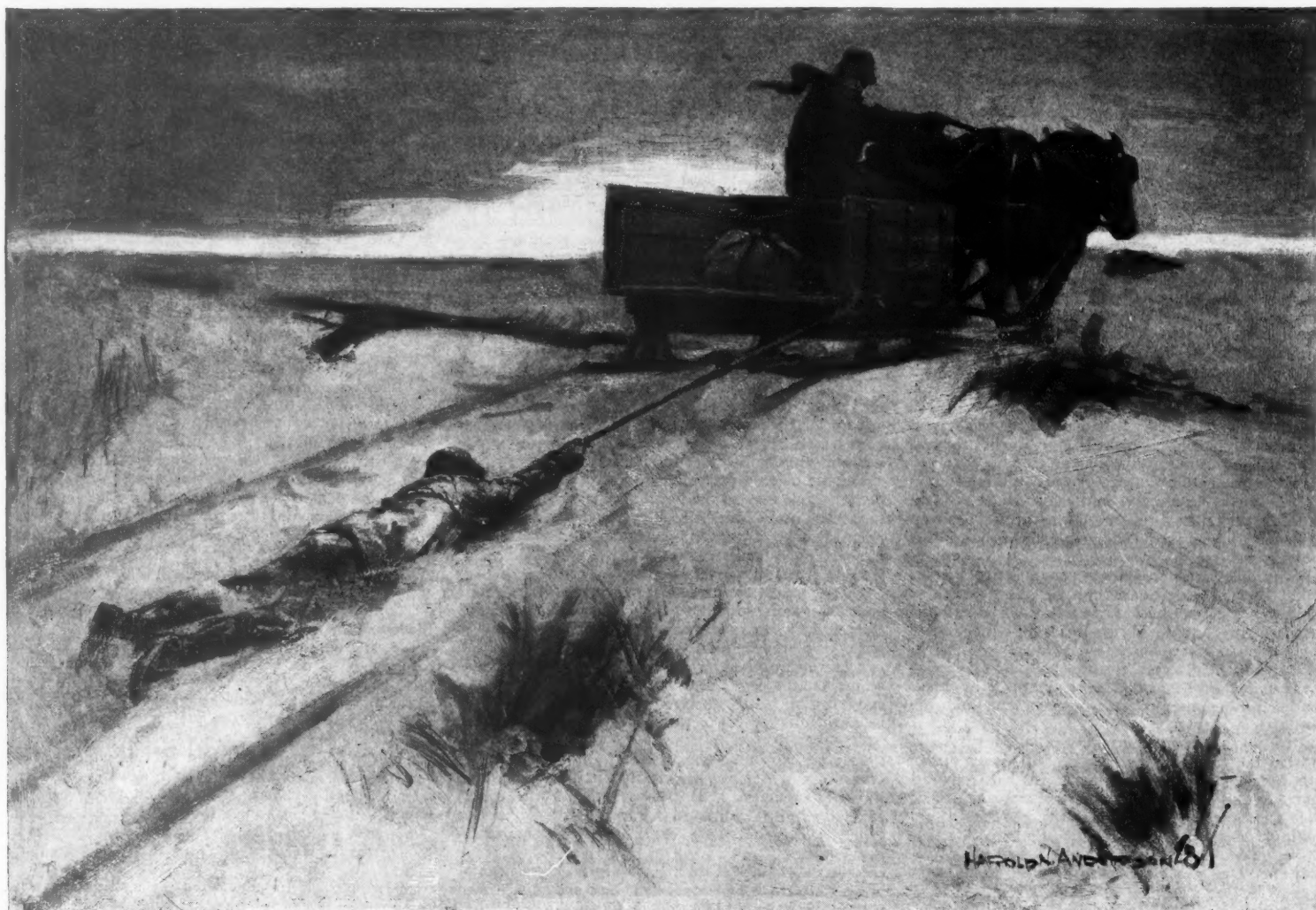
And all this time Indian Tom was loafing about the post, or hunting, apparently entirely unconcerned, and not suspecting that death in the form of Joe Marquard with his old Hudson's Bay gun was dogging his footsteps everywhere. And then the big snowstorm came that put an end to the trap-robbing, and an end to our hopes of catching the thief.

Now it happened that this first snowstorm caught Joe Marquard clear out at the far end of his trapping line, eight long hours' walk from his "home shanty"; that is, eight long hours' walk on the bare ground or on snowshoes, but about three times that for Joe, as his snowshoes were at the other end of the line. That didn't worry Joe any, of course, as he had his rifle and his axe with him. It merely meant that he must flounder along for three days instead of one, visiting his traps as he passed them.

It proved to be slower work than he had expected, though, on account of a peculiarly distressing kind of headache which developed about the middle of the afternoon. This was something Joe had never experienced before, and it annoyed him intensely. The pain seemed to increase little by little, and became so blinding that he grew careless about picking his way. He staggered about, making little headway; and finally, to cap the climax, he broke through the ice of a hidden stream, dampened the powder in his horn and spoiled his supply of matches. But there was still the one charge remaining in his gun; and he could do without matches, as, of course, he had his flint and steel outfit for fire-making, which no one ever went without. However, he decided to run no more risks. So he pitched camp and, too miserable to cook supper, tied his head up in his bandana, rolled into his blanket and went to sleep.

He didn't sleep well, though, tossing about, with eyes hurting and headache growing worse all the time. And in this condition it seemed to him the longest night he had ever lived through, and that daylight would never come. So finally, he decided to get up and sit beside his campfire until morning.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 571]



Straining at the traces at full trot now, they went forward, the driver guiding the team so that the boy on the rope was dragged against every possible bunch of grass, and all the uneven places in the icy road



# The Hundred Million Dollar Gift

And the boy from Serbia who gave it to America

By Earl Reeves

**I**NDOMITABLE, unresting, uphill march," the young men of Princeton heard Dean West say, as they stood assembled under the elms on a June day in 1924. Curious eyes were turned upon a distinguished stranger. "Let every discouraged young American take heart and follow his lead," Dean West concluded, and conferred an honorary degree.

Eyes lighted at that, for many knew this man's name, and story. But none, among these who had come from some of America's best homes into four golden college years, could have had a hint of his thoughts at that moment. Inspired by victories in classroom and on playing field, they looked forward into a world of warm promise. His thoughts turned backward, almost half a century.

He saw himself sleeping under a Princeton elm, near buildings which reminded him of a monastery; he saw that tattered boy awaken, pull from under his coat a loaf of bread, his breakfast, and munch with great joy while he pondered a marvelous dream he had dreamed. In that dream, a sixteen-year-old Serbian boy, without trade or friends and of scant scholarship, had seen himself raised to honor at this very spot.

When he could, he wrote to his mother about that dream; and, to encourage her, he said it was an omen.

She had been so determined that he must become a man wise in the lore of books. She had been his first teacher; but when his letter arrived she had to take it to the village priest and have it read to her. She could not read or write. Mother Pupin had taught her boy Michael for as long as she could, out of the lore stored in the retentive memory of an intelligent but untutored Serbian peasant.

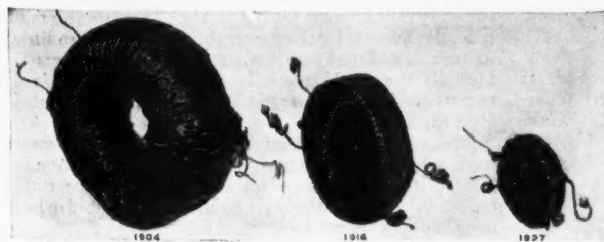
Another teacher had been Baba Batikin, an aged man who had fought against Napoleon, and who told stories of the wars of three centuries, although to him also the printed page was a locked mystery. From this minstrel, who recited the warlike ballads of the Serbian race, young Michael Pupin first heard of a strange land called America, and of a man there called Lincoln, who seemed to him very like the "Prince Marko" of old Serbia, who had fought ever for the weak and against all oppressors.

From this obscure Serbian village of Idvor, located upon a plateau on the frontier of Austria, Michael Pupin rose to be one of the world's foremost inventors, a great scholar, a friend of Presidents—and a rich man. His life is a triumph for America. Herbert Hoover might have been speaking of Doctor Pupin when he said:

"In no other country could a boy from a country village, without inheritance or influential friends, look forward with unbounded hope."

In that tiny village, sons of other mothers did not look forward with unbounded hope. But when the village school irked young Pupin with its reading and writing and arithmetic, which were so much less interesting than the "history" that came to him from the minstrel, Mother Pupin urged her boy onward.

"Knowledge," that devout woman said, "is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven."



Courtesy Bell Telephone Laboratory

The hundred million dollar gift; the simple coil that has saved the American people millions of dollars. The photograph shows how refinements have reduced the size of the coil since its development in 1904

And then she pleaded with the boy's father to send him to school in a bigger village, fifteen miles away, where there were better teachers who might fire her son's imagination with other subjects, "brain food for his hungry head."

In this other school Michael learned for the first time that a man named Benjamin Franklin had drawn electricity out of the air with a kite, and that thunder was not the rumbling of Elijah's car across the heavens. But when he displayed his new knowledge in his village his father was very angry at him for questioning the old legend; as well he might have been, for those neighbors around the Pupin fireside that evening showed by their faces that they were shocked at this heresy.

During the summers of his years in Idvor, Michael Pupin learned the arts of the herdsman. To one of these arts the world owes much. Moreover, it is an art which any boy may try to master.

The Idvor herd was guarded in the night grazing by a herdsman and a score of boys. It was threatened by cattle thieves who hid in a great cornfield and watched for "strays" which might be driven away to a distant village.

To guard against this the boys had to run a picket line, and they needed to be able to signal without being heard. They knew, without knowing why it was so, that they could stick their long-handled knives into the ground, lie flat and press an ear to the knife handle and hear not only the footsteps of any thieves but the movements of their own cattle as well. Moreover, a row of boys, so placed, could, by thumping knife handles, send signals to each other which did not travel through the air, and which could not be heard by any thieves who might be crouched in ambush.

This mystic "wireless telegraph" Michael mastered between wrestling matches and trials of strength. He learned the Serbian dances and, finally, how to play the Serbian flute. Here again he became conscious of a mystery. He could feel the sound of the flute.

Michael sought in the Bible and in the ballads of his people for an explanation of these seeming miracles and in the autumn carried his problems in physics to his teacher in the distant village. The teacher could not answer Michael's questions, nor could another wise man of the village; so that by Christmas time they had decided to urge that the lad from Idvor be sent to the famous schools at Prague.

## He Ran Away to America

Clad in sheepskin coat and cap, and clutching awkward bundles, Michael Pupin began his first journey from home, took his first steamboat ride, saw his first train, looked upon an emperor's palace, on an altogether marvelous suspension bridge, and was overawed, cursed and bullied by gold-braided railroad officials.

In Prague, Michael Pupin, herdsman son of a peasant and lover of open spaces and of gentle-mannered folk, lived in a garret room, studied barely enough to pass and grew steadily more rebellious against Germans made domineering by their recent victory in the war with France.

Finally he resolved to run away to America. He sold his books and his clothing. He had seen pictures of naked American Indians; so he also sold his fur coat and cap, secure in the belief that he should not need them. And when he had hoarded his all he was just able to buy steerage passage from Hamburg.

He did not know that he was supposed to provide his own bedding roll, though it would not have mattered if he had known, as he had no money with which to buy mattress and blanket. During a two-weeks' voyage through blustering March weather he huddled miserably close to the smokestack. Even his hat blew overboard; and after that he wore a Turkish fez.

A knowledge of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," read in translation, a comparison of Lincoln to the famed Prince Marko, and an ambitious, boyish discussion of a desire to emulate Benjamin Franklin in electrical experimentation—these were high points revealed in the inspection of young Pupin by immigration officials. He had no money, he had no trade, he had no English, he had no friends—none anywhere in all America; and by virtue of these things young Pupin should have been sent back to Europe, under a strict interpretation of the immigration laws. But one of the examiners had lost a leg in the Union army. On him the immigrant boy made a profound impression; so that it was, in a way, Abraham Lincoln and "Uncle Tom" who pulled Michael through the gates to America.

Once landed on American soil, he walked two blocks eastward and stood looking with awe upon the turmoil of the lower end of Broadway.

Jeering newsboys surrounded him, and one knocked his fez into the gutter. Quick as a flash, he knocked the boy down, then turned to defend himself against the rest. To his surprise, they did not attack, but cheered him. He was astounded: he had met the American spirit of "fair

play," and it was a lesson he carried with him ever after.

Picture him standing there, as he often had said, "the greenest of greenhorns,"—he started from scratch if ever a boy did,—and then recall Dean West's words: "Let every discouraged young American take heart." Few indeed would have picked him out then for an "indomitable, unresting, uphill march."

A German farmer picked him out, however, as a likely looking "hand,"—he was big and strong,—and

Professor Michael I. Pupin, distinguished scientist and scholar



Michael was glad to find himself hired. He had not by that time so much as a penny: he had spent his only nickel for prune pie in New York—only to discover that it should have been called prune-seed pie.

On a Delaware farm young Pupin learned more about America, again to his amazement. He was given an iron bed, with springs, clean sheets and warm blankets! Incredible also, his employer "gave him a lift" on the way home from church! He spoke kindly, asked the peasant boy to dinner with the family! The daughter of the house spoke to him as an equal! Moreover, she began teaching him English: this America was a strange place! Later, like Benjamin Franklin, he trudged the streets of Philadelphia, hunting a job; but, unlike his hero, he failed to find fortune there.

New York was in the grip of the hard times which followed the panic of '73; and after his return there young Pupin on many an occasion tightened his belt upon a growing appetite which he fed sparingly. Jobs were so few that men raced across the city with morning papers clutched in their hands, striving to be first at the door of firms which advertised for help.

During one winter he managed to live chiefly because he followed coal trucks about and offered to carry a ton of coal from sidewalk to cellar for fifty cents. He would then suggest that the cellar needed cleaning or painting. But very often his diet was restricted to bean soup and brown bread, bought at the Bowery Mission for five cents. Evenings he haunted Cooper Union library. But memories of his Princeton experience caused young Pupin to be dissatisfied with the life of an East-Sider. How, he thought, could he ever hope to enter any college if his associations had been only of the lowest?

He lived in West Street after that, and got a job in a cracker factory; and the Sunday Sun and the Scientific American, read by the aid of a pocket dictionary, were his "courses in science." But consider this: he was living as a boy when Edison was struggling with the electric light, the motor, the gramophone, he read the news of the discovery, or the invention, of these wonder-toys, so soon to revolutionize the world.

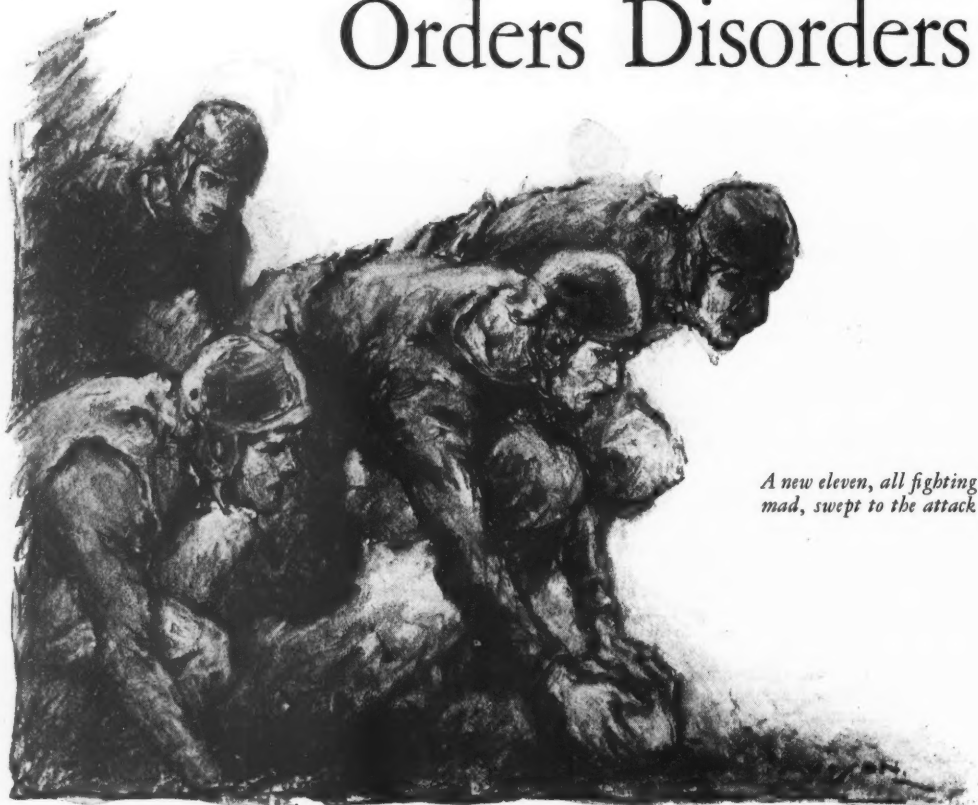
He took a course in American history, as he explained it, by attending the Philadelphia Centennial, the "world's fair" of 1876. He gloried in Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" and "Thanatopsis"—and breathlessly watched William Cullen Bryant himself walk down Broadway to the office of the Evening Post, of which he was the editor. He saw President Hayes and marveled that he dressed just like everybody else, adorned by none of the gilt and tinsel so common in Europe. And when a companion

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 602]

# Orders Disorders

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE AVISON



*A new eleven, all fighting mad, swept to the attack*

A GOOD soldier obeys orders. A better soldier knows when to disobey them. Neither of these thoughts was in the minds of the Big Four of Jordan as they set forth from the Alpha Omega house, the first Saturday in November, for the gymnasium to dress for the big game with mighty Michigan. Hatless, wearing ruddy crimson "J" sweaters for coats, Les Moore, Billy Armstrong, Jake Hilligoss and Jim Byers approached the struggle with foreboding.

"Boy, I wish Coach Phillips hadn't been sick," lamented Big Jake.

"If we had him here, we could take these big guys," Billy declared.

"This Goodwin is a pain in the neck," Les Moore growled. "If everybody in the Far West plays his kind of football, they must have a sweet time seeing who'll win on fumbles and errors."

Les referred to Coach Charlie Goodwin, who had arrived the first week of the season to take charge of the squad when Coach Phillips became sick. Goodwin, a heavy-handed, husky-voiced fellow, was making the most common mistake known to football coaches and insisted on driving it through. He tried to fit his material to his style of game, instead of fitting his game to the abilities of his material.

"Listen, you fellows," spoke up Byers; "you'd better get this stuff all out of your systems. We're playing football for Coach Goodwin, and it's up to us to play the game he wants."

"I'm playing football for Jordan University," muttered Hilligoss.

"Well, you've got to play Goodwin's football, this year, and you might as well make up your mind to it," Jimmy argued. "Besides, we haven't lost a game yet, and we may have a chance today."

"Didn't lose, but Ohio certainly should have done better than tie us," said Les Moore. "We had all the luck in the world. And say, listen, you're a bird to be sticking up for this coach, after the way he's shoved you around; used this green, dumb Teddy Hogan at quarter most of the time. A blind man could see all he's got on you is size."

"Just the same, Goodwin's the boss, and you guys remember it," said Jim, stubbornly. "Our gang hasn't got hold of his style of football yet, but what he says goes. If I'm in there at quarter, I'll certainly play what he wants played—all the fancy, lockstep, jigstep, fancy dress-pattern plays I can remember. Why? Because he's the doctor, and orders is orders."

"Yeah?" drawled Armstrong. "Orders disorders, if you ask me."

"That's a hot one," chuckled Moore, and Hilligoss joined him in the laughter at Billy's sarcasm.

Busy with thoughts in anticipation of the hard battle ahead of them, the four boys quit talking as they neared the gymnasium. Already the great crowds were swarming over the campus in the direction of the

stadium. The parking field was filling with honking motor-cars. Interest in the game was keen.

All four of the boys were juniors, in their second year on the squad. Hilligoss and Moore, the latter a half-back, were regulars on the eleven, as in their sophomore year. Armstrong, who had subbed at end his first season, was now playing right end regularly. And Byers, the best football player of the quartet, was subbing at quarterback after having starred as first-string quarter in his sophomore season. He, more than any of the others, was entitled to resent the new director's system, but it was not in his makeup to turn bitter or resentful.

He felt in his heart that he could run the team better than young Teddy Hogan, and he knew he could forward-pass as well and tackle better in the open field. But Hogan outweighed him more than twenty pounds, and Coach Goodwin preferred to use the sophomore.

"Luck, kid," whispered Les, as they threaded their way through the corridor of the big gym, and entered the Varsity dressing-room. "Hope you get in."

Jimmy really did not expect to play, except as a substitute for Hogan, and yet, half an hour later when Coach Goodwin was calling off the line-up before taking the squad to the field, he felt a pang of disappointment. "Hogan, quarter," boomed Goodwin's voice. "Moore and Richwine, halves; Captain Ellis, full. Now then, everybody. All got the signals down pat?"

Nobody answered, aloud, but several ducked their heads.

"Hilligoss, remember where you pass on all these plays?"

"I think so," Jake replied, quietly.

"Everybody remember, three-count on the three-plays; four-count on the four-plays. Everybody shift on time—make it like clockwork," adjured Goodwin. "Only way to win football games is through system. If you'll work these plays perfectly, you can take Michigan, or anybody else."

"Fat chance, when we can't even work 'em right in signal practice," thought Jimmy, disconsolately.

Busy with his thoughts, Jimmy did not notice that Les Moore, who usually ran out on the field with him, was chumming it with Captain Bo Ellis, the huge full-back. If he had seen it, he would never have dreamed what Les was whispering about. Only the game itself would reveal this secret to him.

THE team, greeted with an uproar of cheers, ran through a few limbering-up plays, scattered to kick and pass the ball, and then returned to the sidelines to huddle around Goodwin while Ellis went out to meet the officials and the Michigan captain for the toss-up. Michigan won and chose to receive the kick. Goodwin said a few words and sent the team out to line up along the forty-yard line, then made his way to the bench.

"Byers," he called. "Here, with me."

Jimmy rose from his seat on the bench and went to

the coach's side, crowding into a space made for him at Goodwin's orders.

"Want you here where we can talk things over," said Goodwin, his eyes on the field. Jimmy knew that Goodwin's idea was to give him suggestions as to Michigan weaknesses, so that, if he went into the game, he would know what to do. But, having sat beside the coach through parts of several games, he realized that the idea was futile; for Goodwin invariably spent his time raging at his own men for misusing his intricate formations.

Jimmy suffered, Goodwin raged, and the great Jordan throng of rooters agonized over the game throughout the first half, because Jordan was on the defensive all the time. Every man except Hogan had played at least a year of Varsity ball, and this experience stood them in good stead. Michigan was on the attack most of the time, but Jordan's strong, hard-fighting defense repeatedly staved off calamity.

"Hogan's calling 'em right," groaned Goodwin. "Why can't that gang put these plays over?"

"We're holding them," said Jimmy.

"But we're not taking that old ball down the field," Goodwin wailed. "Those plays will gain if they're done right. Why can't the boys work them?"

"If you ask me—" began Jimmy.

"Who's asking you?" Goodwin demanded, glaring. Time was out, and play halted for a moment. "Well, why, why?" he asked, suddenly changing his attitude.

"Well, I think it is because the boys haven't got these plays down pat, yet," began Jimmy, hesitating somewhat. "They're thinking so hard about their counts and their steps, and so on, that they don't get into the real fight of the thing. They're working so hard on the motions that they don't play any football."

"Don't be so dumb; if they get the motions, they're bound to get the football," sneered Goodwin, turning back to watch the resumption of play.

But he saw only more of the same, Michigan grinding and smashing down into Jordan territory only to be stopped by the fighting, stubborn Jordan defense.

Jordan hearts were in Jordan mouths repeatedly as Michigan ground along with small but steady gains, fearing momentarily that the defense might crack or Michigan flash a long gain.

Midway in the second period Michigan took quick advantage of a Jordan mistake. A Michigan variation of the old criss-cross play behind the line brought the ball around outside left end, with two men ahead of the ball runner. Big Jake Hilligoss rushed out and bowled over one man, and Les Moore, making a desperate effort to get the runner, could only collide hard with the other interferer. The ball runner flashed into the open, running hard toward the Jordan goal line. It was the first time Michigan had shaken a man loose to pass the secondary defense. Jordan throats opened to a roar of warning for Hogan, playing safety. Coach Goodwin, unable to restrain himself, stood up and shouted at the sophomore quarter. And Jimmy Byers, safety man by long habit, slid off the bench and unconsciously crouched as if to make the tackle himself.

On went the Michigan runner, going strongly. Hogan held his ground an instant and then, nervous and excited, suddenly shot forward for the tackle. There was his mistake. He missed, for the runner shifted only ever so little to one side and sped past him. Arms outstretched, grasping only the air, Hogan fell on his face, and Michigan rooters set up a cheer as their man raced over the goal for a touchdown.

Jordan rooters found scant encouragement, a moment later, when Billy Armstrong flung his long lean form in front of the attempted place kick, blocking the extra point. Michigan had only six points, but then Jordan had none and had shown no signs of scoring any.

"Missed, missed," Goodwin muttered to himself. "An open field, clear shot, and the kid missed tackle."

"Byers, Byers," shouted a few Jordan rooters.

"Here, kid," growled Goodwin, "do you run at a man, when you're playin' safety?"

"I try to make him come to me," said Jim.

"Look, go in there, quick," Goodwin exclaimed. "Get our gang together and make 'em take that leather down the field. Whip 'em into shape."

"Michigan's tackles look weak to me, sir," said Jimmy, fastening his headgear. "May I go after them?"

"You use my stuff, the plays we've been working on," Goodwin ordered.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy and raced out on the field.

"Tough on Hogan, poor kid," thought Jimmy, as he reached the referee. "Byers for Hogan, sir," he reported. "Quarterback."



In a jiffy the complexion of the battle changed. Jordan warriors welcomed their old buddy back into the ranks and went after Michigan with a new spirit. Michigan kicked off, and Ellis, under the goal posts, brought the ball up to the twenty-five-yard line. There, on first down, Jimmy called for a punt, and Moore responded with a beautiful long spiral. All Jordan was up the field under the kick, which eluded the Michigan safety. Billy Armstrong downed the ball on Michigan's twenty-three-yard line.

Fighting like demons, Jordan's battlers held two plays without gain, and Michigan kicked. Jimmy caught the ball and raced back to midfield with it before he was nailed. Up like a flash and barking a signal hurriedly, he got off a nice forward pass to Armstrong for a twenty-yard gain before Michigan had settled down and recovered from her surprise. Two more of Goodwin's plays netted eight yards, but on a third Ellis erred in his count of his steps and muddled the formation. Jordan's ball, fourth down, on Michigan's twenty-four-yard line.

Forward pass, on the chance of a touchdown, or try for field goal, to net three points. Touchdown might go, but even so, the point afterward might be missed, leaving a tie score. Byers thought quickly. Three points now, a touchdown later, and—he yelled a signal. New formation. Jimmy stooped to catch the ball, and Les Moore was back. Hilligoss passed nicely, Jimmy spotted the ball, and big Les booted it square and on the line!

Goal! Michigan 6, Jordan 3. The crowd cheered lustily, for this looked more like the Jordan football eleven.

"Let's go, gang," yelled Jimmy. But just before the next kick-off time was called, ending the first half. "Get 'em next half," shouted Jimmy defiantly, as the team trotted off the field to the rest room of the stadium.

"Here, Byers, and Ellis," growled Goodwin when they were inside the room and trainers were ministering to cuts and bruises. "What's the idea, kicking a field goal? Three points don't win this game!"

"No, sir, but a tie doesn't win it, either," panted Jimmy, wiping his face. "Touchdown next half will give us a clear edge."

"How do you figure a touchdown when these dumb-bells can't work these plays?" demanded Goodwin. "After this, you shoot for the touchdown, hear?"

"We'd have had one this time if I hadn't bulled that formation," put in Captain Ellis. "Had 'em on the run, and I counted my steps wrong."

"Coach, their tackles are not very good," said Jimmy. "If you'd let me get 'em spread out with your plays, and then shoot—!"

"You stick to what you've got," Goodwin ordered. "Work those plays, and work 'em right. If you do, you can wipe up that outfit. You stay in there, Byers, till you blow, see? Pull one boner, and out you come!"

The third period passed. Into the fourth they went, fighting hammer and tongs, Jordan rooters screaming and praying for a score to win the game. But still the Jordan eleven maundered lackadaisically through the intricate plays, as if counting the right number of steps was the most important thing in the world.

Then came, after ten minutes of the fourth period, with Michigan fighting doggedly to hold that 6-to-3 lead, a change, a crisis. Michigan had punted, and Byers had carried the ball back to the Michigan forty-five-yard line, fighting for every foot of ground. He yearned to smash some of the old Phillips football at the enemy, for he knew he could pound out a touchdown. But orders were orders.

He called a signal. Everybody shifted. He barked a passing signal, and everybody jumped off on the count, stepping carefully. The play unwound and unrolled tortuously until finally Jimmy let fly a long forward pass to Armstrong. Billy, for the moment uncovered, snared the ball, and galloped to the Michigan fifteen-yard line before he was thrown.

"More like it," muttered Goodwin, as the Jordan stands went wild.

Jimmy raced into position, shouting another signal. Another Goodwin play unrolled itself, with two passes, a double shift and a fake to be executed before the attack itself should start. No gain, because Michigan solved the play and met it before it reached the line.

Michigan called time out. "How much time, sir?" Jimmy asked the timekeeper.

"Two minutes," replied the official. "Look here," exclaimed Les, doggedly.

"We got a ball game to win. Let's can this funny stuff and win it!"

"All right, but how?" asked Ellis.

"Drop this fancy game and use a couple drivin', smashin' plays!"

"But Coach says—" began Jimmy.

"Who are we playing for, Coach or Jordan?" demanded Captain Ellis. "If you can win this game, hop to it."

"Well, I still think their tackles are weak," muttered Jimmy. "Billy, can you take the tackle in, hard?"

"Sure, I can."

"All right, then, this play's wide outside tackle—last year's stuff, last year's signal," exclaimed Jimmy.

THE whistle. Jimmy snapped a signal, waited for a one-step shift, and then took the ball on a direct pass from Hilligoss. A new eleven, all fighting mad and determined, swept to the attack. Armstrong crashed the Michigan tackle to carry him in, and Byers flashed outside for a twelve-yard gain. Fourth down; ball on the three-yard line.

"78—21—49," Jimmy shouted.

And then the whistle blew. Jimmy looked around to see what was wrong.

"Substitution," said the referee.

Jimmy's heart sank. "One boner, and out you come," Goodwin had said. And here came the husky sophomore quarter, Teddy Hogan, reporting to the referee! Goodwin meant to have discipline, if he had to lose the game to get it. Jimmy raised a hand to take off his headgear.

"Hogan for Byers," he heard the referee saying. But he did not notice that Les Moore was talking rapidly to Captain Bo Ellis.

"Wait a minute," Ellis shouted, suddenly. "That's wrong, sir. This kid's all excited. Hogan for Moore."

As he spoke he looked not at the referee, but at young Hogan. He even made signs with his lips that Hogan should not speak. And Hogan, knowing an incoming player cannot talk without penalizing his team, kept still.

"I know the rule, sir," spoke up Ellis. "Substitutions must be approved by the captain, yes, sir. You're out, Moore," he said, turning to Les. "Take right half, Hogan," he said to the erstwhile quarterback.

It all happened before Jimmy Byers, usually a quick thinker, knew what was going on. The whistle blew. Jimmy recovered himself and barked the same signal.

"78—21—49." A one-step shift. Jimmy turned his head to Hogan, uncertain of his position, nervous and plainly rattled. "Chance to wipe out that bum tackle. Your ball. Smash inside right tackle. Inside," he said, talking fast and in a low tone. "Win this old ball-game, yet." And then he finished the signal, "18—63—72—9—38," but before he had finished the string of numbers, barking them with a snap and precision that took hold of the team as strongly as if he had raw-

hide reins, the ball was in play. Ellis charged the tackle.

"C'mon, Hogan," yelled Jimmy, disdaining secrecy any longer. He shot into the hole where the Michigan tackle had been and joined Armstrong in crashing the Michigan halfback, poised on the goal line. Hogan, recovered from his surprise by now, had the ball jammed under his arm and against his ribs and came thrashing through the same wide gap in the line, to pound his way over the goal for a touchdown!

In the midst of the terrific tumult raised by the Jordan stands, and with his teammates doing a war-dance on the goal line before lining up outside to kick for the extra point, Jimmy called the signal, took the pass from Hilligoss and spotted it, and then looked up to see that Ellis had missed the goal. No matter; Jordan 9, Michigan 6!

That was the last play of the game.

Orders or no orders, Jim Byers and Jordan, under Les Moore's strategy and Captain Bo's defiance, had won from mighty Michigan.

COACH GOODWIN said nothing until he had rounded up the squad in the Varsity dressing room. A scowl on his face, he snapped an order.

"No undressing, yet!" he exclaimed. "I want to congratulate you on winning a game from Michigan. Now then, I want to know who violated orders?"

"I did, sir," spoke up Les.

"And I did, too," added Captain Bo Ellis.

"These guys are all wet, Coach," grinned Jimmy, sick at heart. "I'm guilty. They could have said all they wanted to, but I was quarter, and I did it. I knew your orders, and I threw them down, Coach. And now," he gulped hard, "I'm turning in my suit."

"And if his suit stays turned in, here's mine," echoed Captain Bo Ellis. The words were hardly out of his mouth before Moore, Hilligoss and Armstrong each added, "And mine!"

"Wait!" shouted Goodwin. "You fellows trying to gang on me? I'm asking why Byers did that crazy stunt? Why, Byers?"

"Because we wanted to win this game for Jordan," said Jimmy. "I wasn't going to carry the ball myself, and Ellis had to hit the tackle, and—"

"Well, it worked," and Goodwin broke into a broad grin. "You'd said early in the game their tackles were weak, and I was sending in Hogan to call that very play you made. But Moore would have carried the ball. I was afraid you'd forget, Byers. And I apologize. But I'm congratulating you all. You're a rough, tough gang, and I'm for you. We'll win some more football games—even if Moore"—and he laughed at Les, who flushed—"won't stay in the line-up to score the touchdowns. Byers, will you keep your suit, please?"

"Orders is orders," Jimmy grinned, relieved.



Hogan came crashing his way through the same wide gap in the line, to pound his way over the goal for a touchdown

# Broken Wings

By Harford Powel, jr., and  
Russell Gordon Carter



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. LASSELL

## CHAPTER SIX The Uphill Road

ELEANOR LEE gave a low cry of alarm and rushed toward the telephone booth at the far end of Pierce's drugstore. The buzz of conversation within the crowded store ceased with the abruptness of an electric current turned off. For a few seconds people forgot the fire that was raging outside on the main street of Hinsburg. With eyes wide and mouths open, they made way right and left as the girl hurried across the floor.

"What's the matter, Eleanor?" someone called to her. She did not answer. A few seconds before she had seen the head and shoulders of Harry Irwin within the booth. Then somebody had spoken to her, and she had glanced away; when she looked again, only a few seconds later, the head and shoulders had vanished, and the door of the booth was still closed.

A chair blocked her path. She seized it and thrust it aside. She grasped the handle of the door to the booth, knowing instinctively what had happened—that Harry, exhausted by his work of covering the fire, had fainted.

The door was made in two sections hinged one upon the other. Even in her agitation Eleanor had the forethought to push it gently lest she injure the boy lying on the floor within. The door slid several inches and stopped, pressing against something soft. She knelt down and groped with her hand inside; the fingers touched Harry's coat sleeve.

By that time the rest of the people in the store had guessed what had happened. They crowded toward the girl, eager to help. Young Jeff Pierce, the son of the proprietor, came pushing his way to the booth. "It's that reporter!" he exclaimed. "He's passed out!

Thought he looked queer! Here, let me put my weight against the door—"

"No! You'll hurt him! Let me—"

Eleanor stood erect. She was slim but strong and wiry. Very carefully she pressed the door back a little farther. Then, turning sidewise, she squeezed through the opening and thrust the door shut so there would be more room. It was not easy for her to lift Harry in the confined space, but she finally succeeded, holding him with both hands beneath his armpits.

Jeff Pierce opened the door. He took Harry's limp body in his arms and, carrying him to the prescription room, laid him upon a couch and proceeded to loosen his

clothing. Someone had rushed out to find a physician, and a few minutes later one of the local doctors arrived. Under his ministrations Harry opened his eyes and stirred wearily on the couch. "Where am I?" he murmured.

"You are in Pierce's drugstore," replied the doctor. "Don't worry, lad, we'll look after you."

Harry's eyes suddenly widened, and he made a futile effort to sit up. "The Mercury—" he began. "I was telephoning a story—"

"That's all right, Harry," a familiar voice interrupted him, and he observed the red head of Joe Cleary bent over the couch. "I'll take care of that. Forget it, now, and just rest."

Harry sighed and mumbled a word of thanks. Then he observed another familiar face; Eleanor Lee was standing beside the doctor, looking worried and frightened. But she smiled reassuringly at Harry as their eyes met—and her smile was the last thing he remembered. A few seconds later his eyelids drooped, and he slept—exhausted.

The following morning people in Ashboro and the wide area covered by the Mercury prolonged their breakfast hour while they read the account of the fire that had swept away almost a full block of houses in Hinsburg the night before. They read as most of us read the newspapers—hurriedly and with no thought for the man who had got the news for them. The fire was a great tragedy. Property to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars had been lost; several firemen were badly injured, and a score of families were made homeless. But very few persons were aware of the greater tragedy attendant upon the tragedy of the fire. The following brief paragraph, in an obscure corner of an inside page, had this to say of the young man who had supplied the information for the largest part of the story:

### A QUICK SUMMARY OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

HARRY IRWIN, a senior in high school in Ashboro, N. C., in the days before the World War, is kept out of athletics through lameness, from which he has suffered all his life. He is extremely popular and active in all other school activities, and in his senior year becomes president of the Student Organization. His school career is cut short by the tragic loss of his father, which leaves Mrs. Irwin and Harry "land poor." Even though the old family mansion is converted into a boarding-house, the income it brings proves insufficient for the family's needs, and Harry leaves school and attempts to find a job. He has always been fond of writing, but his first interview with Mr. Conover, city editor of the Ashboro Mercury, is humiliating, for all that the editor will offer him is a charity job as a file clerk. When Harry realizes that no man or boy ever gets a job until he has demonstrated his merit, he goes home and writes for Mr. Conover his eye-witness' account of the first power flight of Wilbur and Orville Wright at Kitty Hawk. The story is well written and timely, and Mr. Conover is so impressed by Harry's ability and earnestness that he offers him a real newspaper job on the staff, as a City Hall reporter. He becomes good friends with Floyd Driggs, his superior, who teaches him many valuable lessons in practical everyday journalism. The days fly by on wings, and the \$18 a week which Harry earns keeps the Irwin family afloat. One cold, windy winter's night a big story breaks. Fire which starts in a bakery in the neighboring city of Hinsburg sweeps through the block and threatens to destroy the city. Mr. Conover sends Harry to cover the story. He finds the city a place of wild confusion, and after gathering his facts he hastens to a telephone booth in a drugstore to give his story to his paper. But the often-repeated fears of his mother and of Eleanor Lee, a girl of his own age whom he has known since childhood, prove true. Harry's newspaper job has been overtaxing his none too robust health, and the excitement and exertion of covering his first big story prove too much for him. Just as he seems on the point of doing his first big story and earning his real journalistic spurs, fate intervenes and Harry collapses, unknown and unseen, in the bottom of the telephone booth, while the rewrite man in the Mercury office back in Ashboro, at the other end of the telephone, tries desperately to discover what has happened.

Mr. Chidsey's eyes blinked behind his glasses. Then he asked the startling question: "How would you like to go to France?" Harry stared at him, speechless, dumfounded [PAGE 607]



"Harry Irwin, of Ashboro, a reporter on the Mercury, collapsed in a telephone booth late last evening while sending to his paper an account of the fire. The collapse was brought on by fatigue and exhaustion. The young man, never very robust, is thought to have heart trouble."

A MONTH had passed since the night of the Hinsburg fire. Harry was no longer a reporter. It looked as if he never would work again. He had lost weight and color, and at times his face wore a harassed expression, as if he were unable to forget something that was very painful. As a matter of fact, the memory of the fire remained vivid in his mind for a long time, causing him now and then to break out into a cold sweat or to waken from a disquieting dream, nervous and trembling.

He spent the greater part of every day lying propped on cushions on the sofa in the big living-room, planning what he should do when his full strength returned. His mother was his almost constant companion; she seemed afraid to be out of the room for more than a few minutes at a time.

Old Caspar carried his meals in on a tray and helped him down the stairs in the morning and up again at night. There was something touching in the devotion of the colored servant for the son of his beloved master. Nothing was too hard for Caspar to do; his patience seemed infinite, and he was always cheerful, always optimistic.

"Seem like you gittin' hebbier to me," he would say to Harry each time he helped him up or down the stairs. "Fore long you be jes' as strong as ebber you was, Marse Harry—mebbe stronger. Nebber kin tell. Come night, Marse Harry, Ah git me down on mah ol' knees an' pray de Lord for you ter git yer strength back—an' de Lord, he listen to mah prayers. Ain't no doubt 'bout dat, Marse Harry!"

"You really believe that, Caspar?" Harry said to him one day.

"Course Ah b'lieve it!" the old man replied with dignity. "Be a trashy kind o' world if folks warent ter b'lieve in de power ob de Lord! He kin cure you, Marse Harry, spite o' what all de doctors say. He make you strong. He make you heart jes' as good as ebber it was. He eben cure dat foot o' yourn, Marse Harry, if he want,

jes' like he cure Laz'us. Ain't do doubt 'bout dat. Come night, Marse Harry, Ah nebbber fail ter git me down on mah ol' knees—"

Harry was touched by the servant's devotion. It heartened him, gave him fresh courage. With regard to himself alone he had courage and to spare; but there was another matter—and it was not easy to bear it with stoic fortitude. His mother's plan for augmenting the family income by taking boarders had proved a keen disappointment. At present the house held no boarders at all. Meanwhile doctors' bills and money paid out for living expenses had diminished the family funds to an alarmingly low level.

"It's up to me!" Harry said to himself at last. "I've got to earn some money somehow!"

He was a little stronger now and able to sit up for a few hours every day. Reporting, of course, was out of the question. He could not do that, but he racked his brain in an effort to think of some other means of helping his mother—some way of earning money that would not put too great a strain upon his health.

One day while reading the Mercury he noted an advertisement requesting typewriting. It gave him an idea. He was able to run a typewriter fairly well; if he could procure a machine he might pick up a few dollars each week in that way. He spoke to Eleanor Lee about it when she came to the house the following morning.

"It seems worth while, if it won't be too hard for you," Eleanor said. "And I think I can procure a machine. Anyway I'll try."

"I thought I might hire one," said Harry.

"That would take away some of the profit," replied the girl, smiling. "Just let me have a day or two and I'll see if I can't get you one for nothing."

"Where?" inquired Harry.

"Wait till I get it; then I'll tell you!"

The next day Eleanor came to the Irwin place in company with a colored boy who worked for her father. The boy carried a typewriter in his arms; he set it down on a low table beside Harry's couch.

"You see, I got one!" Eleanor exclaimed triumphantly.

"Where?" asked Harry, coloring with pleasure and gratitude.

"The most natural place in the world," was the quiet reply. "I went to the Mercury office and talked with Mr. Conover. I told him I thought it would be very nice if they could spare an old machine for you, after the way you worked and injured your health for the paper."

"What did he say?" Harry asked.

Eleanor smiled. "He didn't hesitate an instant. He said, 'There's three extra machines over there by the window; go and pick one out. Tell Irwin he can have the use of one free of charge as long as I'm city editor. And tell him Mrs. Clay isn't going to do the Saturday Puzzle Corner for us any longer—'"

Harry's eyes widened.

"I asked him what he meant," continued Eleanor. "He said he'd be glad to have you run the Corner if you'd care to—"

"Eleanor!" cried Harry. "How can I ever thank you!"

"Would you want to edit the Puzzle Corner?"

"Would I! Say, this comes like a gift from the gods! I've always liked puzzles, and this thing would be apple-pie! Oh, Eleanor!" he repeated. "How can I ever thank you?"

"It's Mr. Conover you have to thank!" she laughed. Then she added, suddenly serious, "You know how much I want to help you, Harry. If there's anything else I can do, please tell me, won't you?"

A lump came into his throat, rendering him incapable of speech; but the look in his eyes was eloquent. How kind and good she was! How wonderfully kind and good!

During the days that followed, Harry grew steadily stronger. His spirit was indomitable, and it seemed to thrive on work. Despite the protests of his mother, he was at the typewriter the greater part of each day. An advertisement inserted in the newspaper had brought him several responses from people who wanted work copied—legal documents from men in the vicinity of Ashboro, letters, and a few manuscripts. The rate he charged was five cents a hundred words and an extra cent for each carbon copy. At first it brought in little money, but his profits increased as he gained speed and proficiency on the machine. Gradually he became known, and more and more work came to him. Most of



The next day Eleanor came to the Irwin place in company with a colored boy who carried a typewriter in his arms. "You see, I got one!" Eleanor exclaimed triumphantly. "I went to the Mercury office, and talked with Mr. Conover"

it came by mail, and he returned the typewritten copies in the same way. And once a week he sent a batch of puzzles to the Mercury for the Saturday edition—some of them original, some clipped from magazines and given a new twist. For each weekly batch of puzzles he received five dollars; that, together with his typewriting, brought in on an average of fifteen or sixteen dollars a week—sufficient to meet current expenses.

"You gittin' better, Marse Harry," old Caspar observed now and again. "Ah reckon work am a blessin', suah enough!"

There was no doubt about it; work was a blessing for Harry Irwin! With the sound of the tapping keys echoing across the big room, he was able to forget himself—forget the deformed foot, the weak heart, the misfortune that had descended upon the home. Before long he was able to take short walks about the place, while old Caspar, always close at hand, watched him as a cat watches her kitten.

WINTER passed, and spring came—and with it came a piece of good news that almost completely banished the look of worry from Mrs. Irwin's face.

Toward the end of April, following the repeated urgings of the family doctor, Harry accompanied him to Raleigh for the purpose of meeting a well-known heart specialist. They returned late the same evening, Harry very tired from the journey, but wonderfully elated.

"Mother!" he cried, clasping her to him. "Can you stand a piece of good news?"

"Oh, Harry—"

"They examined my heart!" he continued excitedly. "They did all sorts of things to me—and, Mother, my heart is all right! Not a thing to worry about—"

The doctor interrupted him at that point. "Sit down, Harry," he said; "you need every bit of rest you can get." Then, addressing the mother, "Mrs. Irwin," he continued, "it's true, as Harry says, his heart is sound. There is nothing organically wrong with it. It is what we call a nervous or irritable heart. Many people have that kind of heart. Sometimes it beats rapidly and irregularly; excitement sends the beat way up. But it is strong and trustworthy. I know how you've worried, and I don't wonder. But now you can put worry aside—at least on that score."

Tears stood in Mrs. Irwin's eyes, but they were tears of joy and thanksgiving.

There was a brief period of silence, and then the voice of old Caspar sounded across the room: "What Ah tol' you, Marse Harry, 'bout de power ob de Lord? He make you 'heart jes' as good as ebber it was! De Lord, he listen to ol' Caspar's prayers—ain't no doubt 'bout dat! Ain't goin' ter be no let-up in mah prayers—no, suh! Come night, Ah'll git me down on mah ol' knees an' give thanks—an' mebbe some day de Lord cure dat foot o' yourn!"

"You're a good man, Caspar!" said the doctor. "What I want you to do is to keep an eye on Harry—see that he doesn't overexert himself. That's the one thing I'm afraid of now."

"Then I can't go back to reporting?" said Harry in a tone of disappointment.

"Absolutely not!" was the emphatic reply. "I want you to keep on in the way you are doing now."

Harry nodded in submission; but deep within him was the conviction that he could do many things that the doctor seemed to think would be too much for his strength—and along with the conviction was the pounding desire to go out and do them.

Nevertheless he continued as usual—earning enough for expenses by means of the typewriter and the puzzles that he contributed to the Mercury.

He had managed somehow to increase the interest of readers in the Puzzle Corner. Letters came to him from persons throughout the eastern part of the state. Some contained original puzzles, some were merely letters of praise from people who had the leisure to write. He turned them all over to the managing editor.

With the beginning of autumn the editor decided to run the feature twice a week—on Wednesdays and on Saturdays. It meant a little more work for Harry, but it also meant twice as much money. And the interest in puzzles continued despite the national election and the war in Europe, which crowded out a good part of the local news.

During the period of his illness Harry had read the war dispatches with a feeling of awe. At times, espe-

cially on sun-bright, quiet days, it was hard for him to realize that on the other side of the Atlantic men were killing one another by the thousands. At night, lying in bed, he would try to picture the battlefields of France, the trenches with their mud and slime, the shell-

scarred fields, the smoke rising from burning villages. The pictures were always blurred—but they were sufficient to fill him with a deep sense of pity. Like millions of other Americans he hoped that one morning he should awake and find that peace had been declared. War was a miserable idiotic business! Why couldn't nations settle their differences across a table or in some court of arbitration, after the manner of individuals? What was to be gained by the killing of thousands of people who didn't know what it was all about? What a waste to spend millions of dollars every day for purposes of destruction! And again, like many Americans, he was thankful that his own country was not involved, that the war in Europe was not America's war.

But before long it began to be clear that it might be America's war after all. More than one American vessel was sunk by a submarine; and the attitude of the Imperial German Government changed from an appearance of regretful apology to one of aloof arrogance. And then—it seemed to Harry and many others like a bolt from a clear sky—early in the winter the press of the country blazed forth with the news that Germany had declared for unrestricted submarine warfare. Whoever ventured to cross the ocean, no matter what his nationality, would do so at his own risk.

Harry frowned as he read the account, and in a moment of clear vision he saw the future in all its truth. The war in Europe had suddenly become America's war; a declaration of open hostilities was only a matter of time. Once more the young men of America would rally to the colors, ready to serve the nation. And here was he, almost twenty years old, in the flower of his youth, unable to serve because of the deformed foot that he was forced to drag about!

He suddenly covered his face with his hands, his whole body quivering with shame and helpless anger at the thought. Never had he felt the handicap of his affliction so keenly as at that moment.

Swiftly, surely, the clouds of war had gathered and were drifting across the Atlantic toward America. There was a tension in the air during the days immediately following the beginning of unrestricted submarine warfare—a tension that was apparent in the newspapers, in the motion-picture houses, in all places where people gathered. And then at last, early in April, the tension reached its climax. The President had announced his intention of addressing Congress in joint session assembled. What he would say to them no one knew. America—and the world—waited, breathless.

The address was delivered on the second day of April—the month that had marked the beginning of every war America had fought. On the morning following, Harry sat bent over a copy of the Mercury spread out across his typewriter. His face was flushed, and the heavy thump, thump of his heart shook his slender body, causing his hands to tremble. With parted lips he read the President's message:

"The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken. . . . There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. . . .

"There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making. We will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. . . .

"With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragic character of the step I am taking. . . . I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States."

A thrill swept over Harry. Much as he abhorred the thought of war, he realized that the words had touched something deep within him—something fine and noble. He read on and on to the final paragraph:

"To such a task we can dedicate our lives and fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."



*Tears stood in Mrs. Irwin's eyes, but they were tears of joy and thanksgiving* [PAGE 558]

Privileged to spend her blood! Harry gazed unseeingly across the room. War had come at last—a righteous, unselfish war, an inevitable war, since the imperial government, blind and insane, had reached the point where it disregarded the common rights of humanity, unwilling to listen to words of reason, unable to realize that long-suffering patience is quite a different thing from cowardice. "The day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might."

Yes, it was just that, a privilege! But he—what could he do? It was not his privilege! He could not enter the army or the navy or the marine corps. He could not fight for his country. What could he do? Stay at home and let others fight for him! The thought filled him with sudden shame.

He rose with hands clenched and eyes flashing. "I won't let others fight for me!" he muttered hoarsely. "There must be something I can do to help! And it's up to me to find out what it is, and then do it!"

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### The Great Crisis

MRS. IRWIN knew nothing about the fiercely burning desire that was consuming the heart of her son. She rejoiced in his returning health and strength and in his cheerfulness; but more than anything else she rejoiced in the thought—a natural and pardonable thought—that her son could not risk his life on the field of battle. Little did she suspect that the thing that gave her so much joy filled her boy with shame and sorrow.

The spring and summer saw great changes in Ashboro. War was the dominant topic of conversation. The note of patriotism sounded in the churches, in the schools, on the streets—and the Mercury took it up and sent it echoing across the countryside. Red Cross units were formed; war gardens were planted; home-guard units were organized; and people talked eagerly of Verdun and Flanders and spring drives and fall offensives—topics that until then had roused but scant interest. The Stars and Stripes appeared in the windows of the stores along Main Street, draped beside the colors of the Allies. Friendly missions arrived from France, and pictures of officers and diplomats occupied the front pages of the newspapers. Men prominent in the state and in the nation made patriotic addresses that filled the halls and auditoriums to overflowing and sent young men hurrying to the recruiting stations. "Win the war!" was a phrase that was on everybody's lips. "Down with the Hohenzollerns!" and "Pay our debt to France!" were others.

Harry listened and watched—and wrestled with the problem that baffled and troubled him. How could he help win the war? And, granting that he could find something to do, how could he give up his present work and leave his mother to take care of herself?

The answer to the second question came unexpectedly in July, not long after the news that Pershing had reached France with a force of perhaps twenty-five thousand men. Harry was at work before his typewriter one afternoon when his mother entered, bearing in her hand a letter.

"Hello!" said Harry, glancing up. Then, observing the letter and the somewhat puzzled look in his mother's eyes, he added, "What's happened? Good news, I hope."

Mrs. Irwin sat down on the sofa. "I've just heard from your Uncle George, in Birmingham," she said abruptly. "He plans to come to Ashboro to live—"

"To live? What's the idea, Mother?"

"He wants me to try and find a house that he can rent—a place big enough for himself and wife and their two children—"

Harry frowned thoughtfully. He remembered his Uncle George Andrews as a tall, sharp-featured man in his middle fifties, thoughtful, studious, and with large penetrating dark eyes. He had met him once, half a dozen years before, when his uncle had paid them a visit, after the close of a pedagogical conference that he had attended in Raleigh.

"Your uncle has been appointed to the Ashboro High School faculty," Mrs. Irwin went on. "Naturally, he wants to find a place to live here in town. But, dear me—"

"You won't have to look far," Harry said with a sudden smile.

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired his mother.

"You know there aren't any houses hereabouts for rent!"

"I know of one that ought to suit him."

"Where?"

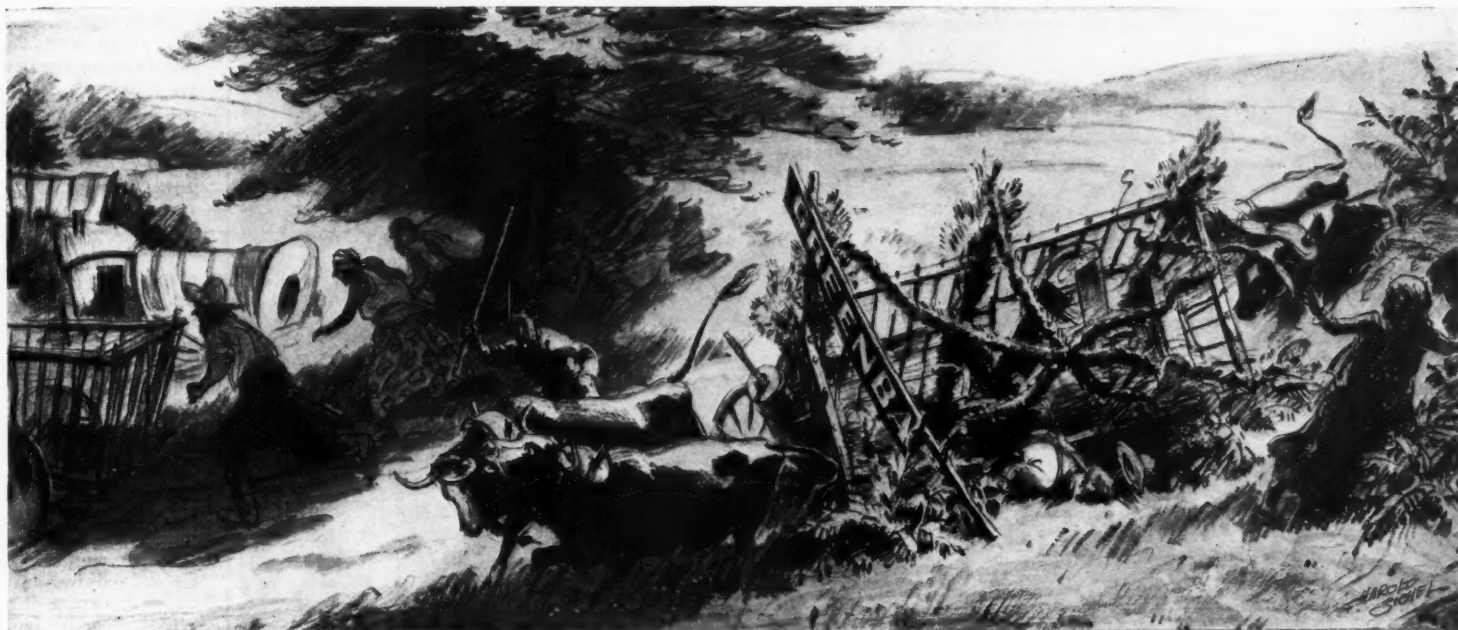
"Right here! Our own!"

Mrs. Irwin regarded her son in astonishment. Then the light of sudden understanding flooded her face.

"It's just a suggestion on my part," Harry went on, "but, if Uncle George wants a nice place here in town, why can't we let him have half of our house? There's not a better-built house anywhere about. It's handy to the high school and it's much too big for us. Besides, the rooms are arranged so that it wouldn't be any

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 607]





*It was indeed a dangerous situation. Cattle were rushing past with other racks, bumping and slewing ours along in the dirt*

**P**RESIDENTIAL elections come and go, and often there is a great deal of noisy enthusiasm for a time; but our dear Old Squire at the Maine farm always refused to become greatly disturbed or alarmed even when in his opinion the wrong candidate was elected President.

"Our people get carried away sometimes by hot talk and loud promises,"—so the Old Squire used to say,— "but when the noise subsides and things calm down the good common sense of the nation will not let affairs go very far wrong."

He said this, as I recall, at the time of the "greenback craze" of 1876, when a large party was clamoring for a new issue of greenback money—sufficient to render times easy for everybody. For this was during that trying period in national politics, from 1870 to 1880, when the country, slowly recovering from the effects of the Civil War, had begun to feel the hardship of paying its debts Money—meaning greenbacks, which had been all too plentiful—grew dolefully scarce and hard to obtain. Prices fell. Farmers could hardly dispose of their crops and beef cattle at any price.

But, in accordance with the nation's pledges made during the war, the administration of President Grant was attempting to redeem the greenback notes and resume specie payment. Many citizens assumed that this was the sole cause of the "hard times" from which they suffered, and that the proper remedy was for the government to issue more greenbacks. In short, they held, first, that greenbacks were a good thing; second, that the government could issue as many of them as it pleased; third, that the government was favoring rich bankers by not doing so; and fourth, that it should at once proceed to put greenbacks in circulation until all was right again.

A well-meaning farmer and mill man, named Solon Chase (afterwards a candidate for President), was heading the Greenback party in Maine and was driving about in an ox-cart, drawn by a yoke of steers and making speeches which elicited great applause. He appeared at our place one day in August, and spoke at the schoolhouse. I remember him well—a tall, lean man, about fifty years old, somewhat resembling Abraham Lincoln, dressed like a farmer, with whiskers under his chin, and holding a goad-stick in his hand. His home was at Chase's Mills in the town of Turner, Me. While he spoke, the hayrack and steers stood in the school yard.

We all went to hear "Uncle Solon," as folks called him—even the Old Squire, who did not in the least agree with him.

"Rich fellers has got the money of this country hog-tied," he shouted. "They've called in all the greenback money and are trying to put the currency on a gold basis for their own selfish benefit. We mustn't allow them to do it. They're robbin' us."

"But, Mr. Chase, how many greenbacks do you think ought to be printed and put in circulation?" the Old Squire asked.

"I'd print enough to make times easy again!" Uncle Solon cried. "I'd print enough to give us all a taste of 'em! Oh, I don't mean to say I'd flood the country with paper money," the old agitator continued in a more placid tone. "There's reason in all things. What we need is enough greenbacks to soften up the present hard,

## Greenbacks

By C. A. Stephens

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD SICHEL

tight money market, and give us poor folks a chance to live and breathe again."

Thousands of people agreed with Uncle Solon Chase. What he said sounded reasonable to them.

As weeks passed, enthusiasm so increased that it was resolved to turn out en masse and go to Chase's Mills for a grand rally meeting. This, it was hoped, would inaugurate a movement that would spread throughout Maine and the entire country. To make the pilgrimage, befittingly and conspicuously, it was agreed to travel in ox-carts, drawn by steers like Uncle Solon's.

The Old Squire did not wish us boys to go; and Cousin Addison promptly decided to remain at home. But our neighbors, the Murch boys, Willis and Ben, were decorating their hayrack for the parade and printing the word "greenbacks" on a board ten feet long to elevate in front of it. They wanted me to accompany them, and, boylike, I caught the fever. Addison ridiculed me; but the Old Squire only laughed kindly and bade me go if I wished. "You will get enough of it before you come back," he promised—and, as it happened, I did.

**A** WEEK or more was spent in preparation. Fifteen hayracks participated, each drawn by a yoke of oxen or steers; several had two yokes, and one, three yokes. Altogether the delegation filled the highway for a distance of fully two hundred yards. Fifty-eight men and boys took passage aboard the carts, or walked beside the steers, bearing goad-sticks. Enough food was taken along to last for a three-days' trip.

The Murch boys' rack was drawn by a yoke of white-faced four-year-olds on the tongue, with a second yoke of grizzly Durham three-year-olds ahead so ill trained to work that great skill was required to team them. The hayrack, a long one, had been decorated for the occasion as a kind of arboreal booth, beneath which seats were arranged for those who rode. In front was lashed an upright churn, to symbolize dairying; a sheaf of corn and another of wheat were emblematic of field crops. At one hind corner a flail had been tied; at the other, a hoe. Butter firkins, cheese hoops and many homely utensils of the farmhouse were ranged along the sides.

A ride of twenty miles in a hayrack without springs was more of an ordeal than had been anticipated. The roads

were far from smooth; the seats were bare boards. Long before half the distance to Chase's Mills had been covered, many of us were tired of the expedition.

The forenoon, too, proved uncommonly warm; and a species of large insect of the nature of a gadfly—called by Maine people a moose-fly—appeared in numbers and greatly disturbed the steers, for they sting savagely. It is probable that the presence and odor of so much live stock had attracted them. Often, on first hearing the peculiar hum of their wings, cattle become quite unmanageable. Several times that forenoon the procession had to be halted and all hands summoned to assist in knocking down and killing the pests.

Despite the moose-flies, however, the long line of carts jogged slowly on; and it was hoped that by sunset the caravan might reach Chase's Mills, where a speech of welcome and opportunity to encamp for the night had been provided by Uncle Solon.

**B**UT Destiny decreed otherwise. That confident cavalcade, it seemed, was fated never to see Chase's Mills. Shortly after entering the town of Buckfield, at a point where the highway descended a long hill to meadow land bordering a wide brook, a worse distraction was encountered. Here, on both sides of the road, were pastures partly overgrown with bushes; and at the foot of the hill there was an abrupt turn close on the brook. The Murch boys' team was now leading the long line of carts, and immediately on rounding the turn we came upon a considerable party of gypsies, gathering sumac beside the road. These wanderers not unfrequently appeared in Maine during the summer season and sometimes harvested a few hundredweight of sumac fronds, which they sold in Portland for tanning purposes. Their picturesque wagons stood all along the roadside, with horses hobbled to graze near by. There appeared to be fifteen or twenty of the vagrants, men, women and youngsters. The bushes by the wayside seemed alive with their red and yellow habiliments.

On perceiving so great and strange a pageant approaching, the nomads ceased work and stood regarding us in astonishment, several of their dogs barking noisily. Then one of the gypsy girls came forward with a tambourine and began to sing and dance, hoping probably thus to gather in a few pennies. We pulled up to listen. She sang as she strummed her tambourine, ending with a kind of Bohemian cry to which all her compatriots in the sumac bushes responded shrilly.

It may have been that outlandish outcry which started the trouble, or perhaps the moose-flies were stinging the steers on the next to the hindmost hayrack. Anyway, that team instantly went on the rampage. It tore past the outfit ahead, which, startled by the unexpected rush, bounded suddenly forward, involving the hayrack nearest in line. Alarm appeared to enter all the cattle at once. Some of them

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 609]



*Uncle Solon was dressed like a farmer, with whiskers on his chin and holding a goad-stick in his hand.*



*The twins were riding round and round and round the pasture—one mounted on a cranky Shetland pony, the other on a steady old plough horse. When Joan blew a police whistle they trotted back to her*

thrilled when the horses cantered, was passionately interested in fairies. But after two days of this game, Joan could not tell—except by noticing which horse each one rode away on—which was the fairy twin and which was the one who always wanted to go fishing. Joan was perfectly willing to go fishing, only the fairy twin was entirely uninterested and always called out at the wrong time or waded muddily in his brother's favorite pool just before his brother went to fish in it. And this sort of conduct always led to quarrels.

A sudden thump of heavy boots startled Joan, and she turned to confront Mr. Alden, back from an afternoon of golf. Joan liked him. Judging from his wife's description, she had pictured him as a fussy little gentleman, who had overworked and was cross and nervous as a result.

But the real Curtis Hunt-

ington Alden was big and handsome and most becomingly tanned. He struck Joan as perfectly capable of managing the twins, the cook and everything else in his country house. But, during his vacation, he had no intention of managing anything but himself and his French roadster. In the afternoons he went off to play golf. He spent the mornings writing in his study and doing something which he called "tuning up" his car. He made it very clear to Joan that he did not want the twins under foot while he worked on the roadster. It was therefore unfortunate that the fairy twin seemed to know by instinct when his father started for the garage, and would appear as if by magic under the paternal elbow at the exact crisis of each delicate operation on valves or timer or carburetor.

The other twin generally followed along, not because he cared anything about motor engines, but because he was sociable and liked to be in the midst of things. It was a matter of art and time to get them both away happily. It was also difficult to keep the fairy twin away from the study, when his father was busy there.

"What does he want to study for?" the fairy twin asked Joan. "I thought only boys studied, at school. I wish I could go in there and see Father studying."

Meanwhile, the other twin made sufficient noise to bring Mr. Alden suddenly out of his retreat, with an earnest request to Joan to take the kids away and keep them quiet. It was for this reason that she had invented the endless riding game. Now, at six o'clock, Mr. Alden had returned home from his golf game. He not only made a great deal of noise with his hobnailed boots but dropped his golf bag with a bang. He had taken a golf lesson and then had played nine holes—and played them so badly that his caddy had mistaken him for a new beginner. Unfortunately for the caddy, Mr. Alden had been playing golf, off and on, for ten years.

"Well," he said to Joan, "I didn't mean to startle you. But after three days with my sons you probably can't be startled by any sort of sudden noises."

Joan smiled her friendly smile. "There hasn't been any naughty noise this afternoon," she announced proudly, "nor any quarrels. Did you notice that you got off to the club in peace? That was because I'd promised the boys some riding."

"Good!" ejaculated Mr. Alden. "Do they get the idea of posting to the trot?"

"One does!" exclaimed Joan. "The one that doesn't care about motors and despises fairies—the one that caught the trout for your breakfast."

He mulled over her information with interest. "You've

# Those Turbulent Twins

## A Joan Jordan Story

By Margaret Ward

ILLUSTRATED BY D. S. WENDELL

MRS. CURTIS HUNTINGTON ALDEN sat on the edge of

Great-grandmother Jordan's Sheraton sofa, staring with her round, chocolaty-brown eyes at Miss J. Jordan of Deepdene, who said: "Yes, I am the one who advertised in the Herald, and the one who made a fourteenth at your dinner party last night."

"O dear!" sighed Mrs. Alden. Her round eyes roved perplexedly from slender Joan around the room. The furniture in the room was almost priceless, Mrs. Alden knew. Such antiques—Great-great-great-grandfather Endicott's Heppelwhite fireside chair and the gilt lambrequins over the seven windows of the living-room.

"O dear!" she repeated dolefully. "I really don't know what to do. You were charming at dinner last night, but now you look so very, very young. And you ask a good deal for an untrained—"

Mrs. Alden's sudden discovery of a quite adorable pair of Sheffield candlesticks on the mantel brought her unfortunate remark to a sudden, gulping halt. "I don't mind the money," she went on rapidly, "but if you've never worked out, how am I to know that you'll get on with the twins for a week, and maybe two, and not disturb my husband, and not annoy my cook, and—and all that!"

Joan straightened proudly against the dark brocade of her chair. Then she smiled at the perturbed little lady, who clutched with stubby, befingered fingers the arms of her sofa, because her short legs couldn't comfortably reach the floor.

"Perhaps I can't manage," said Joan composedly. "But I can try, and I will try. You've told me that the twins are difficult, and that your cook is invaluable although quick-tempered, and that Mr. Alden hates to be bothered and wants to rest. I'll try to fix everything, just as you want it."

"Well," said Mrs. Alden, wriggling off the sofa and standing up. "I'll have to engage you, because there's

nobody else. If you can't manage, Mr. Alden can wire for me to come home. The car will call for you every morning. Oh, yes, just one thing more. Keep the twins together—we

always do. Be sure to remember to do it." Joan nodded, then smiled. "I will," she said. "Only, if I were a twin I think I'd sometimes like to be separated. Is there any good reason why your twins mustn't ever be?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Alden's round eyes grew moist with sudden emotion. "It's because—oh, I hate to tell you, but I keep them together so they won't know I can hardly tell them apart!"

IT was the end of an uncomfortably hot June afternoon. Joan was well advanced on the third day of her job as Miss Fix-It in the Alden family. She sat on the grass under a spreading maple tree in the corner of the Aldens' big pasture. The twins, John and James (Joan couldn't tell them apart, either, unless she heard them speak), were riding round and round and round the pasture—one mounted on a cranky Shetland pony, the other on a steady old plough horse.

When Joan blew a police whistle, they trotted back to her, changed horses, and started round in the other direction. And each time they did this one twin held both horses while the other twin mounted. But before the other one mounted, he came and whispered something in Joan's ear.

All these secret confidences were about Good Fairy and Silver Wing, the dance they were having later on the moss where the alders grew, or the fight that the fairy Rose Blossom was having with a mosquito, or the way that Puck, the mischief-maker, had tickled Pony and made him kick up his heels and run.

Thus did Joan discover that it was always the same twin who held the horses while the other mounted; also that this twin was the better rider, while the other one, who looked both dreadfully scared and deliciously



got their brains sorted out, if you can't tell them apart by looking at them. That's more than I ever did, I'm ashamed to say. I thought small boys were all about alike."

"Why, so did I," said Joan. "But you see I had to find out why there's so much quarreling. It's because they're so different, and yet they always have to stay together."

"I see," said the father of the twins. "Miss Jordan, you really are as represented in your advertisement. But how about now? They're together now, and they're not quarreling. Look at them now."

Joan looked. The twin on Gramp, the old plough horse, was posting beautifully to the pounding trot. His shoulders were straight, his right hand at his side, the reins properly gathered in his left. Beside him, on the cantering pony, hair flying, right hand clutching at the saddle, knees loose, reins all twisted, face tense with scared excitement, rode the other twin.

Joan blew her whistle. "Don't you see?" she said. "One likes to ride because he's good at it, and the other because Pegasus was a horse."

Mr. Alden nodded. "You may be right," he said. And then, as the boys approached, he shot out the question: "Well, Johnny, how's tricks?"

At the same time Mr. Alden looked at neither boy, but leaned forward negligently as if to flip a speck from his white knickers. When he was answered by a cool "Ali right, Dad," from the twin on Gramp, Mr. Alden exchanged glances with Joan. As plainly as if he had spoken, he invited her to notice that John Alden was the twin who could ride and fish, and who had often teased his father to take him to play golf. It was therefore as clear as day that James Somerville Alden was the twin who was now scrabbling untidily off Pony, and whose tastes ran to fairy lore.

"You can rub down your own horse if you want to, Johnny," Mr. Alden told the fishing twin, casually.

"I'll lead Pony back to the barn. While we're gone, Jimmy, maybe Miss Jordan will tell you the story of Pegasus, and when I come in I'll find you a very fine picture of him that I happen to have in a book."

THE chauffeur, George, took Joan home as usual that evening. "I can't tell those boys apart," he confided. "But the boss says that tomorrow I'm to give Jimmy a show at lubricating the French car. He says you've sorted out the twins, and from now on they're not to travel in pairs. I left Johnny digging worms for a fishing trip with you tomorrow. You can take him while I go over the car with Jimmy. I'll say the kid knows more now about a car than his dad ever will."

At luncheon next day, Mr. Alden informed his sons that, if Miss Jordan agreed, they could all run over to the country club together.

"Can I caddy?" demanded one of the twins, no doubt Johnny.

"Certainly not," said his father. "If you can keep quiet, you may follow along for two holes. After that, you can play clock golf near the clubhouse. Is that clear?"

"Sure, and it's great—only I need a club and a ball."

On the club piazza, the other twin snuggled comfortably down into his chair. "Will you go with me while I look over the cars on the driveway?" he demanded. "I know what's the matter with Dad's golf game—Puck bothers him just when he's going to shoot."

The club pro was having a dull afternoon. He wandered over to the clock-golf course, arriving in time to see John Alden do the longest hole in one.

"Come out to the practice tee and try a midiron," he invited the boy. "Ye're a natural golfer." And he added, under his breath, "That's more than I'd say for your dad."

Mr. Alden, having played six holes in forty-seven, passed the practice hole on his way in, just as Johnny

split the center of the fairway with a long, straight shot from the tee. He promptly bought his son a set of clubs and arranged for a course of lessons. Thereafter Johnny spent his mornings in practice, and after four days the pro let him play the course. He played it so well that he was instantly removed from the status of a junior beginner and was eligible to play in the mornings. By this time, James Somerville, privately coached by Joan, for whom life was now comparatively easy, had learned to hold his reins properly, though he could not catch the rhythm of posting.

Miss Fix-It, pitying the way he bumped and bounced, tried to think how she could improve his undeveloped sense of rhythm.

"Jimmy," she called, "come here. Now listen—here's a rhyme for you to sing-song to yourself, as you trot:

"Clip, clop,  
Plip, plop,  
Up, down,  
Hit a stone,  
Pit, pat,  
Rat, tat;  
So my horse doth trot."

James Somerville Alden listened entranced, said the whole chant after her without prompting, and rode thereafter in better form than before. But now poetry leaped to the fore as his dominant interest. Joan read "Gunga Din" to him until she knew it by heart, varying the program with rhymes from "When We Were Very Young," and some of the older favorites too. She usually brought her favorite poetry books from Deepdene, for the books that lined the walls of Mr. Alden's study proved to be mostly modern novels.

And it was to let him write his novel, Joan discovered—or, as he modestly described it, "a novice's attempt at a novel"—that Mrs. Alden had sought quiet for her husband.

"I thought," he explained, "that I'd do a lot while my wife was away, and I could stay at home and dig in. But I haven't. You've kept things quiet, but I'm too busy learning golf from my son. The thing comes naturally to him, but he can analyze my rotten performances most acutely, and when he mutters 'Keep the old bean down, Dad,' or 'Straight left arm now,' somehow he seems to care such a lot that I remember. I've taken ten strokes off my score, Miss Fix-It."

"And Mrs. Alden won't mind about the novel?"

Mr. Alden shook his head with a smile. "There's one thing she will mind, though—having the twins separated. You've begun it, and I mean to keep on. All last year the headmaster of their school insisted that Jim was extra clever, and should be left to forge ahead, while John isn't and never will be college material. I left it to their mother. She finds it simpler to be able to say 'Dear twins' or 'Come here, James-and-John,' than to have one boy pop up at her to fit a name to when there's nothing—nothing—to fit it by. Have your sharp eyes discovered any distinguishing marks, Miss Fix-It?"

"No," said Joan. "They could dress differently."

"They would change their clothes to fool us. Besides, it would be an admission on our part that we can't tell them apart. Mrs. Alden thinks they don't guess. I'm not so sure. Anyway, from now on, however she dresses them, each twin is to have his chance to be his own kind of regular fellow. By the way, Miss Fix-It, I want you to stay on as long as you—"

"A wire for you, sir." It was George, with a telegram.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Alden looked up at Joan. "I'm happy here, and the boys are in clover. But Mrs. Alden suddenly feels like Europe—for the whole family. Immediately. She'll arrive here this evening, and we sail next week."

On Friday morning the twins, swathed in gloom at being torn away from their paradise,—and also because of the Eton suits they had to wear on the train,—came to bid Joan good-by.

"We're coming here for Thanksgiving," chirped Jimmy.

"Is there snow here then?" inquired Johnny anxiously. "Skiing is fun, but I'd rather have some more golf."

At the door Jimmy lingered a moment to whisper in Joan's ear. "Please find a way to make us look different," he said. "I prefer to look different, because"—he gave a funny little gulp—"I want my mother to know who she's talking to."

AND that was the end of Joan Jordan's first professional work. Somehow, in talking it over with K. Blake, she felt that it had ended before she could really show what she could do.

"Not a bit of it," said K. "You showed those peculiar parents that their boys were different after all."

"Maybe they'll grow to look different in time," said

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 608]



Joan got Aunt Jane Wideawake to help the farmer's wife with the turkey and squash and onions, the cranberry sauce, and the mince and pumpkin pies. What a Thanksgiving dinner it was!

# What Shall We Eat

By Eric Hodgins, S.B.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

For many of the facts contained in this article the author is greatly indebted to Prof. Samuel C. Prescott, Head of the Department of Biology and Public Health at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and to Mr. Raymond S. Stevens of Arthur D. Little, Inc., Chemists and Engineers.

**T**HE breakfast you ate this morning was one of 110,000,000 eaten in America alone. A thousand or more people you do not know, and will never meet, made it possible for you to eat it. Without them, and others like them, you would starve. This being obvious, it is strange we give so little thought to the means by which we keep alive. Your breakfast and all your other meals—and the things you eat and drink between meals—represent a miracle of civilization.

Your bread was made from wheat that may have come from Kansas or from northern Alberta; your father's cup of coffee originated in Brazil or Colombia; your orange or grapefruit came from Florida or California or Porto Rico. Colored men put your banana on board a steamer in Costa Rica. Only milk and eggs came to you from near at hand, and even these may have traveled hundreds of miles to reach your table. Yet I did not think of these facts at breakfast this morning, and I have no doubt you were oblivious to them, too.

Our country's enormous and elaborate systems of food production, transportation and distribution started from scratch three hundred years ago. Naturally, the food habits of our ancestors were very different from what we take for granted today. The food which we and our children will eat in the future will be just as different from what we eat today. Indeed, the changes which the coming years will bring forth will probably be even more spectacular than anything in the past, for the scientist is entering as never before into the realm which was once occupied only by the hunter, and the trapper, and the overworked housewife. More and more the foods of the future will owe their existence to the laboratory.

Many years ago a critical Englishman prophesied that the world was destined to suffer or even to starve to death because the population was bound to increase much faster than the food supply could keep up with it. There was more than an element of truth in his remarks, but he failed to foresee the opening up of Canada, Australia, South America, the western United States and parts of Africa as enormous potential producers of food and supporters of life.

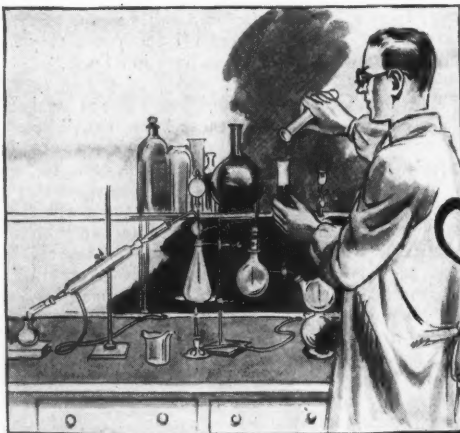
So we shall not starve. The fate of millions who have died of famine in China, India and Russia will never be ours unless some terrible catastrophe destroys the very sinews of our civilization. Nevertheless the enormous increase in consumption of food necessary to sustain the growing population of the world is draining some of our reservoirs of supply. What are we going to do about it?

We are going to do four things:

1. Gradually change some of our eating habits, giving up foods which are no longer available and overcoming many of our prejudices against others.
2. Undertake, with the help of science, a much more intensive cultivation of plants than at present.
3. Discover in the laboratory new sources of food as energy.
4. Rely upon the chemists to convert a number of raw materials which seem today to be as wholly inedible into healthful, nourishing and delicate food.

## Failing Foods

The first change is really a part of a continuous process that has always been going on. Among the first foods



Will the farmer of tomorrow look like this? This article will tell you the answer

of the pioneers of this country were the buffalo, bear and deer and, along the seaboard, fish and shellfish. Now we eat almost no deer and no buffalo. The supply of the latter has failed altogether, and we have meats of greater delicacy and utility at our disposal.

But the change will continue. Cattle, hogs and sheep—our present food animals—need a great deal of human care; they can live only under temperate conditions of climate; their pasture lands must either be large or very well cared for. Nor are they any too efficient as converters of substance. It has been estimated that every three pounds of edible beef represents one hundred pounds of vegetable materials which the animal has eaten. So far we have been able to put up with waste in converting

plant protein into animal protein, but some day the land on which cattle graze will become too valuable for other purposes to remain pasturage, and we shall no longer be able to afford our present prodigality of discarding ninety-seven out of every one hundred pounds of potential foodstuff. Thus we know that (although the time may still be far off) the days of the supremacy of our present food animals are numbered, and that we must find other animals which will supply us with meat for our food of the future. The new animal will be capable of living in much wilder, colder and more uncomfortable surroundings and will be able to convert a diet of weeds, coarse grass and

shrubs into meat edible by humans. It is already possible to say what this animal will be. In the West, even now, a new meat producer supplies restaurant diners with excellent steaks. The animal is the reindeer. Beyond a shadow of a doubt it is destined to be the source of supply for one of the great food staples of the future. The reindeer cares little about his climate or his food and can be raised as far south as the upper half of the state of Maine. Eventually he may be to us what the buffalo was to our forefathers, and much more.

We can be quite sure too that the ocean will supply us with a greater and greater proportion of our diet. Although fish has always been an important part of our

# Tomorrow?

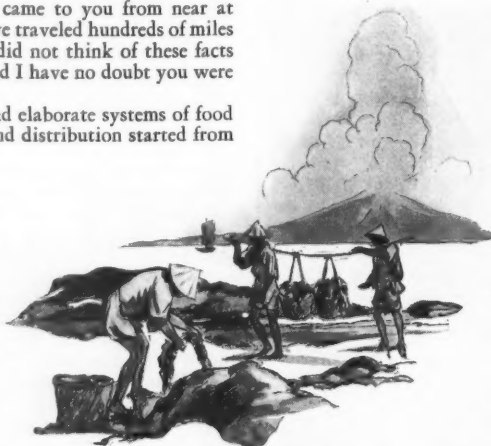
Wood, cotton and seaweed may be among our future foods

food supply along the seaboard, it has only been in recent years that methods of transportation and refrigeration have been so developed by science that it is possible to ship fresh fish to the interior of our country. Recently engineers, chemists and biologists have developed several new methods of refrigeration. One relies on quick freezing or "frosting." The change takes place so rapidly and at so low a temperature that the ice crystals formed are too small to break up the flesh cells. The chemical composition of the fish remains unchanged and there is no possibility of decomposition. When the fish is thawed again at the end of its journey, it retains the original flavor of fresh fish. The freezing solution is usually calcium chloride, and small packages can be froze in as short a time as an hour. They keep for months afterward. So-called dry ice, or solid carbon dioxide, is another development of the scientist which makes an even wider distribution of fish possible, not only throughout the country but across oceans.

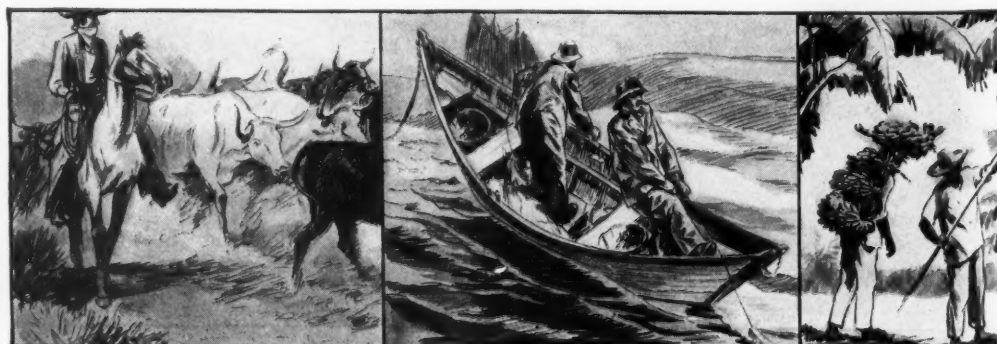
But we must be careful what fish we consume in large quantities in the future. Halibut is a waning food. So is salmon. We have now come to consume these faster than they can grow, and, although it is still possible for us to conserve the supply, the future comparative scarcity of these two varieties means that they will be looked upon in the future only as food for those who can afford the price of delicacies. Salmon was once shipped around Cape Horn to California, so abundant was it upon the Atlantic Coast. Now Atlantic salmon is a high-priced luxury, and nearly all our salmon travels in the other direction, and most of it in cans. Cod is even shipped across the continent from British Columbia into Massachusetts—imagine that! The Columbia and Fraser rivers are practically exhausted so far as future big canning operations go. Alaska and Siberia must hereafter be our main sources of salmon.

So we must find other fish. It so happens that we have some peculiar prejudices against fish that are quite edible. We refuse to eat mussels, just as the European refuses to eat clams. The dogfish, it is stated by those who have had the courage to try it, is almost as delicious as swordfish, yet it is regarded by fishermen only as a nuisance, as pollack once was, and the dogfish is cast back into the sea as fast as it is caught. It is true that it does not have a pleasant name, and, being a variety of shark, it is not a pretty fish, but, notwithstanding, we shall soon be eating it, even though it will not be called dogfish on the menu.

Then too the warm waters of the tropics teem with varieties of fish. Until recently the heat of climate has made it impossible to catch, dress and ship these fish to distant points for consumption quickly enough to prevent spoilage, and a great possible source of supply has consequently gone to waste. With the new refrigeration methods that I have described it should be possible in the future to rely more and more heavily upon tropical



For thousands of years the Orient has used certain seaweeds for food. Perhaps part of our future food supply will come from the depths of the sea

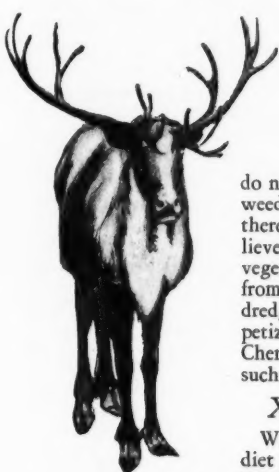


Here are some of the present sources of our food supply. Which of these will continue to be useful in the future—or will all of them become superseded by synthetic products?



fish. There is no reason why North Dakota should not eventually have the benefits enjoyed by Florida.

Once upon a time one could buy lobsters for five cents. Indeed, so enormous was the available supply that Cape Breton people concealed their empty lobster shells—for to be an eater of lobster was to confess the most abject poverty. Lately the lobster has achieved such popularity (even though its own diet is anything but fastidious) that we are likely to rob ourselves of it as a food in the future. Nothing but a closed season and the discovery of artificial propagation saved the oyster, and science will have to intervene similarly to preserve the once-despised lobster from extermination before many years.



The reindeer—one of the great food animals of the future

But when we think of ocean foods we must not confine ourselves to fish. The oceans of the world contain vegetation as luxuriant as any that can be found on the most fertile land. We

do not think of kelp and seaweed as present-day foods, but there seems every reason to believe that some day part of our vegetable diet will be raised from the bottom of the sea in dredges and converted into appetizing salads and greens. Chemists are working upon such problems even today.

### X-Rays and Wheat

Wheat is the great staple of diet in our Western world. Without it we should starve. This country is a large exporter of wheat, and we think of ourselves as tremendously efficient in producing it. Last year's crop in this country amounted to almost a billion bushels. This seems large. But we must do far better in the future. As the population of this country expands, we shall not only need more wheat but we shall have less available land on which to raise it. And it will no doubt surprise you to know that this country last year raised only one-half as many bushels per acre as did France, Germany or England, none of which can practice agriculture on the scale possible for us. The chemist and biologist have already made great strides here, and more are to come. Development by agriculturists of cold- and rust-resisting wheat has enormously increased the acreage on which it may be grown. But here is an even more important development which applies to all seasonal crops: the organic chemist has discovered a substance which when added to the soil will cause some plants to double or even triple their cycles of growth. If this discovery can be applied more widely, and when we learn also how X-rays or ultra-violet light may be utilized to speed growth on a large scale, it is far from impossible that we can produce ten times as large a grain crop on the same area.

Meanwhile great credit is due to those manufacturers of cereals made from corn, oats, rice, bran, and so on, for providing new foods from old sources, presenting them in a way which whets our appetites, encourages us to eat healthful foods and at the same time adds to the efficiency with which we use our food supplies.

### Friendly Bacteria

When we consider the vegetables of the future, we need to look at the problem from afar. Our present supplies of vegetables depend upon two very different but equally important agencies. One is a humble type of bacteria; the other is the synthetic chemist.

Because some bacteria cause disease, we think of these organisms as altogether bad. This is quite wrong—there are good bacteria as well. It would not be possi-

ble, for example, to produce such valuable foods as certain cheeses or, to give a newer example, acidophilus milk, if it were not for bacterial action. It is even possible that we may some day obtain food from certain types of bacteria, administered in enormous quantities.

Meanwhile, however, let us consider an organism on which some of our greatest food staples to a large extent depend. These are the "nitrogen fixing" bacteria; to them we owe the maintenance of such vegetables as peas and beans and other legumes. These bacteria can with the greatest ease do something that we humans can do only with the greatest trouble, complication and expense—they can absorb nitrogen from the air. This they furnish to the leguminous plants, to the roots of which they attach themselves. Nitrogen is vital to life, for it is a necessary constituent of all proteins. Unhappily, the nitrogen in the air is inert; that is to say, it is hard to make it react with any other substances. The nitrogen-fixing bacteria take nitrogen direct from the air and deliver it to the plant root, so that it becomes a part of the plant protein. When we eat the vegetable, we convert this into animal protein, and everything goes swimmingly.

But the bacteria are not always willing. Sometimes they are deficient, and often they refuse to grow voluntarily on the roots of some plants. Scientific agriculturists have recently made remarkable progress in isolating and cultivating these bacteria and inoculating the roots of plants with cultures made from them. Growth is accelerated and the plant made much more healthy and valuable.

But this is only part of the story. There are certain plants with which the bacteria refuse to associate. These must be carefully cultivated with fertilizer, thus obtaining their nitrogen in the chemical form of a nitrate. Formerly the great nitrate deposits of Chile served largely for this supply. The restless chemist, however, has been casting about for some better way to keep the "nitrogen cycle" going. Now he has brought to perfection several processes, among which the most important are the "synthetic ammonia" and the "cyanamid." Both of these take nitrogen from the air, convert it to an intermediate product, then to a nitrate, with which the soil can be fertilized for the production of plant protein. The necessary cycle which our present methods of sewage and waste disposal threatened for a time to upset is now assured. But both these processes take great quantities of power—and that is why you have heard so much discussion of that great power project, the Wilson Dam, situated at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River.

### How the Tropics Will Help

From this point we shall be forced in the future to go further afield for our vegetables. One food source already popular is destined to become a great staple among the foods of the future—not merely the pleasant light refreshment which we now consider it. That food is the banana.

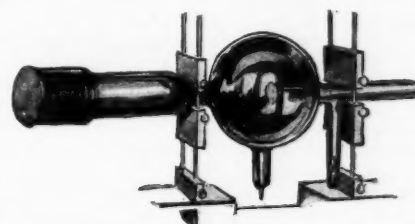
The banana is rich in energy. It contains protein,



From hydro-electric developments such as this engineers are able to utilize the nitrogen of the air for fertilizer.

carbohydrate and fat in good proportions, and its energy content and vitamins are thoroughly satisfactory.

As a matter of fact, it and its big brother, the plantain, would be just as valuable a food as the potato if we only realized their possibilities and did not persist in regarding them largely as fruits or desserts. With the decline of some other vegetable sources, and when we drive our vegetable-raising farms southward toward the tropics, just as we are already driving our grain and grazing fields toward the north, the banana will occupy a place in our diet which will measure its true value and will call for an enormous production to take care of the ever-increasing demand. Fortunately, the banana can be widely cultivated by relatively cheap labor; it is a quick grower and will be more than equal to the demands which we shall make on it in the future. In southern countries now the banana and the plantain are served in a multitude of forms. They can be made into soup. They can be baked, boiled, fried, stewed, made into salads or desserts, or pretty much anything you will.



The X-ray tube may some day be used to aid the sun in the development of plants

Science has made here an interesting contribution. Much of the old prejudice against the banana as a food for children was due to the fact that it was often eaten when imperfectly ripe. Science now makes certain that the banana reaches the householder in its best condition. When a fruit ship sails north, its cargo is green, and the ripening process which tends to go on after the bananas are picked is checked by elaborate

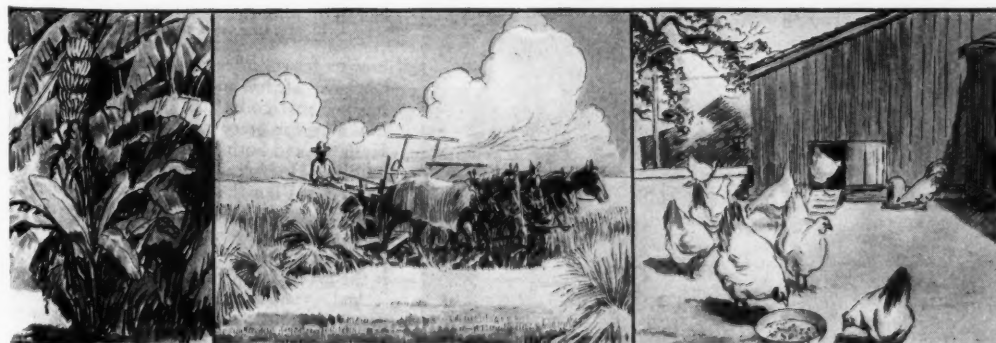
cooling methods. Later, when the bananas are being made ready for distribution, they are subjected to an accelerated ripening process made possible by the chemist through the use of ethylene gas, and are in perfect condition when finally distributed.

When you consider the increasing contributions of the tropics to our diet, you should not overlook the coconut or the pineapple. The coconut, once nothing more than the source of tasty icings for cakes, now possesses the amazing ability to replace butter when the day comes when neither cow's milk nor reindeer's milk can be used. The process which makes the coconut useful is known as the "hydrogenation of oils," to which I shall refer again a little later. Oil from the coconut can be so treated in a current of hydrogen produced by the action of an acid on a metal that it solidifies into an edible fat of high food value. Butter substitutes made from coconut oil are already on the market, are healthful and energy-giving and will be of greater and greater importance as a food in the future.

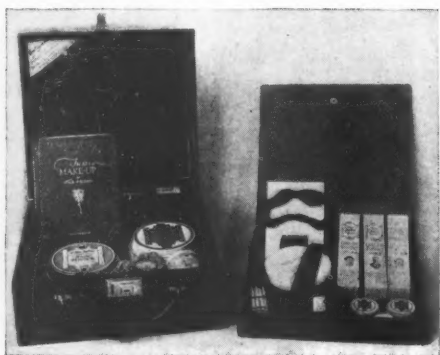
The pineapple is another food to which we shall pay increasing attention. Once regarded as a tremendous luxury, costing \$5 and more apiece, it is now sold at a price within the reach of all. It is now intensively cultivated in Hawaii; and clever housewives, aided by chemical research, are finding many additional ways in which to prepare it. Some day you should hear the story of James D. Dole, whose achievement in turning a barren island into a luxuriant pineapple plantation, thus adding significantly to the acreage of lands which may be used for food production, is important enough to deserve recognition of its own.

The soy-bean is another food which looms large on the horizon. The Orient, where the inhabitants must scratch much harder for their food than we, and from which we

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 609]



Grazing lands are growing more and more limited, many kinds of fish are slowly disappearing, the production of wheat can scarcely keep pace with increase in population. You will find science's answers to these problems in this article



## Who Will Win Lon Chaney's Make-up Box?

LON CHANEY, the greatest master in America of the art of make-up, has autographed a magnificent make-up box which will be given away to some fortunate boy or girl reader of *The Youth's Companion*. All you have to do is write the best letter on "My Favorite Character in Drama—and Why." Think over carefully all the characters you have played in amateur theatricals in school or elsewhere. Perhaps your favorite is Hamlet, Sherlock Holmes, Bob Acres, or some other. Or, if you are a girl, you may prefer a classic character like Juliet, or a modern one. Any character is eligible, but it should, of course, be one that you can play, or have aspired to play.

Then write, in three hundred words or less, why this character appeals to you. If yours is the best letter received you will receive the make-up box and a book, "The Art of Make-up for Stage and Screen," by Cecil Holland, both autographed by Lon Chaney. Here is what the make-up box contains: 3 ropes wig hair, 1 package wrinkle pencils, 1 comb, 1 dermatograph pencil, 3 tubes Nos. 22-25-1A grease paint, 3 moustaches, 1 bottle spirit gum, 1 powder puff, 1 bottle black tooth enamel, 2 cans lining, 1 can rouge, 1 can liquid body make-up, 1 can face powder, 1 can cold cream.

The contest closes on December 1, and no letter postmarked after midnight on that day will be considered. Address Chaney Contest Editor, *The Youth's Companion*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. The contest is open to boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty inclusive. Write the date of your birth below your signature.

LON CHANEY hates interviews. He should! He is asked more foolish questions than any other of the motion-picture stars. Because of this he is "bad medicine" to any interviewer. But the Lon Chaney that I know is the most regular of fellows, and the most lonesome of lone wolves. Full dress and anything pertaining to society are his pet aversions. Yet he likes all athletic sports and is always to be seen at every big meet. His greatest hobby, though, is boys—real boys, and they love him.

The road Lon traveled on his way to fame was a long and difficult one. He worked as stage hand, vaudeville and stock comedian, dancer, stage manager and screen extra, but always in his mind was one central idea—the development of new methods of make-up and disguise, as he tried to utilize and apply every new experience. Each new role is a problem in construction, and he studies it, from the ground up.

His first step in character creation is to visualize all the details of the face and figure he wishes to create. Muscle by muscle he builds it up, much as a sculptor might model a clay figure. He notes the position of the eyes, ears and every other structural detail, and works out all muscular tricks. He takes out his make-up box and experiments, making sure, however, that he never draws a line or builds an artificial contour that is not strictly in accord with the principles of anatomy. Finally, by the shading of paints and the application of plastic material he constructs "over" his natural countenance a superstructure of the muscles of his character face. The mental side of this work involves an intimate knowledge of human nature.

The air of intense earnestness with which Lon goes about the difficult task of each new character creation is an inspiration to other picture players. He achieved the title "man of a thousand faces" by hard work, not by luck.

Recently I asked Chaney how much time he had spent in applying make-up during the past five years. His estimate was 2,180 hours. Boil this down into eight-hour

# Lon Chaney Wants to Know

What character in drama do you like best? He will give a fully equipped and autographed make-up box to the writer of the best letter

By Fred Gilman Jopp

days and you will discover, perhaps somewhat to your surprise, that Lon has passed, in the last five years, at least 272½ working days seated before the make-up table, experimenting with disguises or applying them for his roles.

Chaney averages at least three hours daily in making up his parts, and each new make-up (sometimes there are several in one picture) means a minimum of ten hours' experimental work. When playing a role he appears on the studio lot promptly at six in the morning and is ready to go on the set by nine o'clock. In "Mr. Wu" the make-up of the old Chinaman required considerably longer than three hours to apply; not wishing to delay production, Chaney got up earlier in the morning! In "The Unknown" the star's make-up with a special harness which presented him as an armless character required exactly three hours to apply. In "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," another picture, about the same length of time was required, but, in addition, Chaney worked evenings making his own clown wigs. Incidentally, the actor makes most of his wigs and always makes his false teeth, placing dental rubber over his own teeth, then carving the new teeth in this compound and enameled them to suit his requirements.

In "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," one of his earliest successes, he constructed high cheek-bones and practically remodeled his face with plastic gum, molding this to fit his own facial muscles. Over one eye he applied a shell, which he covered with flesh-colored material. The "harness" he donned here was a type of straight-jacket which was so painful that it could be worn only for a limited time.

I should like to bring out the point here that Chaney is by no means a contortionist, but a well-set-up, athletic type, as his appearance in "Tell It to the Marines," where he carried himself naturally, indicated. His characters are produced by clever acting rather than, as has been alleged, "throwing his limbs out of joint."

Many of Chaney's facial disguises are both intricate and painful. As the aged mandarin in "Mr. Wu" he wore clamps on his cheeks to pull them tightly back and give to his face an aspect of senility. In "London After Midnight" the actor used a chemical to distend the eyes after a formula prepared by his oculist. The same oculist prepared a method for making one eye seem white and blank in "The Road to Mandalay." Both applications were distinctly painful but startlingly effective.

Of course, there are tricks in Chaney's make-up, materials used and special pigmentations that the actor keeps secret, but not so much because he fears their use by others as to prevent others trying to use them and going astray. Each face, he believes, requires different

pigments, and individual requirements can be found only through experiment.

But it is not make-up alone that is the secret of Chaney's remarkable success. His vivid character portrayals are in good part the result of gesture and pantomime, expressing subtle shades of thought. The personality of the character invariably grips one; the external details of make-up complete the picture.

Chaney does not want to be known as a motion-picture "personality." He does not want to be stamped and classified. He wants to be an entirely different person each time he steps before the camera. And he always succeeds.

His make-up box is a thing of wonder. As Lon says, there is everything in it but the kitchen stove. And asking him for his make-up box would be fatal, for among actors there is an old superstition: "Never change your make-up box!" If it wears out, save the bits. If you lose it, you're in for a run of tough luck. If you break your mirror, you might as well tear up your picture contract. And if somebody steals it, leave no stone unturned until you find it again.

Hence, to ask him for his make-up box, as I stated above, would never do. So I did the next best thing—asked him to run downtown with me and get together everything that would be necessary fully to equip the make-up kit of a motion-picture actor or actress. And, believe me, if there is one man in the world who knows



How it is done: Above, Lon Chaney and his cameraman make a scene from "Mr. Wu." Below, Benjamin Christensen directing Lon Chaney in a scene from "Mockery." Inset, Lon Chaney as he appears in "The Unknown." Note the amazing differences in Mr. Chaney's make-up

how to get together a make-up box it is Lon Chaney. He has added a corking book from his personal collection, called "The Art of Make-up for Stage and Screen," by Cecil Holland, and both book and box are autographed. In fact, I think so much of the outfit that I'll make a very fine cash offer to the one who gets the box. My wife is eager to have it, and says it would be a priceless possession. Why not, pray? In it is the art of Lon Chaney, himself.

And, as you have seen in the box on this page, the Editor of *The Companion* has arranged to give it to you, if you are the author of the best letter on the subject "My Favorite Character in Drama—and Why."





# The Fool Swede

By Carl H. Claudy

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE AVISON



The captain came aboard hand over hand, anxious in spite of the steadily burning lights and the bell

THE Service is bein' ruined with Dutch swabs!" remarked the captain to the mate. "Not one of 'em is worth his salt, or knows eyes from starn. I never see one yet could stand on his legs if she rolled enough to let ye know ye was not ashore. Look at that bucky up forrard," he continued, encouraged by the mate's silent approval. "No arthly use of his hands, can't stand up on his feet; and couldn't think with his head if his dinner depended on't!"

The "bucky," a huge, shock-headed Swedish lad, with round blue eyes, a freckled face, and a look the captain would have called vacuous had he known the word, was evidently trying hard to wash down the inside of the rail. Lightships, floating beacons which mark especially dangerous reefs or shoals where light-houses can't be built, are notably clean. Their crews paint ship from the time she goes on "station" until the welcome day, three months hence, when the relief ship allows the sea-tossed light-vessel to go home again. It is paint, paint, paint, and wash, wash, scrub, scrub, and once more scrub, until even the captain is satisfied and the crew have their fill of work.

And that last is none too easy of accomplishment. Men who love to loaf on shore will fight for something to do when anchored out of sight of land, it may be, and with only passing vessels and the radio, if they have it, to keep them from stagnation. They read little, games soon pall, and so plenty of work is the universal need.

The Service has more than its share of foreigners, but with low pay and food and drink of the plainest, it is hard to get "white men," as the captain would say.

Hans, the "Fool Swede," was childlike, slow of thought, awkward. But he had a tenacity of purpose and a bulldog grip on an idea, once it came into his head. One of these ideas was that he loathed his title; he longed for a chance to make his shipmates in the floating prison drop it.

The Lighthouse Bureau, which controls such matters, makes regulations which permit the captain occasionally to allow some of his crew short shore leave, provided that he retain enough men to "work the ship." This regulation is supposed to blanket all cases of leave, and usually it does.

But on "Old Hard Weather," or officially Lightship No. 109, guarding the extremity of Fish Hook Shoal, on a certain bright day in November, regulations were broken. The captain and two of the crew went ashore, six miles distant, to get some fresh meat. The mate became suddenly ill with cramps. One engineer was on "Board leave" (leave from the home office, for an emergency). Hans and four of the crew worked at painting, under the remaining engineer's direction. One after another of the crew was taken with cramps and had doubled up on deck, writhing in pain. Language and rope's end failed to move them. Presently the engineer also gave a spasmodic clutch at his stomach and went below. Hans was the last, but finally he, also, gave in. There was no investigation of this peculiar malady, for reasons which will appear; the captain believed that canned beans served at breakfast laid his whole crew low by promaine poisoning in a mild degree.

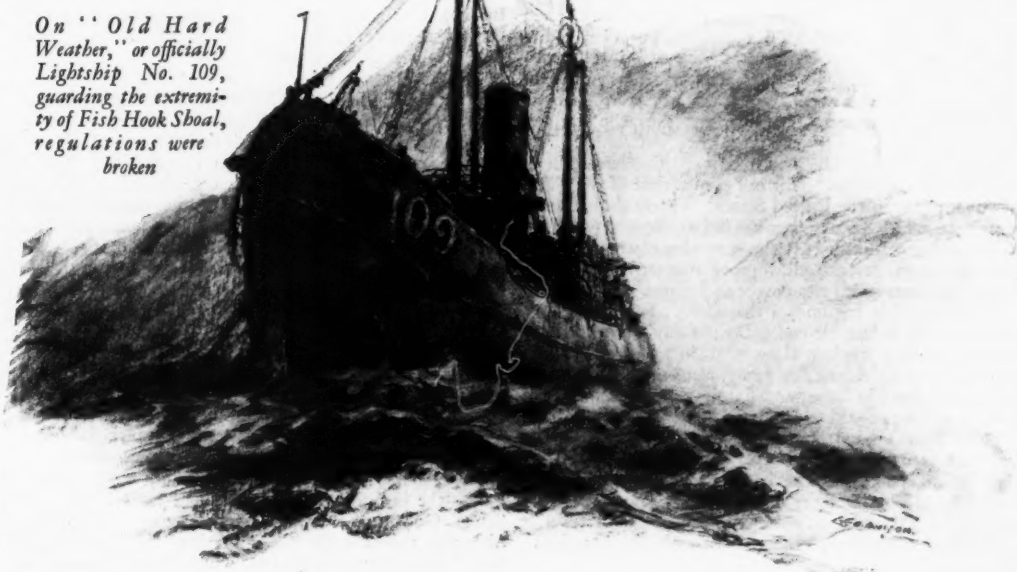
Hans usually ate but little breakfast—one of many peculiarities, and another reason why he was the "Fool Swede." He recovered first and, toward two in the afternoon, staggered on deck. To the sou'east a fog bank blew up rapidly. The sky was overcast, and a big sea was rolling in. The captain and the two of the crew were not expected until the next morning. The rest of the crew, the mate and the engineer were sick. Hans knew that something must be done. The fog bell must ring; at night the lamps must be lit. His honor to a bank cashier is not so precious as the infallibility of the light and sound signals to a lightship. Ships and lives depend on her; trusting men take their dear ones up and down the coasts, with utter belief that, come night, the beacons will shine—come fog, the bell will ring.

THE "Fool Swede" grasped those ideas early in his career on the lightship. Yet—how? The fog bell was rung by steam—and there was no steam. It could be rung by hand, for an hour or so, until steam could be raised. No. 109 was an old-style ship with no power of her own, and a boiler only for the donkey and bell engine and for heat. But if he rang the bell by hand, how could he light the lamps at dark! Hans thought. Hard, slow work, but he did it. He would light the lamps now and ring the bell afterward, by hand, until the men got better.

The lamp cages were raised by four men at the winch; they ascended slowly but steadily from the deck house up the masts until chock to the top, where they shone out from an eight-sided glass cage, bearing their message of warning to all, "Keep off."

Hans lit and trimmed the lamps and began his task. He was very strong, but

On "Old Hard Weather," or officially Lightship No. 109, guarding the extremity of Fish Hook Shoal, regulations were broken



the cage was heavy. He tugged at the big crank; slowly it went round, and very slowly, but surely, the cage went up. Halfway up Hans slipped the pawl in the ratchet to rest. The fog was dense, thickening every minute. Far away he heard a liner, whistling.

"Ay moost mak haste," said Hans, and went at it again. The handle turned harder. But at last he could turn no more—the cage was up.

Then the second cage. Gasping, with clothing soaked with perspiration, Hans ran to the bell.

Clang, clang, clang! The warning note rang out sharp and full, vibrating through the ship, and startling his ears like some sudden gun, exploded without notice. Clang, clang, clang! Over the quarter came a startled "Whoooooooooooo!" as some steamship sheered off from a dangerous locality. "Poorty near," Hans said.

Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang! Hans struck ten times, and waited. The right interval was a full minute, the strokes supposedly two seconds apart; but this Hans did not know.

The day wore on to evening; evening turned to night; still the fog persisted. Lightships are built to roll, to let the seas pass under with the least shock. Hans got blue with cold, his stomach ached, the sweat of his labor chilled clammy against him. Had he desisted long enough to get a coat it would have done no harm; the slow brain, the limited intelligence, had yet the tenacity of the bulldog. A task had been set him; he would go through with it.

At two o'clock he saw, faintly, the lights of a steamer and knew the fog was lifting.

AT four he heard a hail—"Abo-o-o-o-o-rd, there!" Dropping the rope for the first time, he threw a coil to the captain.

The captain came aboard hand over hand, anxious, in spite of the steadily burning lights and the bell. He knew the bell was not ringing as the regulations provided.

"Hey, you Fool Swede!" he bellowed. "Where's the mate? Who set such a fool as you ringing the bell? Who belayed those lamp stays? What's the matter with you? Whyn't you say something?"

"Ay tink dey all var sick," said Hans, dully.

The captain dived for the companionway. A moment's inspection told him trouble had come aboard his ship. Leaving one of the fresh crew of two at the bell, the captain called to Hans. "Hey, you!" he said. "Tell me all about it."

Quite simply and briefly Hans told. He told no one else, and, for reasons of policy, neither did the captain, who had been away during a fog. But the captain helped Hans to undress, and the captain prepared a quart of coffee and made Hans drink. Never again on No. 109 has any reference to the "Fool Swede" been made by captain or crew.

"Slow, some of them," the captain says. "Not over smart, but sure—mighty sure. I've got one, Hans,—that one with the big arms and the yellar hair,—that's a dandy!"



# FACT and COMMENT



## The Power of a Boy

IN a few days from now the nation will elect Herbert Hoover or Alfred E. Smith to the Presidency. One is a blacksmith's son from West Branch, Iowa. The other is a truckdriver's son from the East Side of New York.

If you are less than twenty-one and cannot vote, what does this election mean to you?

To most young people it means very little. No matter whether Hoover is elected or Smith, your life will go on as before. School will still be in session. Money will still be hard to earn. Work on the farm, or around town, will be the same as before. Therefore most young people take only a slight interest in the election, regarding it as important only to men and women old enough to vote.

But there are boys in America who hold in their hands a power greater than the power of any voter, or of any leader of voters.

These boys, observing the campaign of 1928, realize that they have the power to become candidates for the Presidency themselves. Whether they know it or not, they have already started their campaigns. Aristotle, invited to become the tutor of young Alexander, the seven-year-old son of Philip of Macedon, replied that it was too late—the boy's character was already formed! Modern educators are more hopeful; but the fact remains that even a young boy shows or does not show the qualities which will lead him to the highest offices in the land.

What are these qualities? The lives of Hoover and Smith supply a perfect answer to this question. To any observer of this year's campaign, two principal facts stand out:

1. *Humble beginnings are no drawback.* If you have a great goal in life, they are a positive advantage. A boy raised on a silk pillow finds it hard to understand the aspirations, the needs and the likings of common people. Neither Hoover nor Smith has this difficulty, for they came from the common people themselves.

Herbert Hoover was orphaned at seven, worked in truck gardens, became an office boy, and put himself through college. To secure a job under a mining engineer, he had to learn stenography in two weeks. Many college graduates of our acquaintance would have flinched from this test of their brains and their earnestness. Hoover accepted the chance.

Alfred E. Smith's father died when the boy was thirteen, leaving only a few horses and a dray. Alfred was too young to be a truckman. He was not too proud to take the first job that came to him. He checked fish in Fulton Market. Later he worked for the Jury Commission as investigator of men who dodged jury duty. After that he was elected to the New York Assembly, an assembly of men whose names are hardly known.

2. *To men who make their own chances, other chances come.* Hoover did so well as secretary to his first employer that he was sent to examine mines in Colorado, New Mexico and West Australia. He proved himself capable and hard-working; calls for his services took him to China, North Burma, Russia and other countries. During the Boxer rebellion he organized relief for the sufferers; this experience helped him to organize relief for Belgium during the war, and for Russia and so many other famine-ridden and pestilence-swept countries after the war.

In the same years Smith was promoted from the obscurity of the State Assembly into the prominence of the Governor's chair. No man of his party holds office in New York without bitter attacks from political opponents. Smith's record and character were closely scrutinized; the answer of the Democrats of the nation was to nominate him for the Presidency last June.

Veteran readers of The Youth's Companion have taken sides in this campaign. This is a cornerstone of the plan of government in the United States. Voters should and must take sides. Great issues are before them now. But to our young readers we say that no other election in our history has given such clear proof that any American boy, anywhere, holds the power to become President.

Accept humble beginnings thankfully, but do not be satisfied with a humble end. Do the day's work well, and tomorrow's work will be more important. Then there will be a demand for your services, first in small things and then in large; and finally people will say to you, as they have said to Herbert Hoover:

"You were a good boy, when a good, hard-working boy was wanted in a truck garden; you have fed the starving and sheltered the homeless; you have served faithfully in public office; now we want you to be our candidate for the highest office our country can bestow."

These are great words—the greatest which an American can hear.

## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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**LIBERTY** is a costly thing. If we are not willing to pay the price, we must resign ourselves to living without it.

**FOR THE FIRST TIME** in history, the volume of business in the country has remained unaffected by a Presidential campaign, and even seems to have increased. Business is on so firm a basis nowadays that it no longer has an attack of heart failure when politics is mentioned.

**A BEAST** as big as a house," was once no mere bit of rhetorical exaggeration, if Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, is right. He is bringing back from Mongolia the relics of a prehistoric creature which he says must have been twenty-five feet long and twenty-five feet high, and which weighed, in life, twenty tons!

**IF YOU WANT** to know what "luck" is, according to the definition of the social scientists, listen to this passage from "The Science of Society," by Prof. W. G. Sumner and Dr. A. G. Keller: "Luck is that which is inexplicable on a given stage of knowledge or in view of men's unwillingness to take the trouble to apply that knowledge." Most people would be content to use the first six words of this definition and let it go at that.

**AFTER A BRIEF EXPERIENCE** of real prohibition during the war, Russia went back to the sale of vodka and beer. It is now announced that the soviet rulers are to decree what may be called gradual prohibition. Each year, for fifteen years, the quantity of liquor that can be made is to be reduced by law; at the end of that time the manufacture of vodka will be strictly forbidden. In the meantime a thorough campaign of education to persuade the Russians of the harm that liquor does will be carried on.

**WHEN MUSTAPHA KEMAL** gets through with his reforms, the terrible Turk will be pretty nearly unrecognizable. Already, in his derby hat or cloth cap, reading a newspaper printed in our familiar Roman type, and walking about the streets with his wife, who has thrown aside the face veil on which the Mohammedan religion so long insisted, he is not much unlike a Greek or a southern Italian in appearance. Most singular is the docility with which he throws over all his old customs and prejudices at Kemal's orders.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL

*The Companion's Religious Editorial*

**O**F the four gospels, as we have learned most worthily to call them, the shortest one, by Mark, is almost universally believed to be the oldest. And it is the one that concerns itself immediately with what it calls "the beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." It does not dwell long upon the beginnings; its movement is swift, and it proceeds "straightway," according to its own word many times repeated, to

tell the life-story of Jesus. But it dwells long enough upon this matter of "the beginning of the gospel" to leave us in no uncertainty as to its meaning.

Rather to our surprise, we find this "beginning" concerned with the work of another man, John the Baptist. This fact may be more significant than at first appears. "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus" is the work of someone else. Even Jesus did not begin His ministry without antecedent preparation in which others shared. Far back in remote ages men and women were unconsciously doing unrecorded and obscure but brave and worthy acts which constituted a part of that preparation which was the gospel's undoubted beginning. God has no ambition to isolate His own acts of goodness from those of men. Jesus was more than willing to admit men to a participation with Him in the good works He initiated and carried forward. He did not try to achieve an arbitrary independence.

There were many prefaces of the gospel, not recorded in its brief written summaries, but suggested in abundant Old Testament incidents, and known to us in the preparation of the world for Christ. The gospel was what in business is called "a going concern" before Jesus came "in the fullness of time." The beginning of the gospel began before Jesus began to preach the gospel; "from that time," a later time, "began Jesus to preach." What did He preach? The very words which John had already been preaching—"The kingdom of heaven is at hand."

The Bible contains much about beginnings, and very little about ends. What we are promised about the ends of things is what we might expect from the character of such good beginnings. For there are many beginnings. A great river has its sources in many springs, few of which can suspect that, remote and small as they are, they have important parts in the making of so great a stream.

The tributaries of God's river are not all in the past. There still are new beginnings. Every life, every day, is a beginning of a gospel. History knows no isolated events; biography cannot conceive of lives uninfluenced, by other lives or failing in their turn to exert an influence. Horace Bushnell's notable sermon on "Every Man's Life a Plan of God" was an emphatic reaffirmation of what the Bible so often declares, that every human life has its own share in the amplifying of God's gospel of grace and truth. Each one of us is a beginning of the gospel.

## BURNS AND SCALDS

*The Companion's Medical Editorial*

**THESE** two accidents are practically the same, in one case the offending cause being dry heat, in the other hot water or steam; but the severer degrees are produced by dry heat—actual flame or molten metal. Physicians in describing burns usually separate them into four categories or degrees. A burn of the first degree is one in which the skin is red and painful and possibly swollen, but not blistered; in one of the second degree there is more or less extensive blistering; in the third degree the vitality of the part is destroyed; in the fourth degree the skin and flesh are actually consumed to a certain depth.

The seriousness of the burn depends not only upon its degree but also upon the extent of surface involved, a burn of the third degree, for example, involving only a small part, being attended by less constitutional disturbance than one of the second degree covering a wide extent of surface. The systemic accompaniment of a burn may be simple depression due to the pain and nervous shock, or it may be an auto-intoxication by a special poison elaborated in the blood or tissues, the chief symptom of which is either apathy or excitement, depending apparently upon the temperament of the sufferer.

In burns of the first degree the pain is most quickly relieved by an application of bicarbonate of soda made into a paste with a little water, laid thickly on the skin, and kept in place by a sterile piece of flannel or cotton cloth. Healing may be hastened by an application of picric acid (all drugstores have such applications ready prepared for first-aid use) or of the tincture of the chloride of iron. The treatment of a burn of the second degree consists in the application of melted paraffin with thin sheets of cotton. Before this is done the blisters must be opened, the fluid being allowed to run away, but without removing the outer layer of skin. The application is to be renewed every day or every second day as it becomes loosened.

A burn of the third degree, and even one of the second if extensive, calls for management by a physician, for general as well as local treatment is necessary in such cases.



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—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

# SPORT

EDITED, UNDER DIRECTION OF OUR SPORT ADVISORY COUNCIL,  
BY SOL METZGER

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Richard E. Hanley

## The Running Attack

By Richard E. Hanley

Football Coach, Northwestern University

DESPITE the ever increasing popularity of the forward pass and the old but still prevalent tendency of numerous teams to stress defensive football, kicking and waiting for the breaks, the running attack remains as the backbone of modern football. Many football games have been won by a well-executed pass or a series of passes. Numerous other games have been won by teams that excelled in the defensive and kicking departments, played safe, and turned the breaks or the mistakes of their opponents into victory. But the great majority of good football teams have, as their strongest factor, a smooth, powerful and deceptive running attack.

A successful offense must be well balanced. Players must first learn the fundamentals of the game, such as hard charging, blocking and proper handling of the ball. A team well schooled in fundamentals and with a few simple but strong plays has the basis of a powerful attack. With the addition of three or four good forward passes and average proficiency in the kicking department, the team is well fortified offensively.

Football can well be compared with war, with the running, passing and kicking departments representing infantry, air force and artillery. An army would be materially weakened without any one of the three branches, and football is no different in this respect. Like a commanding officer directing his attack, the capable quarterback employs his runs, plunges, passes and kicks to drive back the opposition.

A well-executed running attack that is progressing smoothly is very demoralizing to a defensive team. In order to stop it, the backs or secondary defense must come up to the assistance of the line. In doing so the backs weaken their defense against passes, and a brainy quarterback will immediately take advantage of this opportunity to pass over the defense. But the forward pass, while it possesses a greater element of surprise and is the means of loosening up the defensive backfield, carries a far greater hazard in possible surrender of the ball. Since interference with all defensive backfield men is now prohibited by the rules, the danger of interception is greater than heretofore. With the running attack, surrender of the ball is necessitated only by fumbling or failing to gain the required yardage.

I do not believe that a team should depend on a single style of attack, but I prefer a simple attack to the other extreme of burdening a team with a great variety of different formations.

The running attack should be planned to strike at every part of the opponents' line. This includes straight power plays through the line, off-tackle and end runs. It is also well to have two or three fake or check plays which do not depend entirely on deception for their success.

The following diagrams show basic plays of two different formations of the set-and-go type. Developed to their full possibilities, they form the basis of a simple running attack, embodying both power and deception.

Formation A is a comparatively simple set-and-go style of attack. It is primarily a power of offense, but also has great possibilities for deception. The line is unbalanced; that is, four men on one side of the center and two on the other. The line can be unbalanced on either side, and plays can be run from a right or left formation.

One defensive tackle is flanked by an offensive halfback, who takes his position one yard back of the line of scrimmage. The other halfback is placed about four and a half yards behind the short-side guard. The fullback plays about three and one-half yards behind the long-side guard. The quarterback plays about one yard behind the hole between the two center men on the long side.

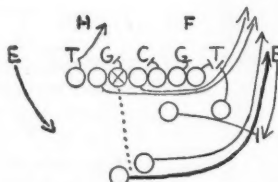
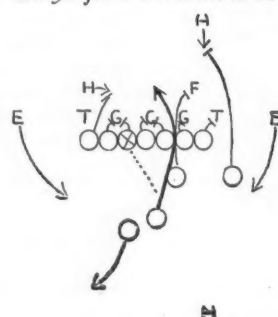
A formation to the left can be obtained by changing the long side to the left of center and giving the backs the same relative line-up on the left.

This formation can also be used as a double-flanking wing-back formation. In other words, both of the defensive

tackles can be flanked instead of one, as shown in Formation B.

This variation of Formation A, it may be said, is especially adapted to reverse plays and double passes behind the line of scrimmage.

### Plays from Formation A



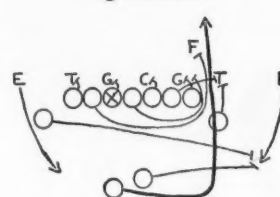
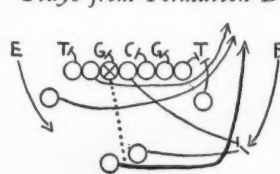
Formation B makes use of the double-flanking backs and is especially adapted to the deceptive

type of game. It does not give the power that can be obtained with Formation A, but is rather a combination of power and deception. A formation of this type is much harder to perfect than Formation A and should be used only by experienced teams.

Each defensive tackle is flanked by a halfback who plays about one yard behind the line of scrimmage. The deep backs are about three and one-half yards and six yards respectively behind the line of scrimmage.

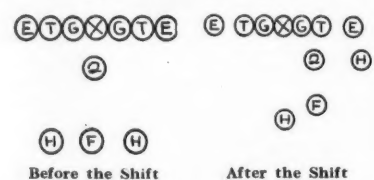
This type of offensive formation tends to spread the defense slightly more than the single-flanking wing-back type.

### Plays from Formation B



### The Shift

This type of attack employs a change of position of backs or linemen, or of both backs and linemen, prior to the snap of the ball. This is done for the purpose of maneuvering the offensive players into position to facilitate the attack on the different defensive positions. The most popular of these shifts is known as the Notre Dame type and has been successfully used for a number of years.

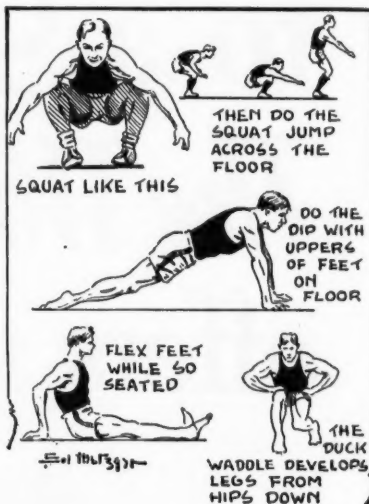


At the left is the formation taken before the shift; it is used for a number of plays without a shift.

At the right is the formation after the shift and just prior to the snap of the ball.

This type of attack is best adapted to the smaller type of player, who must depend, at least partially, on maneuvering the opponent out of position before the play actually starts. I believe it is more suited to the older, experienced players than to the inexperienced type. It necessitates a great amount of time to master the required foot work, and this time may be better spent by the younger player in perfecting himself in the fundamentals of football.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 615)



### Get Fit for Basketball

THE example of so many football teams which lose important games because players are out on account of injuries ought to be convincing proof to every boy who is going out for basketball that he should do everything in his power to prevent injuries in his own particular case. Basketball injuries usually come from undue strain upon the legs, a sprain or wrench or pulled tendon resulting. In large measure they can be prevented.

One university follows a set plan to prevent them, and it works. The University of Illinois freshman-team candidates are assembled early in October and given certain conditioning exercises before they are drilled in play. As a result, the first time the plan was tried but three injuries occurred. In the past the list had run from five to ten.

Most of the exercises used to condition the muscles are shown in the accompanying illustration. They were chosen for the purpose of strengthening those muscles of the hips, thighs, knees, lower legs, ankles and feet that are subject to undue strain on the court and that are seldom used off it. It would be a fine plan for young basketball players to go through these and similar exercises for the next month in preparation for the season beginning in December. Every wise coach might well adopt them as part of his early practice schedule.

S. M.

### Football Equipment

FOOTBALL equipment requires much thought.

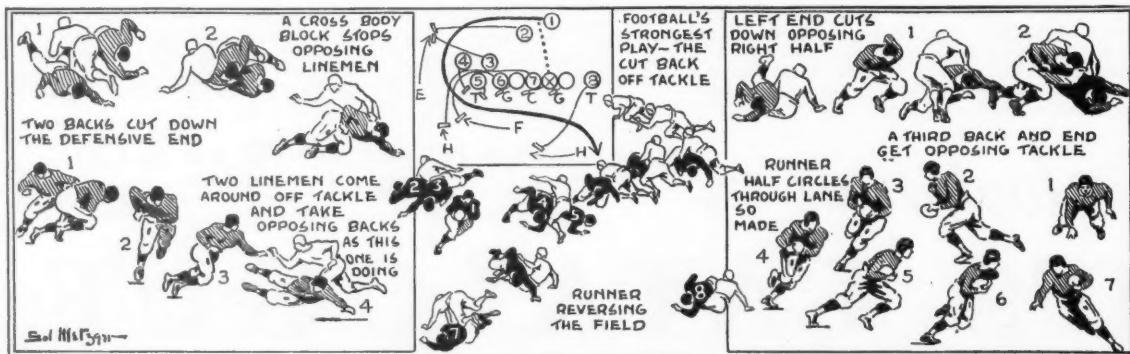
Many games have been lost through carelessness in selecting it, and as many won through carelessness in choosing the outfit of a team. Well-fitted protective pads are an essential, but they must not be heavy or cumbersome.

Years ago, while a blizzard raged, a strong Cornell eleven led Penn at half time in their annual Thanksgiving Day game. Between halves the Penn players got into warm, dry outfits, whereas Cornell's coach did not see fit to make the change. His men returned to the field chilled to the bone, all but bogged down by the weight of their water-soaked suits. Penn won with ease.

A few seasons back when coaching South Carolina I failed to note a flaw in the shoulder pads the team used. When in place the stiff leather molded to protect shoulders and collar-bones protruded from the chest. This cost the eleven an early game, as our safety man, sure on handling punts, missed one when it struck this protuberance.

Some years ago West Virginia was warming up before its annual game with Washington and Lee. Its punter, who was nursing an ankle injury, entered the game with his right ankle strapped in adhesive to support it, but without practicing a few punts. That blunder cost the game, for when he had to punt he kicked the ball back over his head, because the adhesive was put on so tightly that he could not bend his foot down. Swinging into the ball with his toe turned up caused it to carry back over his head.

S. M.







### NOW YOU TELL ONE!

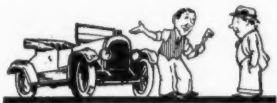
*The Companion will pay \$1.00 for each original joke that is accepted for this column. Only the best of the thousands that are sent us can be used and paid for. We can not undertake to return those that are not accepted.*

#### FROM EXPERIENCE

**SCHOOL-TEACHER:** "Who can tell me where is the home of the swallow?"  
**Tommy:** "Please, teacher, I know."  
**Teacher:** "Well, Tommy?"  
**Tommy:** "The home of the swallow is in the stummick."  
—Juliette Frazier

#### NOT PREPARED

**A LITTLE** girl heard with amazement that she was to start to school this fall. "Why, Mother," she protested, "I can't go to school. I don't even know how to read or write."  
—Gordon Sale



#### WHICH WAS RIGHT?

**JOHN:** "I've driven this car for seven years and never had a wreck."  
**Harry:** "You mean you've driven that wreck for seven years and never had a car."  
—Curtiss Goerges

#### OUR WONDERFUL LANGUAGE

**AN** exchange says that a wagon-maker who has been dumb for years picked up a hub and spoke. Yes, and a blind carpenter on the same day reached out for a plane and saw; a deaf sheep-ranchman went out with his dog and herd; a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt; a defunct hatter was tenderly deposited on a pile of hair and felt; a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.  
—Mrs. R. D. Finch



#### HUBBY WRONG AGAIN

**HUBBY:** "It seems to me, dear, that there is something wrong with this soup."  
**Wife:** "Wrong again, dear; the cookbook says it is perfectly delicious."  
—Mary Hughes

#### STRANGE APPETITE

**LITTLE EVE** came running into the room where her mother was and said: "Oh, Mother, Johnny ate all the raisins off that brown sticky paper."  
—Burton Andrews

#### NOT THE RIGHT ONE

**BOY:** "Fifth floor, please."  
**Elevator Man:** "Here's your floor, son."  
**Boy:** "How dare you call me son? You're not my father."  
**Elevator Man:** "I know, but I brought you up, didn't I?"  
—Florence Amerian



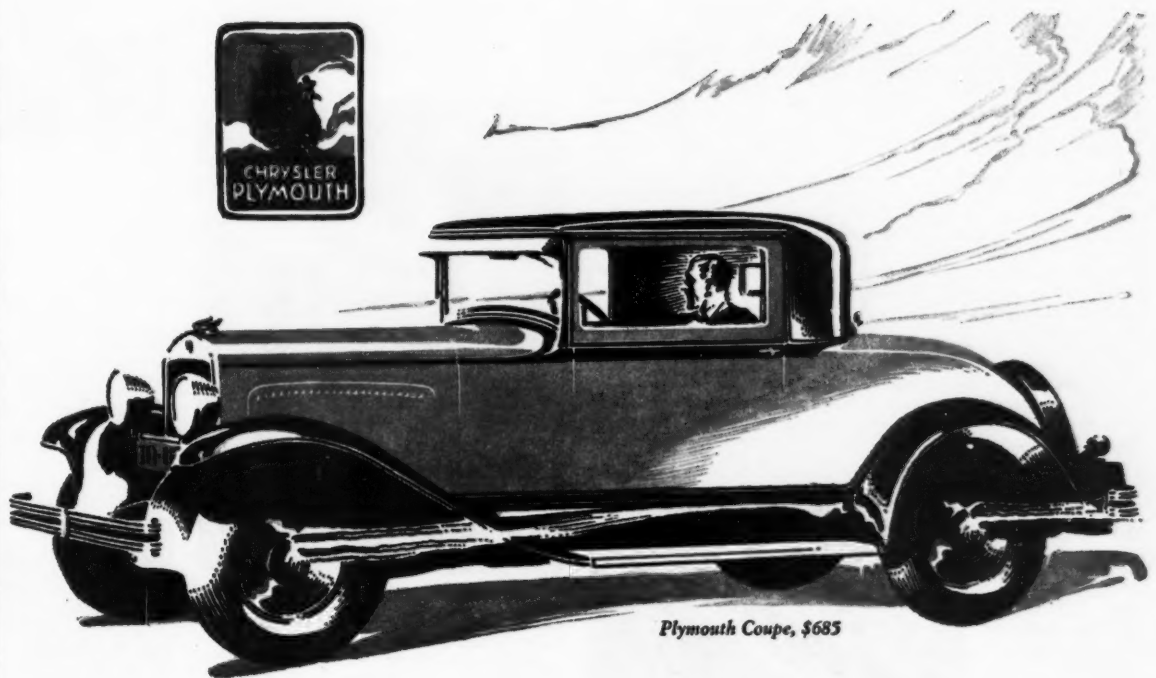
#### A NEW KIND OF FLOWER

**A LITTLE** girl from the city was visiting her grandmother in the country. On the first morning of her visit she went out in the back yard and saw a peacock. "Oh, Grandma, come here quick; one of your chickens has bloomed!"  
—Alice Parker

#### A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

**AN** old lady who had lost her umbrella saw a sign which read: "Shears sharpened, umbrellas repaired and recovered." Whereupon she turned to the umbrella tinker and said: "I've lost my umbrella, and when you recover it 'phone me at No. 110 Summit Street."  
—Mildred L. Judson

# CHRYSLER PLYMOUTH



Plymouth Coupe, \$685

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**\$675**  
AND UPWARDS

Roadster . . . . .	\$675
(with rumble seat)	
Coupe . . . . .	685
Touring . . . . .	695
2-Door Sedan . . . .	700
De Luxe Coupe . . .	735
(with rumble seat)	
4-Door Sedan . . . .	735

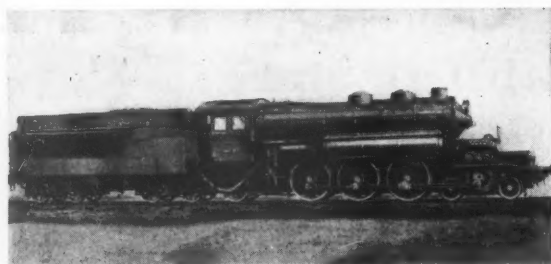
*All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Plymouth dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments.*



# THE MARCH OF SCIENCE



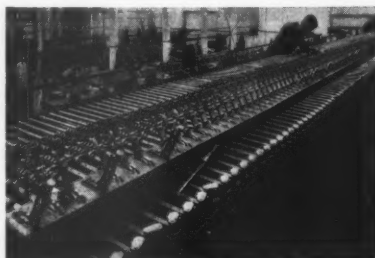
## The Marvels of Modern Railroad, Abroad and at Home



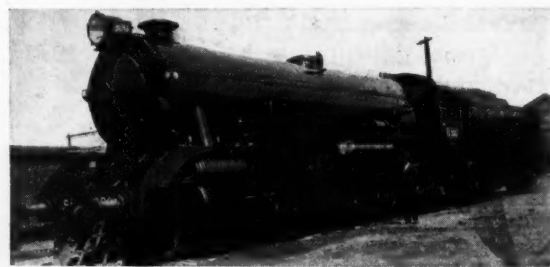
*America's Magnificent Roads of Steel Are Equaled, in Many Ways, in England, Germany and Far-away Australia*

THIS group of photographs at the top half of the page this month illustrates a few of the wonders of the far-flung railroad system at home and abroad, without which modern civilization would be impossible. Above, in this column, is a new German locomotive which is revolutionary in design, since it is driven by turbines, and not by the familiar reciprocating engines with their pistons, cranks and valves. Look closely between the two small front wheels of the new locomotive and you will see another higher wheel. This is mounted directly on the turbine shaft and applies power to the drivers through one straight connecting rod. The boiler will operate at the enormous pressure of 3400 pounds per square inch, and engineers believe that it will use only half as much fuel to produce the same horsepower as the older types. Germany has led in the design of this new type of locomotive, and at least one American railroad, the Boston & Maine, has ordered several of the same type to be built in Germany for its use. Below, an endless-seeming row

of levers in one of the most elaborate interlocking signal towers in the world. This is the new "London Bridge" tower of the Southern Railway in England. The marvelous mechanism makes a human failure practically impossible. (Photos by Wide World)



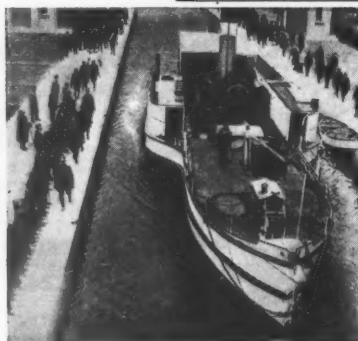
Above, a close-up of one of the largest freight locomotives in the world. It has twenty-four driving wheels and weighs 416 tons. The photograph shows engineer J. C. Crowley oiling the ponderous valve mechanism of this huge iron horse. (Photo by Ewing Galloway)



Railroading at the other side of the world is in a high state of perfection. Witness the photograph above, which is of one of the newest Australian locomotives. This is the largest locomotive yet built there, and has the distinction of being the fastest also. It is of the Pacific type, was built in Melbourne, and is designed to clip one hour from the fast passenger run of 500 miles between Melbourne and Sydney. Of course, by comparison with the giant freight locomotive of the "Matt Shea" type, in the center of this group, the Australian locomotive is small, but its weight of 190 tons is more than respectable for a passenger locomotive anywhere. Below you see a \$4,000,000 development on the Boston & Maine Railroad. The photograph shows the new car-retarding system now in use in the freight classification yards. Freight trains used to be broken up at the junction points by sending cars over a slight grade, called a "hump," and permitting them to coast to the proper classification track until stopped by a brakeman riding on the roof. The new system makes freight sorting an almost automatic process.

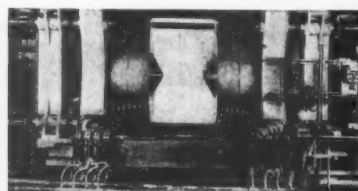


A tower-man can now, when he sees a car, which has been cut loose from the bulk of the train, approaching its proper destination, bring it to a stop by throwing a lever in the tower. (Photos by International)



**Europe's Largest Lock**  
*But Small by Our Standards*

THE photograph above shows the largest lock in Europe. It is the Anderten Lock in Germany, and the photographer took his picture just as the first ship, carrying President von Hindenburg and other officials, passed safely through. Although the lock is a fine engineering achievement, it is small in comparison with the locks of the Panama Canal. (Photo by International)



**World's Largest Magnet**  
*France Has the Credit of Owning It*

THE huge electro-magnet shown in the photograph above belongs to the French Academy of Sciences. It weighs 120 tons and is the undisputed holder of the title to the largest piece of apparatus of this kind in the world. Everyone has seen the large crane magnets used to pick up and transport large iron castings, but even they pale by comparison with this giant. (Photo by International)

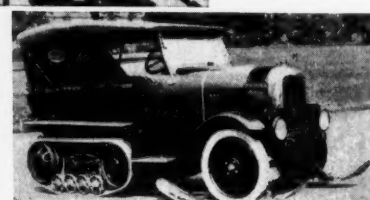
### The Radio Direction-Finder *A Vital Part of the Byrd Equipment*

THE photograph at the right shows F. E. Meinholtz, radio consultant to the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, operating a Kolster direction-finder aboard the base ship *City of New York*. Readers who followed Commander Byrd's series of four articles in *The Companion* know the extraordinary care with which the expedition was fitted out. Direction-finding by radio provides a positive check to the navigator who is approaching land and may have some doubt of his position due to fog or the necessity for calculating on the basis of dead reckoning. The many uncertainties which the Byrd expedition is bound to encounter make such equipment essential. (Photo by Wide World)



**The Latest Luxury in Motor-Coach Travel**  
*A Marvelous Bus for Commercial Overnight Passenger Service*

THE tendency of the traveling public to prefer bus travel to train travel worries the railroads. Bus competition takes still another forward step with the introduction of the sleeper bus—the very latest word in automotive transportation, shown in the photograph above. It is all-metal, of two decks, and affords sleeping accommodations for twenty-six passengers, as well as comfortable cushioned chairs for daytime travel. There are private dressing spaces, an observation platform and a kitchen in which the passengers' meals are prepared. A fleet of such buses is already operating in the West. (Photo by Herbert)



### For Australian Snows

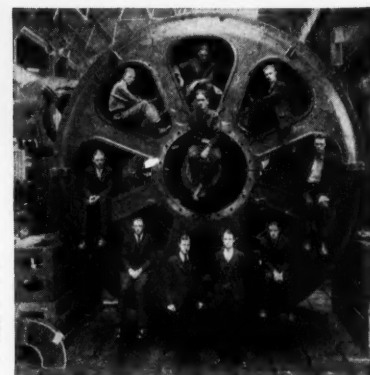
#### *A New Type of Automotive Running Gear*

WHEN snow covers some of Australia's trackless wastes, it makes hard going for automobiles. A car with special running gear for winter time is pictured above. The tread of the front wheels is augmented by long skids projecting ahead and behind, and the car obtains traction through the use of a caterpillar tread which replaces the rear wheels. (Photo by International)

### 8500 Horsepower in One Place

#### *A Casting for a Giant Motor*

BELOW you see the shell of one of the two huge motors built by the General Electric Company to propel the *S. S. Virginia*, the world's largest electrically driven passenger ship. (Photo by Wide World)





## RED PLUME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 552]

But even his very campfire had become bewitched; it had gone out without leaving so much as a spark behind. And then, when he had fumbled his flint and steel from his pockets, he found that these, too, had become bewitched. For when he struck the steel against the piece of flint, guided by feeling in the intense darkness, he could see no sparks fly, although several times he felt them burn his hands.

The uncanny experience of burning his hand with sparks that he could not see frightened him. And then suddenly he dropped his flint and steel and sat down upon the ground in absolute terror. He was blind!

He knew the meaning, then, of that bursting headache and aching, swollen eyes, the impenetrable darkness, the long night, and the sparks that gave no light. These were all tricks of his snow-blind, sightless eyes.

If he had only one dry match left! Or if there had only been one live coal left in his campfire! But his matches were all wet; and his campfire was absolutely dead. You see he had stayed in his blankets much longer than he thought, waiting for daylight which had come without his knowing it.

So he began groping about, trying to find twigs and pieces of bark to make the attempt at starting a fire. It took him an hour to get even a little heap of them, for mostly they were buried in the snow; and besides he had to work slowly, because he was so afraid that if he left the camp he would not be able to find it again.

After the sticks were gathered he set about trying to light them. He would crouch over the little pile of twigs, hold the flint so that he thought the sparks would fall in the right place, and then strike the stone with the steel over and over again. When this failed he would rearrange the sticks, hold his hands in a different position and try again. Then after a few minutes, when he would be so cold that he couldn't stand it any longer, he would straighten up on his feet and dance—dance for an hour, perhaps, before he would get the blood circulating again. Then after he was warmed a little he would go back to his flint and steel and the little pile of sticks. But try as he would the only things he succeeded in doing were to burn his hands with sparks, bruise his knuckles and nearly perish with cold.

He kept this up all that day, and probably most of the following night, although of course he couldn't tell just how long he was at it. But finally he dropped from exhaustion, and when he came to himself he heard the call of a blue-jay and knew from that sound that it must be daylight.

On the second day the sun was warm enough so that he could get some sleep while he was rolled up in his blanket. But when night came he had to keep dancing and hugging himself in his blanket alternately. By that time he had practically stopped trying to make a fire with the flint and steel.

And then before morning he had another cause for worry: the wolves kept howling nearer and nearer. They scented the venison, you see.

By morning he was completely worn out; and, as the sun was bright the following day, he lay in his blanket and slept for hours. He awoke much refreshed, and at once laid his plans for the coming night. When the wolves began to howl again, he filled his pouch with meat, wrapped his blanket about his shoulders and struck out. You see, since he was obliged to keep moving about most of the time to keep from freezing at any rate, he thought that he might just as well be moving in the direction of his home shanty. He could tell the points of the compass in a general way, you know, by the hunter's method of putting the finger in the mouth until it is warm and then holding it perpendicularly in the air. The side of the finger that feels cold first is usually toward the north, because there is almost always a slight breeze stirring from that direction even on a very still night, and you feel that breeze at once on the wet finger.

So he wrapped his blanket around him, threw the pack with the meat in it over his shoulder, and, using his rifle, poked out in front of him, to feel his way with, he started out. But within an hour he wished himself back in his well-trodden camp again. For when he tried to hurry along fast enough to keep warm the low-hanging limbs of the pines would jab into his face, or he would bump into something that he had missed with the rifle. Every now and again he would step unexpectedly into some uneven place in the ground, and get a fall.

The weather had gradually grown a little warmer after the first cold snap, and the seventh day Joe slept in his blanket all day long. Even when he woke, and he felt that the sun was getting low, he didn't stir out of his blanket for a time. He didn't even take off the

bandage and test his eyes. For he felt that it was utterly useless; he had come to believe himself permanently blind. But presently his old friends, the wolves, gave a few sunset yelps somewhere out in the woods, and that started him up, as it always did.

More from habit than from any hope of success, then, he untied the bandage from his eyes and opened them cautiously. As usual, he felt the stab of the light and clapped them shut again. But the stab seemed like a very mild one compared with the stab of joy that pierced his heart when he realized that in that one instant he had caught a glimpse of hazy objects about him.

In a few minutes he had gathered a little pile of twigs and placed them in the position he wished for lighting. For, although he could only hold his eyes open for one blink, the blink was enough. It was enough, also, to enable him to direct the sparks from the flint, so that in a few minutes he had a roaring fire going.

After his first frenzy of happiness he set about gathering wood for the night fire, brewing tea, and bathing his eyes in hot water. The hot bathing cleared his vision wonderfully. And now when the wolves howled he howled back at them derisively, taunting them, Indian fashion.

He kept this up most of the night; for he was too supremely happy to sleep. And yet he was not out of danger by any means. For one thing, he had eaten the last morsel of his venison two days ago. Then again, although his eyesight had returned so that he could make his way about without running into things, it was still very dim and would be so for several days. And besides, he had no idea where he was, as he was completely confused by his wanderings, and his sight was not good enough so that he could make observations.

He was mighty weak but very happy; and when morning came he floundered out, taking the direction that he knew in a general way must lead toward home, hoping that his eyesight would soon be good enough so that he could use the only remaining charge of powder in his gun to kill some kind of game.

By noon his spirits had begun to flag, for he was so weak that he tottered about and came near falling at times. But just at this time his hopes were revived by coming upon the tracks of a man who seemed to be traveling in the same general direction that he was. The tracks were fresh, and evidently the man had been caught unprepared by the storm, as Joe had been, as he too was without snowshoes. Undoubtedly this man was now plodding back to camp, and, as his camp might be anywhere close at hand, Joe followed his tracks eagerly.

The tracks got fresher and fresher all the time, so it appeared that Joe must be gaining steadily on the traveler despite his weakened condition. And at each opening in the trees now Joe expected to catch some glimpse of the man ahead; so he kept shouting through a bark horn until his voice grew husky and his throat was on fire.

Finally, when he had fallen half a dozen times from exhaustion, and could scarcely drag himself to his feet again, he decided to fire the charge in his rifle. So he pointed the gun in the air and pulled the trigger, and then he stood holding his breath, listening.

As he stood in this attitude he thought he saw a wisp of smoke rising from a clump of trees just ahead. His dimmed eyes were playing him all manner of tricks, but he felt sure that he was not mistaken about this. And when he stumbled forward to the place, he found, sure enough, that there was a deserted camp with a fire still smoldering. The camp looked strangely familiar to him somehow, as he stood there rubbing his eyes to clear them a little. And then the truth dawned upon him—it was his own camp of the night before! He had traveled in a great circle that day, and the footprints he had been following for so many hours were his own!

That discovery took the last shred of Joe's courage and strength. He knew that now he was facing certain death, and that it would only be a matter of a few hours. He felt the clamminess coming on him even then.

He knew that in all probability his frozen body would lie out there in the wilderness all winter; but sooner or later someone from the post would find it. And when they did find it there was something he wanted them to know.

And so he flattened the birch-bark horn, took a charcoal from the dying campfire, and scratched some words on the white surface of the bark. It was a desperately hard task for him, and several times he gave it up, but always to return to it again. Then he took off his cap and placed the bark in the crown, and crowded the thing into the crotch of a sapling that stood beside him.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 573]



## Sybilla's Prize Party

"It's wonderful!" cried everyone, holding out emptied mugs. "What is it, Sybilla?"

AN excited chattering rose from the Party Club, standing in small groups in the crisp November mid-day.

"I see everyone's heeded the invitations and donned hiking clothes. No lolling today! Sybilla always was strong for exercise."

Rosa Lee was explaining things to a guest and prospective club member. "Our dues go into these once-a-month parties, and every girl has the same amount to spend. The one who devises the best entertainment and food gets a dozen pieces of silver from the club, and becomes president for the next year."

Just then a big truck filled with straw rounded the corner. "Get in, everybody!" hailed a lovely, rose-cheeked Sybilla. "We're bound for the Drakes' hunting camp."

The ride was jolty but enjoyable; the air so invigorating that when a game of hare and hounds was announced, everyone cheered and declared they hadn't had so much fun since grammar school days.

The party reached its climax, however, when pursued and pursuers trailed into the firelit cabin. There were a kettleful of thick steaming chowder, home-made brown bread sandwiches, spicy cakes, great bowls of fruit and, in thick white mugs, the most delectable beverage that anyone had ever tasted. It was nut-brown, steaming hot, topped with marshmallow cream and, on top of that, a tiny spoonful of apple jelly.

"It's Postum!" beamed Sybilla, "but made this way, I call it 'Apple of My Eye'. Meet Instant Postum made-with-hot-milk, children. It's just as delicious plain, but I dressed it up a bit to mystify you."

... And this year, when anyone asks President Sybilla for suggestions, she always says it was Instant Postum that made her prize party.

Sybilla won another prize, too!

Through outdoor exercise and right eating habits, Sybilla had won a far more important prize than the club presidency. She was attractive, really lovely, as only a healthy girl can be. There's a little booklet called "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow" that tells you how any girl can do just as Sybilla did. We'll gladly send it to you.

One of Sybilla's most important rules was—no tea or coffee—plenty of milk instead, and that's why she chose Postum made-with-hot-milk as her favorite beverage. Postum is made of roasted wheat and bran, slightly sweetened; it adds the goodness and appetizing flavor of grain to the champion health qualities of milk.

Postum is easy to prepare, and economical. We'll gladly send you a week's supply with your booklet, just to start you off in your good looks gardening. Mail the coupon today.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.-V. C. 11-28  
Please send me, without cost or obligation, your booklet, "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow," and a week's supply of Instant Postum.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

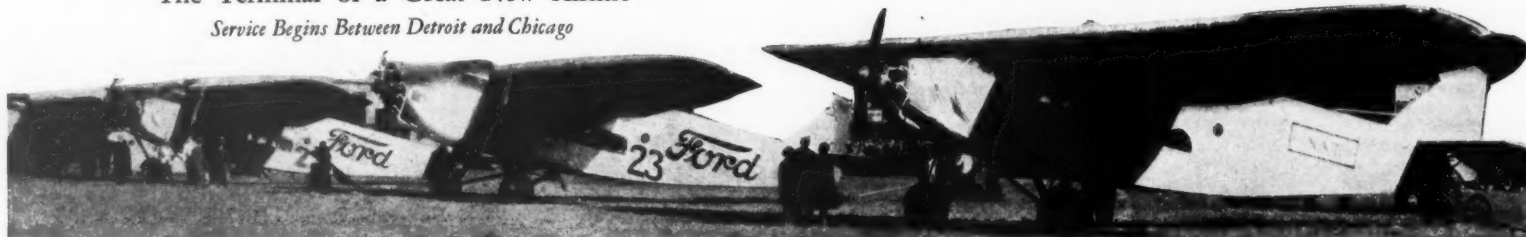
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# THE NEWS OF THE AIR



## The Terminal of a Great New Airline Service Begins Between Detroit and Chicago



AMERICA, which has lagged seriously behind Europe in the development of commercial air lines, has now established its first regular-schedule passenger service between two great cities. The Stout Metal Airplane Corporation,

a subsidiary of the Ford Motor Company, has now set up regular time-table operation for the carrying of passengers between Chicago and Detroit—a distance of 285 miles. The photograph across the top of this page shows a fleet of mag-

nificent tri-motored, all-metal cabin planes which are being used in this service. Henry Ford, who twenty-five years ago was a pioneer in the then-struggling automobile industry, has now turned his genius to bear on aviation as

well. His ambition, which comes daily closer and closer to realization, is of a nation, a continent and eventually a world linked to its farthest parts by great air lanes over land and sea. (Photo by Galloway)



### Aërial Week-Enders

*And Now, to the Seashore by Air*

THE photograph above shows Mr. and Mrs. F.F. Raynham, an English couple who have solved many of the problems of how to spend a summer week-end. Being nothing if not up to the minute, they fly from London to the seashore, where they have a tiny caravan. Having dodged the heavy traffic and vexatious delays of the railroads and the highways, they fold up the wings of their diminutive plane until it is time to return to the city. Then they fly back. The time is not far off when such commuting will no longer be any cause for comment. Much sooner than we realize, the airplane will become the same necessity for pleasure driving and commercial transportation that the motor-car now is. (Photograph by Wide World)



### For the Largest Airship

*One of Five Giant Engines*

BELOW is pictured one of five huge independent power units which will drive the huge lighter-than-air machine R-100, at present under construction in England. Each unit like that picture is fitted with a Diesel, or oil-burning, engine, such as is now coming into great popularity for marine propulsion, of 650 horsepower. The power units are entirely self-contained and detachable from the main body of the ship when necessary. The motor below and its four fellows will drive the world's largest airship—for the R-100 is 750 feet long and has a gas-bag with a capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet. (Photo by Keystone)



### Television and Aviation

*Science's Latest Combination*

THE photograph above shows the plane and transmitter recently used in the completely successful demonstration of the possibility of transmitting photographs by radio from a moving airplane to a ground receiving station. In Philadelphia four radio or airplane companies cooperated in the demonstration. The plane was equipped with a special short-wave radio telephoto apparatus, and while the plane was in flight the apparatus transmitted a picture of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh to the receiving station WFL. Although this first experiment was largely a stunt, it demonstrates the extreme flexibility of radio photographic equipment. (Photo by International)

### An Airport Model

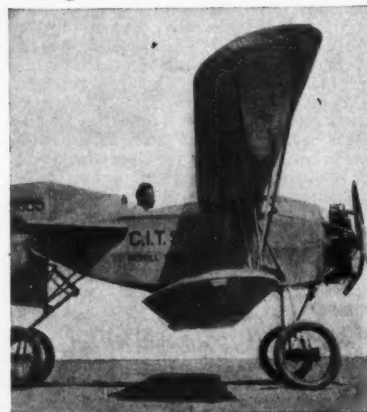
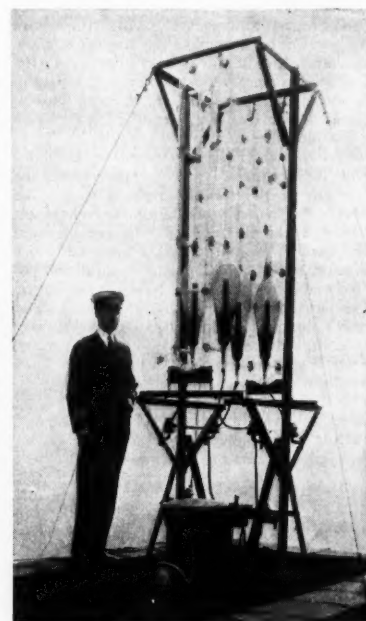
*The Los Angeles Field in Miniature*

THE photograph at the right shows Dudley M. Steele, Chairman of the National Air Races Committee, explaining the technicalities of this complete miniature model of the Los Angeles airport. The field itself contains not only all landing facilities, hangars, etc., but aeronautical exposition buildings, and so on, as shown on the model. This field was the terminal point for the non-stop transcontinental race held in September, which Major Arthur Goebel came so close to winning—he was forced down in Arizona because of trouble with a carburetor. This field has been the scene of numerous races and events, and the terminating point of races from the Atlantic and North Pacific coasts, as well as from Canada and Mexico. One by one the cities of the nation are awakening to the realization that airport facilities are just as vital to their future development as harbors and railroad terminals. (Photo by International)

### A Powerful Airways Beacon

*Commander Byrd Christens the Newest*

NO one could foresee, when the English chemists Rayleigh and Ramsay discovered that the air contained a number of mysterious "inert gases" besides nitrogen and oxygen, that any of them could have a bearing on aviation—a science then so new as to be almost unknown and whose practitioners were usually considered little better than frauds. Indeed, it was only a few years ago that the connection became evident. When sealed glass tubes are filled with one of these gases, known as neon, and an electric current is passed through it, it glows with a vivid red luminescence. You have seen these tubes as advertisements on city streets and along highways. They have, however, a use even more important than this. Their reddish glow is particularly penetrating in fogs, and for this reason, coupled with the fact that in clear weather they can be seen at extraordinary distances, they are valuable as beacons to guide airplane pilots. The photograph at the right shows Commander Byrd just after he has pulled the switch which lit such a beacon on the roof of the Biltmore Hotel in New York City. The beacon can be seen in clear weather for seventy-five miles and in fog for twenty-five. (Photo by International)



### "Stagger-Decalage"

*A New Type of Biplane*

AT the left is a photograph of a new type of biplane developed at the California Institute of Technology. It is constructed on the "stagger-decalage" principle. Wings are said to be staggered when the top wing is somewhat in advance of the bottom one, as is shown in the photograph. The word "decalage" refers to the upward tilting of the wings, which brings their ends higher than their center points. The angle of the wings in this plane can be controlled by the pilot in the cockpit, with the result that the danger of stalling can be minimized and the plane can be stopped within 30 or 40 feet after striking the ground. (Photo by Wide World)





## RED PLUME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 571]

He did not believe that the wolves or other prowlers would disturb this, and if they did not some of the trappers from the post would find it someday.

And, sure enough, some of the trappers from the post did find it; but it was only a matter of two hours later. Curiously enough, too, the men that found Joe and his message were the two Indians, Tom and his brother, that we suspected of robbing David MacGregor's traps—the very pair Joe had been trying to catch. They had been out hunting that day and had happened to stumble on to Joe's camp.

And they were not a bit too soon, either, for Joe was unconscious, and another hour or two would have finished him. But the Indians finally brought him around, and the next day they rigged up a kind of sled and hauled him into the post.

In the meantime the Indians had discovered Joe's cap with the message written on the birch bark. They couldn't read the message, of course, but they supposed that this was the white man's "medicine"—his good-luck totem. And it struck them as being mighty good "medicine," too, because it had brought Joe good luck when he was at the point of death.

So Tom took the bark out of the cap, rolled it up carefully and hid it in his hunting-shirt. If it would bring such good luck to the white man, perhaps it would bring good luck to an Indian. Anyhow, from that time on Tom carried it for his "medicine."

It was a full month after the Indians brought Joe in before he was able to be about the post again. But during the time that he was laid up the story about Tom and his birch-bark "medicine" had leaked out through some of the other Indians. Naturally, we looked upon it as a good joke, this superstitious Indian's going about toting a piece of bark with some charcoal scratches upon it, and expecting it to bring him good luck. But of course none of us saw it; for an Indian's totem is sacred, and for his eyes alone, you know.

It happened that Joe, laid up in his cabin, did not hear anything about this. In fact, it was fully a week after he was out, and pretty well recovered, before he heard anything about Tom's "medicine." Some of the men were sitting about the stove in the trading-room, and one of them referred to it jokingly, and asked Joe about it. He seemed startled, and a queer expression came over his face; but the subject was laughed off and forgotten the next minute. And a little later Joe made some excuse and left us.

We found afterward that he went straight out to Tom's cabin and had a long powwow with the Indian. He tried in every way he could to get the Indian to let him have the bark; and when he couldn't persuade him, or buy him, he finally tried to take it away from him. But, you see, the more Joe wanted the totem the more valuable Tom knew it must be; and in the final squabble over it Joe got a good beating and was thrown out of the hut. He went to his own cabin to get his gun, so he said; but, although Indian Tom waited for him to return, sitting beside his doorway with his smooth-bore across his knees all night, Joe didn't come back.

We heard of this row the following day, and, as Joe didn't put in an appearance, the factor sent some of the men to his cabin to see what had happened to him. But the men found that Joe was not there, and that all his outfit had been taken from the cabin.

The case against Indian Tom seemed perfectly clear. He was under suspicion anyhow, you know, although we were about ready to forget some things about him since he had brought Joe in and saved his life. But now it looked as if he had made away with Joe and cleaned out his cabin.

It was certainly a bad day for that Indian. The factor sent one of our post Indians to have Tom come to the trading-room, and brought in Indian Jim, the interpreter, as Tom spoke only a little English. Then, when we were all in the trading-room,—all of us with our guns, mind you,—the factor told Tom what we suspected about him, without mincing matters.

"Tom," he said, "we know that you robbed David MacGregor's traps last fall, but we are going to pass that up. What we want to know now is about Joe Marquard—what did you do to him after you fought with him yesterday? Tell us straight, and don't lose any time about it."

Indian Jim interpreted this to Tom and expanded it some on his own hook, we judged, by the way they grunted and snarled over it in Indian talk. And then Jim explained the situation to us.

"Tom, he fight with Joe yesterday," said Jim, "and he lick him good, because Joe tries to get Tom's medicine on the birch bark. Joe run

home to get his gun, he say, but Tom, he watch all night with his gun, and Joe not come. Tom, he say, he don't know where Joe is, but he not give him the birch bark. He kill him first!"

So the whole cause of the quarrel, it seemed, was that birch-bark "medicine."

"Let's have a look at the infernal thing, anyhow!" the factor said to Jim. "Tell him to hand out that bark."

But when Tom understood what the factor wanted, all the Indian devil in him came to the surface. Instead of handing over the bark, he jerked out his hunting-knife, backed into a corner, and stood there with his beady eyes glittering death at us.

"I kill!" he kept snarling at us through his teeth. "I kill! Kill!"

But there was the factor, fingering the hammer of his big blue Colt's; and over against the door was old Mac, squinting over the lock of his "trade" gun, with the muzzle of half a dozen other rifles pointing right into the Indian's corner, and their owners standing very quiet, but not looking pleasant at all. It wasn't the kind of a peace party that even a red-hot Indian would care to argue with.

Tom took all this in, standing there in the corner fingering his knife for a minute or two. Then he grunted, shoved his knife back into its sheath, dug into his shirt front and handed out the piece of bark all wrapped up carefully in doe-skin.

The factor took the bark, adjusted his glasses and carried it to the light, turning it first one way and then another. He couldn't make anything out of it at first. Then the queerest expression came over his face, as he moved his lips, spelling out the words. Finally he handed the bark back to Tom without any comment. And then, to our astonishment, he went behind the counter, set out a bag of powder, a bag of bullets, and some caps, and motioned for Tom to take them and go.

The Indian was as much astonished and dumb-founded as the rest of us; but he gathered up the factor's presents and started for the door. As he did so the factor said to Indian Jim:

"Tell him that his 'medicine' is certainly good medicine—for it saved him his life today. And that is the truth, too," he added, speaking to the rest of us. "For the words scrawled on that piece of bark convicted another man than Tom. They read:

"I, Joe Marquard, robbed David's traps."

## CHAPTER THREE

*Duroc, the Loco Horse*

THE conversation had drifted to horses. Sergeant Macleod had so directed it. For he knew Dick's love of horses and his knowledge of them; and anything on that subject was sure to interest the boy.

"Some folks say that horses sometimes go crazy, like humans," old Caleb commented. Caleb knew all about dogs and every kind of wild animal, but very little indeed about horses. He had not even seen one these ten years back, out there in the great wilderness.

Dick was alert and interested at once and ready to defend his four-footed friends. "I don't believe horses ever go crazy," he asserted. "Do you, Sergeant?"

But Officer Macleod was not quite so sure; he had heard of cases—one case, anyhow. It was down in the States one time when he was there on detached duty. The whole community knew about it and talked about it; and an old farmer had shown him the horse. Would Dick like to hear about it? Well, this was just the way Sergeant Macleod heard it.

Farmer Jake Boyle was spending his Sunday afternoon loafing—that is, he was mending the pasture fences. Jacob did not believe in working on the Sabbath. But looking after broken fences did not constitute work, in his opinion, if for no other reason than that one cannot really work in a white shirt, a collar and store trousers.

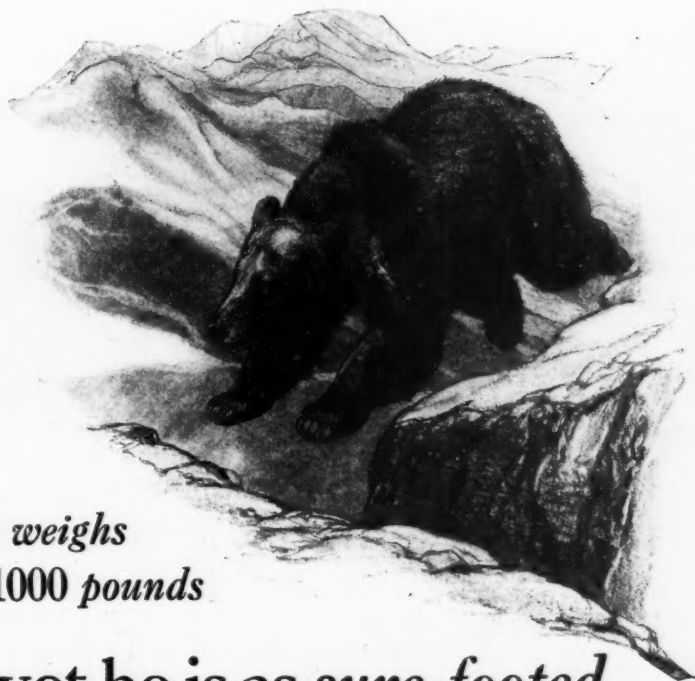
A fat collie dog and a sleek bay horse were assisting in the fence tinkering, each in his own particular way. The collie had taken it upon himself to keep inquisitive yearlings at a respectful distance, while the horse nosed or rubbed his muzzle against Jake's immaculate white sleeve. He was evidently a friend of the collie's and a privileged character, for neither dog nor the farmer paid the least attention to his obtrusions.

A neighbor from an adjoining farm had just come "across lots" for a little Sunday gossip and to get acquainted. The bay horse, with arched neck, trim legs and sleek coat, evidently took the visitor's eye.

"That's a good horse you've got there," he suggested, jerking his head toward the animal.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 591]

## NATURE'S FEET NO. 7\*



He weighs  
1000 pounds

.. yet he is as sure-footed  
as your dog

"If you ever come upon the track of a bear and are in doubt as to the species that you are following, just examine the track closely. If the imprint of the claw is long and straight, look out,—because you are on the track of the grizzly bear.

On the other hand, even though you are on the track of the grizzly bear, there is one thing to remember—because of the straight claw, there is one place that you can find safety. A grizzly bear cannot climb a tree. The other bears always have a rounded claw and can climb trees readily. Probably most of you boys will not have the fun of tracking any one of the bear family, but, if you do, remember what I have written, and look for a nearby tree, if it is a grizzly bear, but don't depend on a tree if the claw is rounded."

Trapper Evans

Keds special models for boys give your feet much of the sure grip and springiness of the bear's paws.

The soles of Keds are tough and springy. In them your feet grip surely on ground or floor—without slipping or sliding. The uppers are light, yet strong enough to protect your ankles and foot muscles against sudden twists and sprains. And inside the shoe the special Feltex innersole keeps your feet comfortable every minute.

They are not Keds  
unless the name Keds  
is on the shoe



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There are Keds for nearly every sport, indoors and outdoors. Ask for them by name and be sure that the name "Keds" is on the shoes. That is your guarantee of getting the best dollar for dollar value in canvas rubber soled shoes.

Write for our free booklet containing all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Dept. C-183, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

\* This account of the grizzly bear by Trapper Evans is the seventh of a series of his experiences with wild animals of America printed for the first time by the makers of Keds.

## United States Rubber Company

To American Boys  
An offer of the actual foot-  
prints of the bear cub.

By special arrangement with Trapper Evans, the makers of Keds are now able to offer you the actual tracks of many American wild animals. Each one is an original, identical footprint—hardened in clay-like material, mounted on felt.

Write to Trapper Evans, care of Keds Outdoor Department C-183, 1790 Broadway, New York City, enclosing 50c and obtain a track of the black bear cub sent postpaid in U.S. and Canada.

A complete list with prices of the wild animal tracks made by Trapper Evans will be mailed free on application.

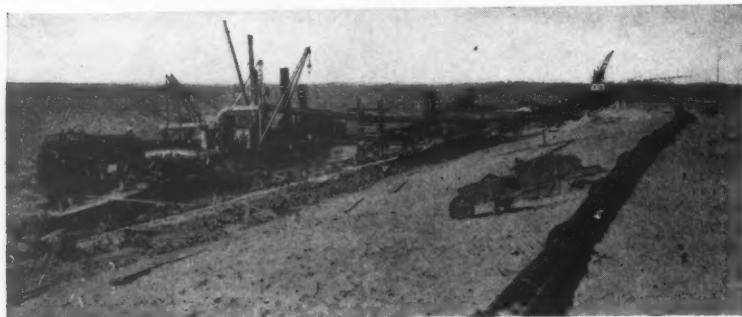
## The "CONQUEST"

This crepe sole model gives sure grip—wonderful wear. Brown or white with black trim, or gray with gray trim.

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# MISCELLANY



Ewing Galloway

## Holland Reclaims an Empire from the Sea

*Engineers Are Winning Back Land Lost Five Hundred Years Ago*

THE dyke in the foreground of the picture above is one of the great network which Dutch engineers are constructing in an attempt to reclaim the lands now covered by the Zuider Zee in Holland. Originally it was dry land slightly below sea level, protected by massive dykes, but in the years between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries the dykes were allowed to deteriorate, and the sea gradually filtered in and filled the shallow depression. Early in the

eighteenth century the Dutch government began to contemplate its reclamation, but it was not until 1920 that work was finally begun.

Nearly half a million acres of land suitable for farming and grazing will be uncovered, but 350,000 acres will be left untouched, as unsuitable to agriculture. The project is the most ambitious of its kind ever actually put into operation and is being watched with interest the world over.

## Iron Fifteen Centuries Old

*An Indian Pillar That Time Cannot Ravage*

IN the inner courtyard of a mosque at Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire in India, stands an iron pillar that was cast about 400 A.D. In another part of the courtyard of the same mosque is the Kutb Minar, supposed to be the most perfect tower in the world, but the iron pillar, to modern minds, is even more remarkable—for it has never rusted! It is a solid shaft of wrought iron almost twenty-four feet high, with an inscription which eulogizes some



Ewing Galloway

ancient conqueror running around it, and it has never been protected by oil or paint.

Columns of wrought iron that seems impervious to the elements are not uncommon in the Orient. There are several in China, and one of them, on a hill overlooking the city of Chungking, is said to be more than two thousand years old. Imagine our modern industrial iron withstanding rust for even a single century!

## Life Beneath the Sea

*A Reconstruction in a Great Aquarium*

THE remarkable photograph on the right, reproducing with amazing accuracy the life that goes on in the depths of the sea, was taken in the New York Aquarium. The fishes are groupers, a type which is easily kept in captivity. Some of those in the picture have been in the aquarium eight years.



An under-sea photograph taken in our greatest aquarium, in New York City



Wide World

## Two Great Achievements By Land and Water and by Air

THE immense mass in the upper part of the picture above is the keel of the Los Angeles, the giant dirigible belonging to the United States Navy. Beneath it is the Panama Canal, with one of the locks in the background. The two small upright figures in the foreground are the giant floating cranes which are constantly at work in various parts of the canal.

When this picture was taken the Los Angeles was on her record-breaking demonstration flight from her hangar at Lakehurst, N. J., over 2000 miles away. If you look closely, you will see a ship in the left-hand compartment of the lock. If all went well, that ship crossed the Isthmus in eight hours, avoiding by its use a trip of 10,000 miles around South America. The Los Angeles completed the same trip in less than an hour.

The canal has already proved its value in the saving of time and money, but before it was built many people opposed it on the ground that it could not be successfully constructed. Many people now oppose dirigibles for the same reason. It is possible that they are right, but experiments are still going on to produce a lighter-than-air machine which will carry heavy loads safely and rapidly.

## The Towers of a Great City

*The Builders of New York Are Creating a New Architecture*

NO city in the world changes its skyline so rapidly and so radically as New York. One great building succeeds another, and now, on a plot of land on 42nd Street, near the Grand Central Terminal, the foundations are going deep down into the earth for the greatest of them all—the highest building ever built by man. All around this plot are



Above, New York from the air, with Manhattan Island and Brooklyn in the distance. Left, the famous group of municipal buildings



of last month's Companion. In the foreground is the Statue of Liberty, gleaming in the sun, and beyond it, dimmed by the early morning fog, rise the towers of lower Manhattan. In the picture below it

other tremendous structures. A block away the Chanin Building rears fifty stories of stone and steel and masonry into the sky, and across the street from the near-by New York Public Library the immense Salmon Tower Building raises its impressive height. Nor is development limited to this area. North, south, east, and west, builders are at work on projects of hitherto unconceived magnitude.

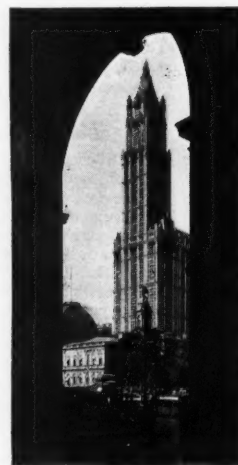
Out of this search for buildings which should make all possible use of every inch of ground, and still be safe, healthy, and well lighted even by the sun alone, designers have developed a new style of architecture, owing little to any previous period. Some observers find it too strange and modern for their tastes, but the greatest architects of Europe and America see in it the rise of a true American school of architecture, inferior to none of its classic forebears.

On this page you will find a few of the buildings which travelers come from all over the world to see and admire. First, there is a view of the city as it would appear if you were in a transatlantic plane arriving from Europe, such as you saw on the cover

is City Hall Park, with City Hall on the left, the Municipal Building, and the New York World Building.

The name of the building seen through the black arch on the left you have already guessed—the great Woolworth Building, as it appears from an arch of the Municipal Building. Beneath it on the right is the huge mass of the Barclay-Vesey Building, usually known as the New York Telephone Building, after its owners and principal tenants. This structure stands in lower Manhattan, near the Hudson River.

The last picture on the page is of one of the most remarkable of all the new buildings, that built by the New York Central Railroad, and known as the New York Central Building. It stands in the center of Park Avenue, immediately behind the Grand Central Terminal. Over its massive gateway is the legend, "The Gateway to a Conti-



Above, the Woolworth Building. Right, the New York Telephone Building. Below, the New York Central Building, through which the traffic of Park Avenue runs. Beneath the street level are the railroad tunnels



nent," and it is that in very fact, for beneath it, through its foundations, run trains that reach the farthest frontiers of our great country. The traffic of Park Avenue passes through the building on the street level above. The idea of constructing a building so that it straddles a street is new in New York.



The Youth's Companion invites you to take part in its great

# Treasure Hunt for Gold



**E**XCITING news, everybody! You all know of The Youth's Companion Annual Premium Catalog listing the many splendid prizes you may earn in exchange for a little work. Well, this year, as a very special feature, we are having, in addition, a wonderful Treasure Hunt, and we are inviting every Companion reader, young or old, boy or girl, man or woman, to join us in the hunt for the Bags of Gold (yes, real GOLD!) concealed in the Treasure Chest.

## YOU can be a winner

Great Treasure, such as this, has seldom been so easy to find. Ever since the days when Black Jack, Morgan, Teach and many of the other famous buccaneers buried their stolen treasure on far-away islands, adventurers have sought, time and time again, to discover it. Success has sometimes crowned their efforts, but never so surely as it will reward *your* search today!

Unlike the buried pirate treasure, the Gold *you* may discover is hidden in the very place in which you live. No city is too large or village too small but has its store of Treasure awaiting the searchers. Make up *your* mind to be one of the winners. You *can* be if you will but devote a few minutes of your time every day to the search.

## How to do it

The conditions are simple. Read them carefully and then set out to win. Remember that the Bags of Gold are in addition to the Premiums and Rewards for Perseverance to which you are entitled for all the subscriptions you send us.

Make up your own Treasure Chart showing the homes of friends and neighbors who do not take The Youth's Companion, or of those who already subscribe but wish to renew their orders. On page 578 you will find many helpful suggestions you may use when calling upon them for their subscriptions. Don't forget that every order you send us will bring you one step nearer to the Treasure. Why not start today? We'll be watching for your first order.

*Mason Willis.*

## Contents of Treasure Chest

THE 100 Companion readers who secure the largest number of subscriptions between November 1, 1928, and March 30, 1929, will not only receive a Premium for each subscription, but they will also receive the Treasure listed below. The first Bag of Gold will go to the reader sending the largest number of subscriptions, the second Bag of Gold will go to the reader sending the next largest, and so on.

1st Bag of Treasure.....	\$125.00 in Gold
2nd Bag of Treasure.....	100.00 in Gold
3rd Bag of Treasure.....	75.00 in Gold
4th Bag of Treasure.....	50.00 in Gold
5th Bag of Treasure.....	40.00 in Gold
6th Bag of Treasure.....	35.00 in Gold
7th Bag of Treasure.....	30.00 in Gold
8th Bag of Treasure.....	25.00 in Gold
9th Bag of Treasure.....	20.00 in Gold
10th Bag of Treasure.....	15.00 in Gold
Next 10 Bags of Treasure..... each	10.00 in Gold
Next 80 Bags of Treasure..... each	5.00 in Gold
100 Bags	Totalling \$1015.00 in Gold



This Treasure Hunt is subject to conditions printed on page 578.

# Rewards for Perseverance

## Hi-Lo-V Sport Coat

The Hi-Lo-V Sport Coat is a splendid utility sweater for sport or athletic wear and is in great demand for its all-year-round service. This handy garment gives much added warmth but with a minimum of bulk and weight. The Hi-Lo-V is made of all-wool jersey material, in a brown heather mixture, closely knit in a neat tailored coat style. It may be worn either with or without a coat.



One of the special features of the Hi-Lo-V sweater is the extra facing concealed in the neckband which transforms the sweater into a high-neck style admirably suited for cold, wintry days. The illustration on left shows the snug way in which the neckband fits when turned up. The sweater has two patch-pockets and close-fitting wrist bands. It comes in both men's and boys'—sizes 36 to 46. Be sure to give size when ordering.

Given for 6 Certificates. Add 15 cts. for postage.

## Girls' or Women's Leatherette Raincoat

Nothing is quite so smart and practical for rainy day wear as this coat of rainproof leatherette. It is of heavy durable quality resembling the regular leather sport coat in appearance and style. Has the new bellows pockets and latest ring loops for tightening belt and cuffs. Lined throughout with suede cloth for extra warmth. Ventilated arm-pits. Choice of red, green, Copenhagen, brown, navy and black. Misses' sizes 16, 18, 20. Ladies' sizes 38, 40, 42. Give size and color when ordering.

Given for 7 Certificates. Add 27 cts. for postage.

Choice of  
Green, Red, Brown,  
Copenhagen,  
Navy, Black



## Eastman Folding Camera

This "Hawkeye" folding Camera is Eastman made. It is so light and compact that you will always want to have it with you to obtain a picture record of pleasant vacations, hiking trips and other occasions which bring friends and family together. The "Hawkeye" has a metal frame, covered with fine-grained imitation leather, handsomely embossed. It has rounded ends, achromatic ball-bearing shutter with time and bulb-exposure actions, two tripod sockets, reversible finder and automatic focusing lock. Uses Eastman N. C. films. Size of picture 2 3/4 x 3 3/4 inches. Given for 8 Certificates. Add 15 cts. for postage.

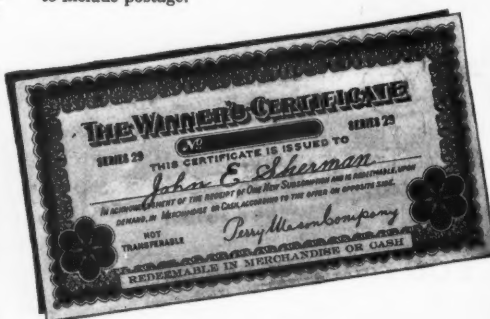


## Pair Winslow Shoe Skates

This fine skating outfit brings a new joy to skating. The skates are the popular tubular style, made by Winslow, a favorite brand with skaters for over 65 years. They are perfectly balanced and accurately fitted. Have carbon steel blades. Aluminum finished. The shoes of black calf warmly lined and padded, have special reinforced seams to support ankles. Men's and boys' half shoe sizes 1 to 12; women's and girls' half shoe sizes 1 to 9. When ordering state whether hockey or racing style is desired. Given for 9 Certificates with Premiums, or for 5 Certificates without Premiums. Add 33 cts. for postage.

For each yearly subscription you send us between November 1st and March 30th, you will not only receive a Premium of your own selection (pages 579 to 590), but you will also receive a Winner's Certificate (illustrated below). Five or more of these certificates will entitle you to a Reward for Perseverance described on these two pages.

Note: Rewards for Perseverance will be shipped by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by receiver. If parcel post shipment is desired be sure to include postage.



## \$2.50 CASH REWARD

If money is preferred instead of merchandise, we will pay you \$2.50 as a Cash Reward for Perseverance for every five certificates, in addition to the 50 Cent Cash Premium (see page 578) you receive for each yearly subscription. This will enable you to earn \$5.00 for every five subscriptions.

Important: Fifty Cent Cash Premiums may be deducted from your remittances, but the Cash Reward for Perseverance must not be deducted. When sending your fifth subscription ask us to send your Cash Reward of \$2.50.



## One Pair of Golden Fleece Blankets

Just the gift you need for winter use. "Golden Fleece" blankets are warm and comfortable and give long and satisfactory service. Their attractive block plaid design, with two-color border, makes them a welcome addition to any bedroom. These blankets are of part wool, thoroughly shrunk in the finishing process and are bound top and bottom with a three-inch sateen binding. Our offer includes two full length blankets each 66 x 80 inches woven in one length and doubled over to form a pair. Weight 4 lbs. Given for 5 Certificates. Add 39 cts. for postage.

## Keystone Moviegraph

Now you can operate your own movie show in your own home. Issue tickets to your friends and invite them to the performance! The Keystone Moviegraph is a real motion picture machine, easy to operate and guaranteed to show clear and well-lighted pictures. Connect the cord to a convenient electric socket, then turn the handle and your pictures will appear on the screen with all the realistic movement you enjoy at the picture theaters. Ten feet of non-inflammable safety film, in which the popular Tom Mix appears, is furnished with the Moviegraph as well as a supply of tickets, posters, operator's badge, ushers' arm bands, etc. Price list of additional films included. The model we offer is made of steel, finished in black with wooden base. An important feature is the adjustment that enables any size bulb, up to 150 watt, to be used. Size of machine 5 3/4 x 8 3/4 x 10 in. Size of picture 36 in. x 48 in. Given for 10 Certificates with Premiums, or 5 Certificates without Premiums. Add 63 cts. for postage, or shipped by express collect.



## Boys' or Men's Slicker

No longer will you be at the mercy of treacherous weather when you possess one of these fine slickers. Towers Slickers, considered the best of their kind, are genuine "oil" slickers put through a special process which makes them absolutely waterproof. They have double yokes, insuring protection against all sorts of weather, and strap collar and buckles. Suitable for both fall and winter wear, they are fashioned in the popular Varsity style, the newest thing in slickers. Available in choice of yellow, black or olive khaki. Sizes 34 to 44. Also junior sizes for boys of 12 to 16. Given for 7 Certificates. Add 33 cts. for postage.

## Remington Rifle No. 6

.22 Calibre

Here is just the rifle for the boy who wants a light, reliable, up-to-date gun. It is single shot, made in 22-calibre for 22 long or short R. F. cartridges. Material and workmanship are well-known Remington standard. Specifications: 20-inch Remington steel, round, tapered barrel, accurately bored and rifled. Walnut stock and fore end, new design front, rear and tang peep sights. Barrel detached by loosening thumb screw. Length 34 inches overall. Length taken down 20 1/2 inches. Weight 3 1/2 lbs. Given for 7 Certificates. Add 33 cts. for postage.



## Fitted Overnight Case

Here is the ideal case for overnight or week-end trips. Case is the popular 16-inch size, made of high-grade black cobra-grained Fabrikoid with sewed edges. It is beautifully lined with figured silk rayon and has a shirred pocket at each end. Fittings have pearl mountings to match and include large rectangular mirror, comb, nail file and shoe horn. Case has strong leather handle and two brass locks. A light and compact case which will stand up under continual use. Given for 6 Certificates. Add 39 cts. for postage.



Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!





### Girls' Wrist Watch

This lovely girls' wrist watch of rectangular shape has been designed by master craftsmen and is exceptional both in its beauty and reliability as a timekeeper. The case is of 14-Karat white rolled gold, and is very tastefully engraved. The movement is of the lever type with six jewels and is fully guaranteed. The stem is set with a pretty blue stone, while the bracelet is made of silk grosgrain ribbon. Gift box included with this watch. Given for 10 Certificates with Premiums, or for 5 Certificates without Premiums. Add 8 cts. for postage.

### Electric Waffle Iron

Crisp, golden-brown waffles, appetizingly hot, may be made right at your table as you want them with the aid of this excellent waffle set. This waffle iron is strongly made and finished in gleaming nickel. Expansion hinge allows batter to rise evenly. Heavy cast aluminum plates cook both sides of waffle evenly at the same time. Makes 7-inch waffle. Does not require greasing. Has ebonized handles and stands on three ball-feet. Complete with connecting cord and two-piece plug. Given for 5 Certificates. Add 45 cts. for postage and packing.



### Ladies' Silk Umbrella

An umbrella today is a dress accessory as well as a necessary protection against inclement weather. We offer the latest style, in the fashionable stubby length. Has high-grade 16-rib frame covered in a fine grade of all silk with a double satin stripe. It is suitable for either rain or sun. The amber rib tips and stub end add a decidedly smart effect, heightened by the handle to match with its braided silk loop. Comes in a choice of four colors: Red, green, brown or blue. Given for 6 Certificates. Add 21 cts. for postage and packing.



### Genuine Leather Brief Case



This fine split Cowhide leather brief case is especially designed for convenient carrying of books, papers, music and similar articles. The case is finished in an attractive shade of brown and is strongly sewed with double stitches around sides to give extra strength. A special feature is the expansion lock with three positions, giving a variable size case. Lock is supplied with key. The case has full grain cowhide gussets and partitions, with three roomy pockets of selected leather, and strong, padded handle. Two leather straps fit all around case. Equally suitable for school or business use. The quality of this case will appeal to all our readers and should make it one of our most popular gifts. Given for 6 Certificates. Add 27 cents for postage.

### All-Wool Motor Robe



This handsome motor robe will keep you snug and warm in the coldest of weather. It is made of all wool, by one of the most reliable mills, and measures 54 x 70 inches. The pattern is a most attractive navy-blue plaid with gray and white stripes. Ends are finished with a 4-inch fringe. Gives the maximum comfort without oppressive weight. No finer gift could be suggested for the motorist. Also very useful as a general utility robe for camping trips, football games, steamer trips or as an extra bed blanket. Actual weight a little over 3 lbs. Given for 7 Certificates. Add 27 cents for postage.

A Reward for Perseverance is an extra gift from the publishers of The Youth's Companion, presented in recognition of the perseverance shown in working until you have secured five or more subscriptions.



### 32-Piece Dinner Set

A beautiful and colorful autumn-leaf pattern on a cream background gives this dinner set an unusual value and charm. Every piece in the set is of semi-porcelain, heavily glazed and finished. You can not go wrong in selecting this set for every day or occasional use. Included in the set are: One large platter, vegetable dish, six large dinner plates, six bread and butter plates, six sauce dishes and six cups and saucers. Given for 8 Certificates. Shipped by express, collect. Weight 19 lbs.

## What You Get for Five Subscriptions

COMPANION readers who take advantage of the offers in this Premium Catalog receive cumulative benefits from every subscription sent us. The first subscription brings an immediate reward, but this is only a part of what you may receive in exchange for a little work. For instance, five subscriptions will bring you:

1. Five Premiums of your own selection. (Pages 579-590)
2. A Reward for Perseverance in addition to your five Premiums. (Pages 576-577)
3. Five points toward a BAG of GOLD in the Treasure Hunt. (Page 575)



### Boys' Wrist Watch

With Radium Dial

This fine wrist watch is one which either man or boy will be proud to own. The "Durawite" Case has the new chromium plate finish which will not wear, discolor or scratch. Its six-jewel movement guarantees you the correct time all the time, while its radium dial enables you to read it easily in the dark. Has recessed second hand. Comes in the popular cushion shape with engraved corner design. Complete with leather buckle and strap. Given for 8 Certificates. Add 11 cts. for postage and packing.

### "Lefils" Field Glass

The large and well-lighted field of vision given by this high-grade imported glass makes it just the thing for bird study, signalling, study of the stars, etc. Also chosen for scout work, viewing athletic competitions and out-door competition. The glass is fitted with powerful achromatic lenses, 1 3/4 inches in diameter, guaranteed by the famous "Lefils" trade mark. The body is covered with black Morocco leather. Length of glass when closed 3 3/4 inches and when extended 4 1/4 inches. Comes with leather carrying case and shoulder straps. Given for 8 Certificates. Add 19 cts. for postage and packing.



### Bridge Lamp

This beautiful wrought-iron bridge lamp, with its pretty rose silk shade, makes an unusually charming gift. Makes a splendid lamp for reading, sewing, etc. It stands 5 feet high, has brass finish, and marble ball on center of shaft. Has an adjustable arm. Given for 5 Certificates. Shipped by express, collect. Weight 13 lbs.

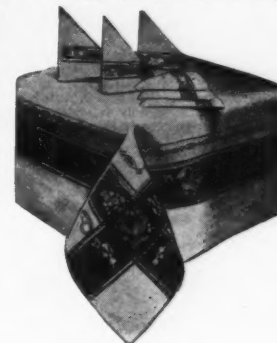


### Lustrous Rayon Bedspread

Your bedroom will be made more colorful and cheerful when you use this smart rayon spread. It is made of a fine quality rayon with a luster which gives it that rich silken appearance. This spread is one-piece and seamless with neatly scalloped edges all around. Made in generous size 84 x 105 inches, to tuck in over pillows. Will serve as both bedspread and bolster. Washes well. Choice of rose, blue or gold. Given for 5 Certificates. Add 21 cts. for postage.

### Linen Table Set

Words can not describe the aristocratic loveliness of this real linen damask-pattern table set consisting of table cloth, 52 x 52 inches, and six napkins to match, 13 x 13 inches. The cloth hangs and sets as only quality linen will and brings true distinction to your table. It has an attractive rose pattern with the newest style colored border and hemmed edges. Choice of rose, blue or gold borders. State which you prefer when ordering. Given for 6 Certificates. Add 15 cts. for postage.



Six Napkins to Match

Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!

# A New Plan

*Renewal Subscriptions count the same as  
New Subscriptions for all our offers*

## Your Renewal Counts

TO encourage many Companion readers to make a "flying" start toward the Premiums, Perseverance Rewards, and Bags of Gold offered in these pages, we make this generous offer: We will count your own renewal toward all our offers, PROVIDED you send, at the same time, at least one other solicited subscription, either new or renewal. Please do not ask us to send a Premium on your own subscription alone, as rules governing publishers will not permit this.

## How to Start

Read the descriptions of the Premiums and Rewards shown on pages 576 to 590 and select the prizes you wish to win.

Remember you have your own renewal to start your order. This will count IF you secure at least ONE OTHER subscription (as explained in the first paragraph of this column).

Make up a list of families you believe would enjoy reading The Youth's Companion.

When you go to call upon these people, take along your latest copy of the magazine and point out the stories and features which will interest the possible subscriber.

If you need a fresh copy to use as a sample, it will be sent you free of charge, if requested when sending in a subscription order or your renewal.

When you obtain an order, collect \$2.00 and enter subscriber's name and address on your order blank. You will find a convenient form enclosed in this issue. Additional blanks sent on request. Or send your order on any writing paper.

Be sure to indicate on your order whether "new" or "renewal." A "new" subscription is one that introduces The Companion into a home where it has not been taken during the past six months. A "renewal" subscription is one that extends a present subscription for another year.

Premiums should be selected when sending subscription order. If, however, you wish to make your selection later, when you have secured further orders, mark your order, "credit toward Premiums to be selected later." All Premium credits must be taken within six months of first order.

Do not hold subscription orders but send in promptly as you get them. It pays to give your subscribers prompt service.

## Two Extra Numbers

To every subscriber who enters his order through you before January 1, 1929, you may promise that he will receive not only the usual twelve monthly copies of The Youth's Companion, but in addition he will receive two extra numbers, or 14 numbers for the price of 12.

## Cash Premium

If money is preferred instead of a Premium, we will pay you a Cash Premium of FIFTY CENTS for each yearly subscription you send us, new or renewal. Collect \$2.00 from the subscriber, keep your fifty cents Cash Premium, and send us \$1.50. These subscriptions will also count toward a Reward for Perseverance (pages 576-577) and a Bag of Gold (page 575).

## Satisfaction Guaranteed

Companion Workers who have earned Premiums in past seasons are well acquainted with the high quality of the prizes we offer. New friends will quickly recognize in these pages the many well-known and nationally advertised articles listed. Before an article is accepted for this list, it must pass the "acid test" of careful comparison with the products of other manufacturers of similar goods. The very best is selected. We, therefore, guarantee each Premium to be exactly as described and pictured. If any Premium you receive is not completely satisfactory, notify us at once and we will exchange it or make other satisfactory adjustment.

HERE is good news for Companion Workers. Any solicited subscription, whether new or renewal, now counts for all the offers in this Premium List. This new plan greatly increases the number of fine Premiums you can earn. A few minutes' work soliciting subscriptions from friends and neighbors, including both prospective new subscribers and those who have taken the Companion during the past year, will bring you your choice of many splendid gifts. Start out today. You cannot know, until you try, how easily these desirable prizes may be earned.



"WE", the Famous Lindbergh Flight Picture, which is to hang in the Capitol at Washington, in 12 colors, framing size, 18 x 24 inches, will be given with every subscription, new or renewal. This beautiful print is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and is obtainable only with the magazine. This offer holds good during the period of the Treasure Hunt.

## Premium Advantages

THE Premium Plan was originated by The Youth's Companion over sixty years ago to reward those of our readers who helped us by securing subscriptions. By purchasing the prizes in this catalog in large quantities at wholesale we are able to give, in each Premium, a value much greater than that of a Cash Commission. This plan has proved so attractive that it has been continued year after year, culminating in this season's Premium Offers—without question, the "best yet."

## What to Say

Ask each possible subscriber if he or she has seen The Youth's Companion in its new and enlarged form. (Show your copy.)

Explain that in 1929 Youth's Companion readers will receive 12 Book-length Stories, each complete in one number, and 4 Thrilling Serial Stories, a total value of \$32.00 if purchased in book form.

Say also that there will be 75 Splendid Short Stories of adventure, mystery and romance; 25 Special Articles by men like Commander Byrd; larger and better department features such as Sport, News of the Air, March of Science, Stamps, Books, Miscellaneous Items of interest to all, Children's Page, etc., etc.—all for \$2.00.

You may promise each subscriber that, with his subscription, he will receive a beautiful art reproduction in 12 colors of the famous Lindbergh flight picture "WE," size 18 x 24 inches, suitable for framing.

Point out that a year of The Youth's Companion makes the finest kind of Christmas or birthday gift.

Say that a beautiful Christmas card in three colors, bearing giver's name, will be sent free to the subscriber, if requested when ordering. This "gift" idea should help you to obtain many subscriptions during the holiday season.

If a person is not interested at first, leave your magazine and call again later on. Remember that perseverance is the most important thing. Keep right on trying and you cannot fail.

Finally tell your prospect that by giving you a subscription he will receive unusual \$2.00 magazine value and at the same time will be helping you to win your prize.

## Conditions on All Offers

1. The Premium Offers described on pages 575 to 590 are open to any Companion reader or to any member of the reader's family.
2. A Premium is your pay for the work done in securing a yearly subscription, either new or renewal, and sending it to us with the subscription money.
3. Your own renewal will count toward all our offers PROVIDED you send, at the same time, at least one other subscription, new or renewal. No Premium can be allowed for your own subscription alone.
4. The subscription price of The Youth's Companion is \$2.00 a year in the United States, its possessions, or Canada. Price to other countries \$2.50 a year.
5. A two or three-year subscription counts but one point toward all our offers, since it adds but one name to our list.
6. To count in the Treasure Hunt for Gold (page 575), subscriptions must be mailed at your post-office on or after November 1, 1928, but not later than March 30, 1929. Subscriptions received after this date will still entitle you to receive your choice of the Premiums shown in these pages, although they will not count in the Treasure Hunt.
7. A gift subscription that is paid by the worker or members of his household may NOT be counted in the Treasure Hunt. Gift subscriptions, paid by others, however, will be counted toward all offers. Be sure to send address of giver as well as that of subscriber.
8. Premiums should be selected when sending subscription order. Or, if so indicated, subscriptions will be placed to credit of sender awaiting selection of Premiums later. Credits cannot be held over six months.
9. Premiums will not be given to newsdealers, publishers, agents, libraries, or clubs.
10. Premiums sent to Canada are subject to duty. Or, we suggest the selection of Cash Premiums.

*All orders for Subscriptions and Premiums  
must be addressed to Premium Department*

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION**  
EIGHT ARLINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

*Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!*



Manufactured exclusively for  
Companion readers and  
obtainable only from us.

See your models work  
with this real steam  
engine

*The*

*"Big Giant"*  
(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

### Special Features

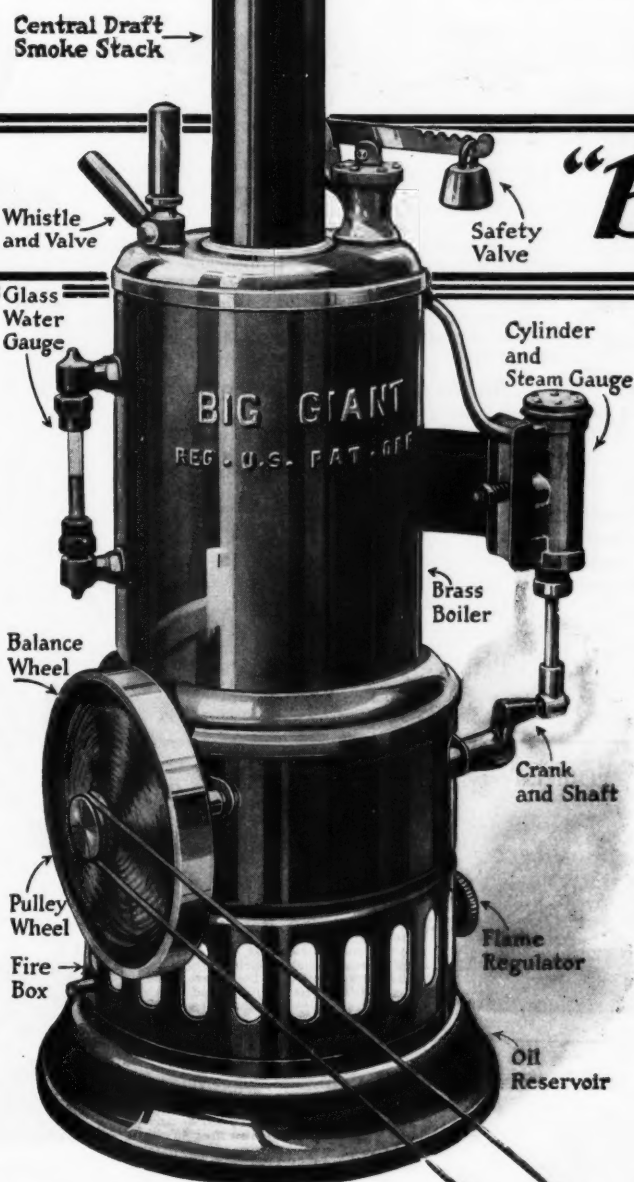
THE illustration does not show the full size of the engine. It stands eleven inches high. It is an improvement over all former styles in that ordinary kerosene may be used for fuel instead of alcohol. Can be run full speed continuously for five hours at a cost of less than one cent.

The BIG GIANT has a safety valve, steam whistle and a finely fitted water gauge. It has a large balance wheel and other necessary parts to make it the most powerful steam engine for toy machinery now on the market.

In addition to the many features described, the following important improvements have been made: The boiler is now made of heavy, polished brass; solid brass connections for the water gauge; brass whistle base and cast piston connection. The engine is entirely free from the danger of explosion.

You'll be proud to own a BIG GIANT!

**TOY BUZZ SAW.** Made of metal handsomely japanned in color. Operated by a cord from pulley wheel of engine. If ordered with engine will be included for 25 cents extra, postpaid. Note: The other models illustrated below are for demonstration only and are not for sale.



YOU'LL never know the fun and thrill of seeing your own models really work until you have owned a BIG GIANT! This wonderful steam engine runs exactly like the engines used in the big machine shops but, unlike former models, it uses kerosene instead of alcohol.

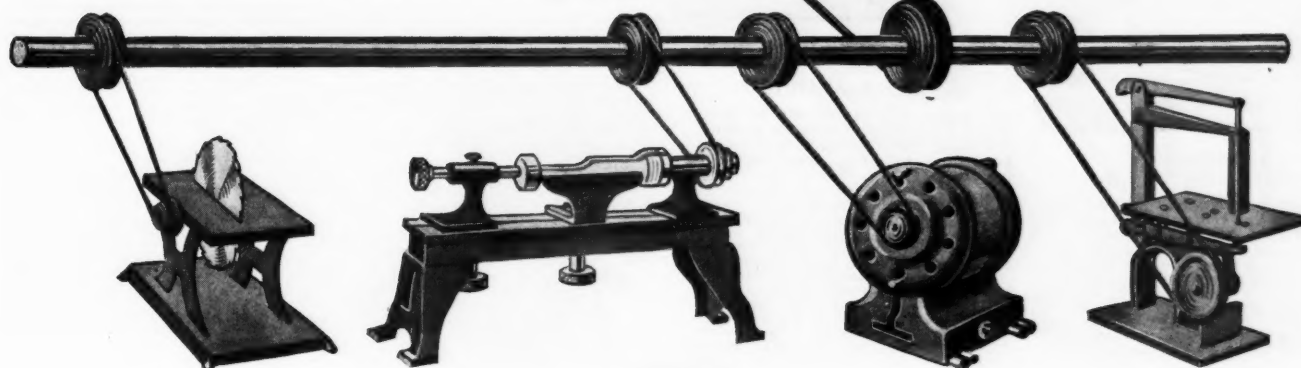
When steam is up the BIG GIANT develops "horse power" sufficient to run your buzz saw, grinder, mill wheel, machine shop and many of the other models you can make or own. Think of the fun you can have in being your own engineer, in having enough power at any time to turn the wheels and pulleys of your plant, or to sound a shrill blast of your engine's whistle! Don't miss this chance of owning a BIG GIANT yourself!

### So Easy to Own

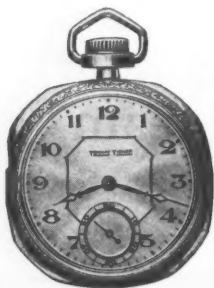
Every young engineer ought to own one of these fine engines. The BIG GIANT will not only afford hours of pleasure, but in many cases will develop a taste for mechanical work and engineering. Best of all it is so easy to own. Read carefully the suggestions made on page 578 and learn how a few minutes of your time will bring you this valuable prize. Let others know of all the good things you enjoy in The Youth's Companion, and of the many advantages they may receive by subscribing for the magazine now. This should insure your success.

### Yours for One Subscription and 25 cents additional

Send us only one yearly subscription, with 25c. extra, and the BIG GIANT Steam Engine is yours! Read Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21c. postage.



Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!



### "Tommy Ticker" Watch

The "Tommy Ticker" Watch will be given to any Companion reader for securing one subscription and 10 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 6 cts. for postage and packing.

An attractive open-face watch for men and boys. The octagon case, with its beautifully engraved rim and back, fits snugly into vest pocket. Has silvered dial and recessed second hand. A new movement with exceptionally fine adjustments guarantees the splendid time-keeping qualities of the watch. Boys particularly like to carry this man-sized reliable watch.



### Tip-Top Wrist Watch

The Tip-Top Wrist Watch will be given to any Companion reader for securing one subscription and \$1.15 extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 10 cts. for postage and packing.

Considering its low price this is the smartest wrist watch on the market. The thin octagon, dust-proof case, highly polished, is set at a rakish angle that enables you to read the time without twisting your arm. The Tip-Top is good to look at and it is built to stand hard knocks. You would gladly pay many times its price for a watch as reliable as this one.



### Hand Monkey

The Hand Monkey given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 13 cts. for postage, packing.

This is one of the most life-like monkeys you have ever seen. It will nod its head, scratch its ears and move its arms in so natural a way that your friends will think at first it is a real animal. The body of the hand monkey slips on your hand, and two fingers operate the hands and one finger the head. This is a genuine Steiff toy made of finest quality brown plush. Has natural glass eyes sewed in. Measures 9 inches long. A barrel of fun.



### Companion "Name-On" Knife

The Companion "Name-On" Knife will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription, postpaid.

The blades and springs of this knife are made of finely tempered steel, the former sharpened to keen cutting edges. Will neither rust nor corrode. The handle is ivory-white celluloid upon which we engrave the name of the owner FREE. Knife has silver-nickel bolsters and is brass lined. American made and fully guaranteed. Measures 3 1/4 inches when closed.

## The Spirit of St. Louis Construction Set



DO you dream of becoming an aviator like Lindbergh, of being able to fly your plane across the Atlantic Ocean and becoming the most talked-of flyer in the world? Many of us do and we wonder how to start. The first step is to learn the principles of airplane construction and you can do this by building your own model planes. With the Spirit of St. Louis Construction Set you assemble, step by step, the frame, struts, propeller, wings and other parts included in the set, and you quickly begin to understand how an airplane is made. Imagine what interesting sport this is!

### Builds more than 25 Airplanes

The set we offer includes all the parts necessary for building duplicates of Lindbergh's famous plane, the "Spirit of St. Louis," Commander Byrd's Fokker and 23 other well-known models. Parts are made of heavy, burnished steel, finished in rust-proof dull satin nickel and include combination screw-driver and wrench. Instruction manual comes with every set.

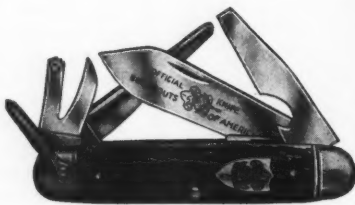
### OUR OFFER

The Spirit of St. Louis Construction Set will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. for postage.

Complete with  
Instruction  
Manual



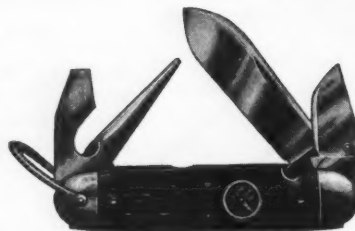
### "Official" Boy Scout Knife



The Scout Knife will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 5 cents for postage.

This is the "Official" Knife of the Boy Scouts of America. It possesses all the features that make it so handy on hikes and camping trips. It becomes, in turn, a jack knife, screw driver, leather punch, can opener, tack lifter and cap lifter. Has best English crucible steel blades, staghorn handle, nickel-silver bolsters, brass lining, name plate and shackle. Measures 3 3/4 inches when closed.

### The "Pathfinder" Knife



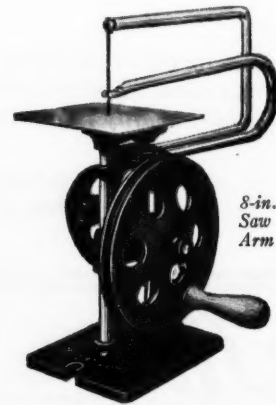
The "Pathfinder" Knife given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 7 cents for postage.

Ideal for the scout, or anyone wanting a heavy-duty knife. An unusual and valuable feature is the accurate compass set into the stag handle. The knife is nearly four inches long, with a strong, big jack blade, a new style can-opener, a combined screwdriver and bottle-opener, and a reamer or leather punch. Blades are of finest steel. Lining of brass, with buffed finish.

### Kiddie Kop Outfit

The Kiddie Kop Outfit will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. for postage.

You can have all kinds of fun with the Kiddie Kop Outfit. Surprise all your friends by putting on the hat and badge. This set contains a complete policeman's outfit: Shiny visored blue hat, nickle-plated whistle and chain, nickle-plated star badge, chief's badge of brass, traffic cop arm band, polished mahogany-finished club with wrist loop and real handcuffs of rust-proof polished steel; all the necessary equipment to play Officer of the Law or Traffic Cop. Cap and Arm Band are adjustable to fit boys of any age.



### American Scroll Saw

The Scroll Saw will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and \$3.00 extra. Add 63 cts. for postage, or sent express collect. Weight 10 lbs.

The American Scroll Saw has been especially designed for the young cabinet maker. With it even a beginner can produce an absolutely straight and square cut, practically impossible with the hand saw. The saw has heavy iron base, standard and drive wheel. Drive wheel is equipped with handle for hand operation and also has belt groove for motor operation. Saw blade is 5 inches long, of finest tempered steel and will cut wood, fibre, bakelite, aluminum, brass, zinc, etc. An extra blade is included.

### Pocket Tool Kit



The Tool Kit will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

Every household should have one of these fine tool kits. They are designed for all kinds of emergency repairing about the house, shop or farm. A new feature is the detachable claw hammer attached to the head of the holder. The other tools may be stored in the hollow mahogany-finished handle when not in use and include large screw driver, small screw driver, awl, gimlet and reamer. Made of best quality forged steel, nickel finished. Holder is 6 1/4 in. long.



### "Gilbert" Tool Chests

Tool Set No. 4 will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and \$1.00 extra. Add 51 cts. for postage, or sent express collect.

Tool Set No. 5 will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and \$1.75 extra. Add 69 cts. for postage, or sent express collect.

The improved Gilbert Tool Chests enable any boy with a taste for carpentry or cabinet work to actually make all kinds of useful things, toys, model yachts, and hundreds of others. The tools comprising the sets are made for boys on the model of the tools used in carpentry work and are packed in handsome red chests with brass latches and end grips. Manual of instructions comes with each set.

Tool Chest No. 4 is 9 1/4 x 8 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches and contains the following tools: Tempered steel saw 14 in. long, all set teeth; hammer; mallet; plane; brace; bit; scroll saw; T square; screw driver; 1/4-in. chisel; set square; scratch gauge; rule; sandpaper block; mitre box; pencil; dividers; bradawl; triangle.

Tool Chest No. 5 is 9 1/4 x 8 1/4 x 5 inches and contains the following tools: Tempered steel saw 17-in. long, all set teeth; hammer; mallet; plane; brace; bit; spirit level; scroll saw; T square; soldering iron; solder; screw-driver; 1/4-in. chisel; set square; scratch gauge; rule; sandpaper block; mitre box; clamp; pencil; dividers; bradawl; triangle.

Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!



*The Mechanical  
Marvel of the  
Season*



## The Climbing Tractor

**H**ERE is the most fascinating and ingenious mechanical toy we have seen in many a year. Crawling slowly but persistently along on its soft rubber treads, the Climbing Tractor mounts up and climbs over any obstacle. It goes up hill and down dale with equal ease, never hurrying, never losing its dignity; moving always with a sense of great power under perfect control.

### See It Scale a Wall

Pile up a barricade of logs, rocks, books, pillows or boxes and see the Tractor surmount them. You will never cease to marvel how, without the slightest hesitation, it scales a wall greater than its own height. Watch it climb up a steep grade (it will take an incline of 55 degrees with ease), or see it run down hill without gathering extra speed. Attach it to a wagon or trailer and notice how it pulls a load many times its own weight. Invent as many stunts as you please. You will find the Climbing Tractor always ready to perform for the amusement of the entire family.

### Amuses All Ages

The Climbing Tractor is an American made toy, finely constructed of polished aluminum and measuring 9 inches long by 4½ inches high. It has a powerful spring motor. Its four-wheel drive, rubber tires and cogs, and connecting rubber belts give it the characteristic caterpillar tread motion. Will run about 20 feet without rewinding. A splendid gift.

### How to Get It

The Aluminum Climbing Tractor will be given to any Companion reader for securing only one yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 15 cents for postage.

## ERECTOR — the Wonder

## Construction Set

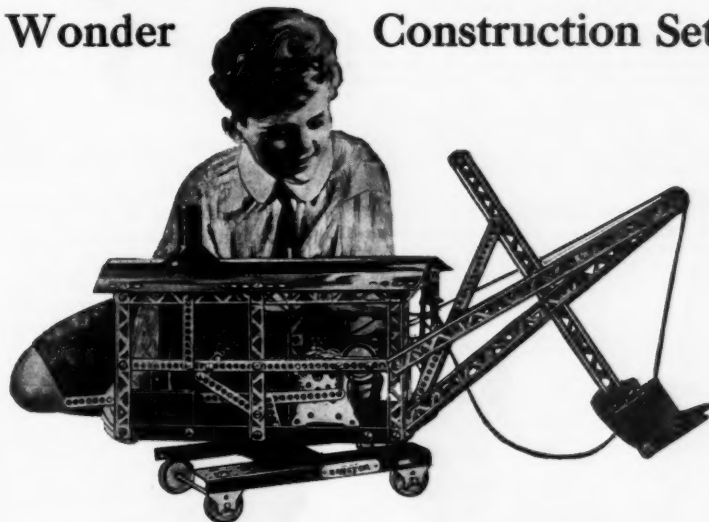
**BOYS!** Here is the finest toy of its kind ever made. See what *you* can build with one of these wonderful Erector Sets. Each set contains real steel girders—just like those used by engineers for skyscrapers and bridges—and many special parts designed for use in building derricks, steam shovels, trucks, airplanes and hundreds of other models shown in the instruction book. This year we offer improved Erector Sets, containing numerous extra parts, many in color, enabling you to build a great number of new models.

### Super-Erector Set No. 7

Erector No. 7 will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription and \$3.00 extra, or for 5 subscriptions. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 75 cts. for postage, or shipped express collect. Improved and enlarged with many extra parts, including powerful electric motor, allowing you to build and operate some of the most fascinating models ever

built with Erector sets. Besides all the smaller models, this set will build elevator truck, locomotive, steam shovel, walking-beam engine, cantilever bridge, etc. An 80-page manual of instructions gives complete directions and also opens up thrilling possibilities for inventing new models. Parts are packed in a large wooden chest with brass handles and catches.

- Set No. 1 makes 460 models
- Set No. 4 makes 680 models
- Set No. 7 makes 719 models



### Erector No. 1

Erector No. 1 will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

This improved and larger set will build almost twice as many models as the former No. 1 set, including, among others, airplane, lathe, hoist, derrick, hand car, etc. The colored parts add a new interest to your model building and enable you to achieve striking effects. A complete manual of instructions introduces you to fascinating sport of Erector building.

### Erector No. 4

Erector No. 4 will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription and \$1.75 extra, or for 4 subscriptions. Add 39 cts. for postage.

This set includes the famous Gilbert Electric Motor. With this larger set you can build all the models possible with Erector No. 1 and in addition many other models including traveling crane, lighthouse, windmill, wrecking hoist, etc. The instruction manual clearly illustrates how to build each of the 680 toys now possible with the improved No. 4 set.

**Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!**

### Hunting Knife with Sheath



The Hunting Knife and Sheath will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 50 cents extra, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

This is one of the most practical and valuable knives for woodcraft, scout or camp work. It has the shape, weight and quality of a high-priced knife and will give years of hard service. The strong, keen cutting blade is 4 1/2 inches long, made from the finest cutlery steel, carefully tempered and tested. This knife has the correct strength and shape for sticking, skinning and cleaning. Handle is of laminated leather. Belt sheath included.

### Athletic Sweat Shirt

The Sweat Shirt will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 20 cts. for postage and packing.

Nothing is quite so good for chilly days as a sweat shirt. It is equally popular with both boys and girls, of "prep" or high-school age, for general sports and athletic wear and also as a lounging garment. The sweat shirt illustrated is a finely knitted garment, lined with soft fleece, correctly fashioned with elastic knit waistband and cuffs. Has the desirable crew neck. Attractive natural color. Comes in sizes 30 to 46 inclusive.



### Collegiate Football

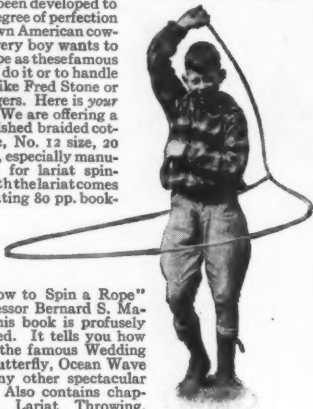
The Collegiate Football will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 15 cts. for postage.

This football has been very carefully selected for our boy "fans." It is regulation size, made of genuine cowhide, pebble grain, and will withstand many hard scrimmages. It is lined with best grade of duck. Seams are well stitched. Leather lacing, pure gum bladder and lacing needle included.

### Rope Spinning Lariat

The Rope Spinning Lariat and Illustrated Booklet will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription and 40 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 15 cts. for postage.

Rope spinning is one of the most fascinating sports and has been developed to a high degree of perfection by our own American cowboys. Every boy wants to spin a rope as these famous cowboys do it or to handle a lariat like Fred Stone or Will Rogers. Here is your chance. We are offering a satin-finished braided cotton rope, No. 12 size, 20 feet long, especially manufactured for lariat spinning. With the lariat comes a fascinating 80 pp. booklet.



let, "How to Spin a Rope" by Professor Bernard S. Mason. This book is profusely illustrated. It tells you how to spin the famous Wedding Ring, Butterfly, Ocean Wave and many other spectacular stunts. Also contains chapters on Lariat Throwing, Cowboy Knots, etc.

## Olympic Ball

Sport  
Exercise  
Health



The Olympic Ball will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. postage.

The Olympic Ball is the newest thing in sport equipment. It is made of new live rubber, very tough, durable and practically indestructible. There are a hundred and one things you can do with the Olympic. Use it for exercise, play, or health. You can jump on it with both feet and take a Lindbergh toward the ceiling; fall on it and bounce like a tennis ball; ride it like a horse; roll, balance or swim on it.

You can't hurt the Olympic and it can't hurt you. For weight reducing, muscle developing, deep breathing, and all health and corrective exercises, it is a complete home gymnasium. On the playground or for water sports it is ideal. Equally suitable for boys or girls, men or women, every age six to sixty. It has been well called the "ball of health and a hundred laughs." Try it! We offer the large size, 16 inches in diameter, complete with full directions for use.



### "Daisy" Air Rifle

The Air Rifle will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 31 cts. for postage and packing.



If you have never experienced the thrill that comes from holding the barrel of a really fine rifle to your shoulder and sighting some distant object for an accurate shot, you can not do better than start with the "Daisy." Regular target practice with this rifle will give you a sure eye, a steady hand and a fine feeling of accomplishment. This gun is a beauty. It is built on the same lines as the rifles that hunters and crack marksmen prefer. It is a straight shooter, sturdily built, and handsomely finished. A 350-shot repeater with lever action, nickel-plated metal parts, and walnut finished stock. The Daisy is a real boy's gun built to last for years if properly handled.

### Set of Four Boxing Gloves

The Boxing Gloves will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and \$1.25 extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. for postage.

There is no better exercise than boxing when indulged in as an amateur sport. It develops the muscles, creates confidence and poise and keeps the body healthy. The set we offer is youth's size, designed in the professional style so popular with boys. The four gloves included in the set, are made of selected wine-color sheepskin, strongly stitched, well padded, laced at wrist, with palm grip.



### Camp Axe with Sheath

The Camp Axe will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. for postage.

This axe should be a part of the outfit of every Boy Scout, woodsman, or trapper. It is made of Cratcoite steel, the wonderful new tool metal perfected after thirty years of steel-making experience. Green-stained hickory handle 14 inches long. Fully guaranteed as to materials and workmanship. A leather sheath, which fits on the belt, makes a convenient and safe means of carrying.



### Aero Cap

The Aero Cap will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 12 cts. for postage and packing.

Just like the helmets aviators wear to keep them warm in the high altitudes. This cap will keep you snug and comfortable on the coldest winter day, adding more fun to skating, tobogganing, etc. on a leatherette, strongly stitched and lined with heavy fleece. A knitted woolen protector buttons underneath the chin or on top of the cap. Small size, 8 to 10 years; medium size 10 to 14, and large size for older boys.



The cap is made from brown leatherette, strongly stitched and lined with heavy fleece. A knitted woolen protector buttons underneath the chin or on top of the cap. Small size, 8 to 10 years; medium size 10 to 14, and large size for older boys.



Throws a Beam 200 Feet

### Eveready Focusing Flashlight

The Eveready Flashlight will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 20 cts. for postage.

Darkness holds no terrors when you own this better, stronger and more powerful Eveready Flashlight, for its brilliant beam of light will travel 200 feet, or you may focus the light to any shorter distance by turning the base of the case. Flashlight has handsome black metal case with nickel-plated trimmings, safety switch to prevent accidental lighting and shock absorber to save possible breakage. Light may be controlled by pressure, or made steady by locking switch. Octagon head prevents rolling when laid down. Has silvered reflector and ring on end of case to hang over peg or belt. A convenient size for camping trips or for use about the house or farm.

### Biff-Bag

The Biff-Bag will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cts. for postage and packing.

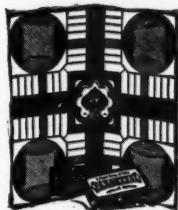
Learn the fascinating sport of biffing the Biff-Bag. It keeps boys and girls of all ages strong and happy. It quickens the eye, strengthens the muscles, increases the chest expansion and develops the body. The Biff-Bag comes complete with screws and cords and can be set up in a few seconds. Bill Hodge of Chicago ran up a record of 1000 double punches in fifteen minutes. Try it and see what you can do!



Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!

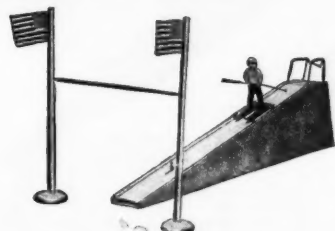


## Game of Parchesi



The Game of Parchesi will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

There is no need to introduce to you the Royal Game of Parchesi, for many years a favorite with both young and old. The demand for Parchesi grows every year and surpasses all other games. It has become the family game of the nation. Game consists of handsomely covered folding board and containing eight bone dice, sixteen brass-bound counters and four dice cups. Complete directions with every set.



## The Ski-Jumper

The Ski-Jumper will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cents for postage.

Start the ski-jumper down the chute. Watch him gather speed until, as he nears the end of the slide, he strikes a hidden spring and is hurled high into the air and over the cross bar. The ski-jumper will clear the bar set over 9 inches from the floor and land gracefully on the other side. This entertaining mechanical toy consists of a ski chute, 26 inches long, finished to resemble a snow-covered hill; ski-jumper and vaulting poles with flags. It is a never-failing source of amusement to all.

## "Kangru-Springshush"

The "Kangru-Springshush" will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 75 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 33 cents for postage.

Put on your seven-league Springshush and experience the exciting sensation of hopping over the ground like a kangaroo. These spring shoes put you on air as you run, jump or walk, enabling you to cover twice as much ground as you do when walking or running with ordinary shoes. This is an entirely new sport, with more fun in it than anything you have tried before. The shoes are available in different sizes depending upon the weight of the wearer. Give your exact weight when ordering.



## Mysticks

## The Magic Blackboard

Mysticks will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

Mysticks has been well called "the Magic Blackboard" for on this blackboard you draw with magnets instead of chalk. The magnets are pretty colored enamel magnetized bars which have the mystic power of sticking wherever you place them on the metal blackboard. You can make all kinds of amusing or interesting pictures either by copying the designs in the manual, or by originating hundreds of others yourself. Board measures 9 x 12 inches. Complete with easel stand, twenty-eight magnets in different colors and four-color manual of designs. One of the best of the new toys.



## KOPTOR—the scientific wonder toy



## Given for Only One Subscription

Owing to a fortunate purchase we are able to offer the high-priced Koptor Outfit to any Companion reader for securing only one yearly subscription. Add 15 cents for postage.



THE mysteries of an entirely new and unseen world are opened up to the boys and girls who are fortunate enough to receive this scientific wonder outfit. It contains numerous parts for building many optical instruments with which you can explore new fields in the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms. The thrill of putting together a scientific toy—and the satisfaction of learning from your own observation—are yours when you build with Koptor. The Koptor builds ten different optical instruments and provides

eighteen lens combinations. A manual of instructions gives simple directions so that anyone can build and operate a telescope, compound microscope, simple microscope, photometer, forger's ghost, camera, kaleidoscope, magnifying glass, quizzing glass and tele-kaleidoscope. With the aid of these instruments you can locate distant objects, learn how a fly walks on the ceiling, compare the strength of your reading light with a candle, copy handwriting and many other interesting things.

## Build with Lincoln Logs



Lincoln Logs, Set No. 1, will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

Lincoln Logs, Set No. 2, will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. Add 33 cts. for postage.

With Lincoln Logs you can build literal reproductions of some of the first American buildings, log cabins, barns, and many other unique structures. Logs are of hardwood, seasoned and stained a "weathered brown." Design book, included with both sets, shows you how to build Lincoln's Log Cabin, Valley Forge, Forest Ranger's House, etc. We offer Set No. 1 which contains 53 logs and roof, and Set No. 2, containing 110 logs, chimney and roof.



Learn to play the finest of games with this real golf set.

## Country Club Golf Set

The Golf Set will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 24 cts. for postage.

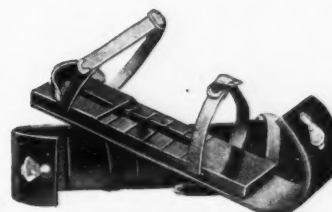
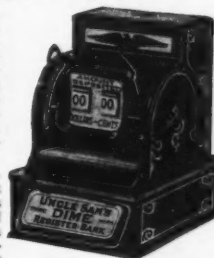
Golf is one of the best of sports. Learn to play the game now right in your own home or out on the lawn, then you will be ready for the golf course later on. With the Country

Club Golf Set you can lay out your own golf course wherever you want it. Two 27-inch golf clubs (putters) with hickory shafts and cast-iron aluminum dipped putter heads are included, as well as two excellent balls and four 6-inch colored steel disks for the "greens." Clubs have painted red handles. Golf set is packed in a durable box with colored top.

## Dime Registering Bank

The Dime Registering Bank will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 25 cts. for postage and packing.

One dime will purchase very little, but think of all the things you can buy for \$10! Place your dimes in this fine steel registering bank and watch them grow in a way that will surprise you. A dime a day will give you \$36.50 in the short space of a year. This bank rings, registers and adds as each dime is deposited. Locks and opens automatically. No key to lose. Parents approve the habit of thrift it teaches. Young people enthuse over its bright business-like mechanism. Finished in lustrous black enamel.



## Holland Ski Skates

The Pair of Ski Skates will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

With the Holland Ski Skates you can glide over the snow with the greatest ease. No need to learn the difficult feat of balancing on regular skis. With ski skates you can maintain perfect balance. They do not turn the ankle nor do they side-slip, for the runner of each skate is grooved to grip the snow. Made of selected hardwood painted in black and red and with ski-style steam-bent fronts. A sliding foot rest makes them adjustable to any size shoe while two strongly-woven thongs hold the ski firmly in place. 12½ inches long.

## The Flex-a-Tone

The Flex-a-Tone will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

Here is a musical instrument that everyone can play. No musical ability is required. Just vibrate the instrument in one hand while pressing your thumb on the metal blade. In a few minutes you will be able to produce the airs of popular songs and other music in a tone resembling the Hawaiian guitar. This is a fine instrument for accompanying the piano, drums or ukelele. Just the thing for house parties, picnics, camps, or wherever a jolly crowd is gathered. Full instructions included.



## Pla-Wax Outfit

The Pla-Wax Outfit will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

Pla-Wax is a wonderful new modeling material which softens immediately from the warmth of the hand so that it can be easily manipulated. After model is completed it hardens quickly with a smooth, glossy finish. Pla-Wax is clean, odorless, non-poisonous and color-fast. It is vastly superior to clay for modeling purposes. Think of creating realistic flowers, vases, bowls and hundreds of other designs in every brilliant color you can imagine! The outfit contains 24 sticks of Pla-Wax in sixteen colors including gold, silver and bronze; marking tool; roller and manual of models in four colors.



Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!

## Companion "Name-On" Self-Filling Fountain Pen

QUALITY, appearance and writing excellence—all the essentials of a high-grade fountain pen—are found in the "Name-On." That is why tens of thousands of our workers have selected this pen as their gift. This year it comes to you with two new features that make it the equal of some of the most expensive pens you can buy:

1. **UNBREAKABLE.** The "Name-On" is now made of unbreakable Pyralin. No matter how many times you drop it, it will not crack or break.

2. **COLORFUL.** The 1929 "Name-On" comes in a beautiful royal blue with orange-red bands inlaid at either end. The pen point is of 14-Karat Solid Gold, tipped with iridium for long service. The pen also has gold-filled cap band, lever and clip or ring.

The pen may be carried in the pocket or bag in any position with absolute safety. A screw cap, with fitted shoulder, seals this pen ink-tight. It cannot leak. It is, therefore, a popular selection for home, school or business use. We offer choice of Style No. 30 with clip for men, or No. 32 with ring for women, either with fine, medium or coarse point. State choice when ordering.

### Pendant Barometer and Thermometer

The Pendant Barometer will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and \$2.45 extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 22 cts. for postage and packing.



Twelve Power

### French Achromatic Telescope



The Achromatic Telescope will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and \$2.25 extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 15 cents for postage and packing.

This French telescope, while not intended for astronomical study, is powerful enough, if steadily held, to show the larger moons of Jupiter, and will clearly show all the larger mountain ranges, craters and "seas" of our moon. The six lenses are achromatic and made of fine French optical glass. They give a magnifying power of 12 diameters. Length, when closed, 6 inches; extended, 16 inches. The tubes are brass, polished and lacquered. The body is covered with French morocco. The high quality of this telescope and its compactness when closed make it a splendid article for taking along on all kinds of trips, hikes or when camping.



The "Name-On" Fountain Pen given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 3 cents for postage and packing.

Your name will be engraved on pen FREE OF CHARGE

### Eversharp Pencil

The Eversharp Pencil will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 5 cents for postage and packing.

Complete with 12 extra leads

Owing to a very fortunate purchase we are able to make an unusually favorable offer on this genuine Eversharp Pencil. This pencil is one of the more expensive models, constructed with jeweler precision and finish throughout. It contains all the features which have made Eversharp pencils famous—always sharp, never sharpened. The pencil is made in a delightful shade of mottled-blue Pyralin and is mounted with five narrow gold-filled bands and a gold-filled pocket clip. Has a handy eraser, under cover until needed. Offer good only while our limited supply lasts.

### Eastman Hawkeye Camera



The Hawkeye Camera No. 2, for pictures  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  in., given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. Add 18 cts. for postage and packing.

The Hawkeye Camera, No. 2A, for pictures  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  in., will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 40 cents extra. Add 29 cts. for postage and packing.

The Hawkeye is one of Eastman's most popular models, especially with young people. It requires no focusing or estimating of distance. Has carefully tested lens and reliable shutter always ready for snapshots. Entire camera is made of metal covered with seal grain imitation leather and is practically indestructible. Takes pictures of a quality suitable for enlargement.

Kodakery Magazine Included. The coupon included with every camera will bring you this magazine FREE for one year, giving you many invaluable suggestions for making interesting and unusual pictures.



### School Bag

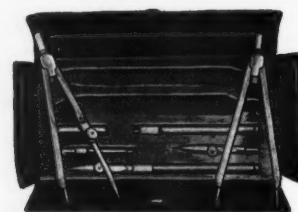
The School Bag will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 15 cts. for postage.

An entirely new idea in school bags has been used to make this bag equal, in value and usefulness, to some of the most expensive ones on the market. This wonderful new school bag has a patented built-in steel frame, as pliable as it is strong and durable. The corners never curl up. Made of two-ply waterproof gray and tan whipcord cloth, trimmed with wide strips of brown or blue alligator grained leather-text with wide gussets to give large carrying space. Has two straps, a sturdy, round leather handle, a large lunch pocket with an inner pencil pocket. Size  $9 \times 14$  inches. An ideal bag for the school boy or girl.

### French Compound Microscope

This microscope has three powerful lenses which may be used individually or in combination. Their combined power is 70 times. It is designed for the examination of minute objects, especially for students' work. The instrument is brass, 6 inches high, finely lacquered, and has an eye-piece in a sliding tube  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches long. The condensing mirror beneath the stage illuminates transparent objects on the slides.

The instrument comes in a polished hardwood box and is furnished with one prepared object, two glass slips and one pair brass forceps. A booklet giving complete information on the proper use of the microscope is also included.



### Set of Drawing Instruments

The Drawing Instruments will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cts. for postage.

Students and amateur draftsmen will find this an ideal set of instruments for all practical purposes. Contains  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inch needle-point compass dividers,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inch jointed dividers, with pen, pencil, and needle-point attachments, lengthening bar, 5-inch ruling pen and a box of leads. The principal pieces are made of solid nickel silver, splendidly finished. Set is enclosed in a plush-lined case.



Magnifies 70 Times

The Compound Microscope will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and \$2.00 extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cts. for postage.

### Maximum and Minimum Thermometer

The Maximum and Minimum Thermometer will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

The health of the family often depends upon maintaining an even temperature indoors. This unique Fahrenheit Thermometer will tell you the temperature at any hour of the day and it will also record for you the maximum and minimum temperatures of the day. As the mercury column rises or falls, it moves the indicators. These indicators remain at the high and low positions until reset by magnet included in outfit. This special feature adds greatly to the interest in following the changing temperature records. Thermometer is mounted on polished wooden base  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches high, to which is attached metal support for hanging on wall.



### Standard Reading Glass

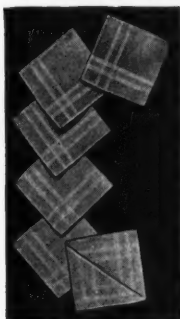
The Reading Glass will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cts. for postage.

This is an imported glass of fine quality. The lens is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter and is made of the finest grade optical glass, white and clear. The lens is accurately ground, perfectly polished and of high power. It will enlarge print to twice the actual size, making it possible for any one with weak eyes to read with ease and enjoyment. It will also be found convenient for examining flowers, photographs and insects and may be used for many other purposes where a magnifying glass is needed. Mounted in a polished nickel rim with ebonized handle.

Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!



## Six Linen Handkerchiefs



The Six Linen Handkerchiefs given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

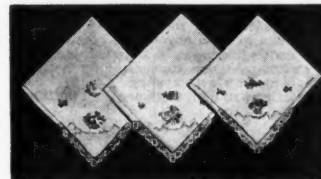
French linen, 1400 count, known throughout the world for its quality and loveliness, has been used to make this dainty set of ladies' handkerchiefs. They are pure white with white corded border design, finished with the new hand-rolled edges. Gift box 5c extra.

## Six Hand-Embroidered Handkerchiefs



The Set of Six Embroidered Handkerchiefs given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

One of the most charming gifts for girl or woman is a set of really fine embroidered handkerchiefs. This set of six handkerchiefs is made of pure white linen, 1400 count, with narrow, hem-stitched edges. Each handkerchief has a corner design of genuine Porto Rican hand embroidery in colors. Assorted designs. Attractive gift box included for 5c extra. A fine value.



## Three Party Handkerchiefs

The Three Party Handkerchiefs given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid.

No party frock is quite complete unless you have the daintiest of handkerchiefs to go with it. You will be delighted with the beautiful design of the handkerchiefs illustrated. Each handkerchief is of sheer white mercerized lawn and has a corner design of Swiss embroidery in a delicate shade of gray, making a very effective combination. The set includes three different patterns in a neat box.



## The Game "Hokum"

Hokum will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid.

Hokum is the great fun maker, the mirth-provoking game for everyone! From two to eight players may join in the whirlwind of fun and hilarity that stampede the crowd when Hokum is in full swing. Suspense rules throughout the game which sweeps swiftly to a tense, surprising climax. Men and women, boys and girls, alike enjoy the fun and excitement—the unexpected twists of fortune—that are a part of Hokum. Easy to play and learned in two minutes.

Sweet Alice  
Walks—Talks—Sleeps

"Oh dolly sweet, I love you so!" will croon the happy little girl who has Sweet Alice to love and play with every day. And who indeed could blame her for adoring this beautiful blue-eyed, golden-haired doll?

Sweet Alice is a big sister of Carrie Joy, the famous Y. C. doll that has brought happiness to so many thousands of little girls. She is sixteen inches tall and walks proudly along, when you hold her by the hand, on feet trimly clad in socks and twinkling patent leather shoes. And she has real hair that you can brush and curl.

Sweet Alice closes her eyes when you put her to sleep and talks when you take her up again. She can turn her head, too, and is sometimes even caught winking a roguish eye. And how sweet she does look in her dress of organdie trimmed with lace, and her bonnet tied under her chin! No wonder everybody loves her!

Sweet Alice will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 15 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 24 cents for postage and packing.

## Twinkletoes—the New Baby Doll

HERE is the very newest and most lovable thing in dolls!

"Isn't she a darling!" everyone exclaims when Twinkletoes appears. For you have never seen such a jolly expression on the face of any doll. Twinkletoes has mischievous blue eyes that follow you no matter which way she turns, and she has a certain upward glance that no heart could resist.

And when you pick her up, your heart will be won completely, for the big patented feature about Twinkletoes is that her legs and arms, made of flesh-colored, soft rubber, look and feel for all the world like those of a real live baby. Each finger and toe is as perfectly formed as a real baby's would be. But in spite of Twinkletoes' sunny disposition, if you pinch either one of her little legs she will cry!

Twinkletoes, who is just 14 inches from top to toe, also talks and sleeps in the most natural way. If you lay her down she closes her eyes at once as a good baby should, and she wakes up calling "MAMA" in a very realistic voice. She is dressed in the daintiest of baby clothes—white organdie dress and bonnet, trimmed with ribbon and lace; real rubber panties and dear little kid booties and silk socks. You will surely think she is the sweetest doll you have ever seen.



Twinkletoes will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription and \$1.25 extra. Add 24 cents for postage and packing.

## Hand "Molly" Dog



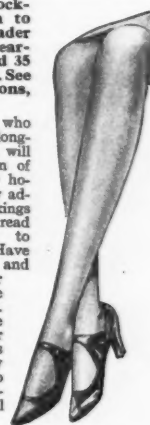
The Hand "Molly" Dog will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 40 cents extra. Add 12 cts. for postage and packing.

This is the original "Molly" Dog, one of the most popular animal toys made by Steiff, well-known creators of stuffed animals. It is made to slip over your hand like a glove. Two fingers operate the forefeet and one finger the head. Your friends will think it is a real live puppy. Made of the finest quality silk plush in pleasing white and brown shades. Has natural glass eyes, sewed in, and colored silk bow. A beautiful cuddly dog that has an irresistible appeal. Measures 9 inches long.

## Pair Silk Stockings

The Pair of Silk Stockings will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 35 cts. extra, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

Companion readers who select these lustrous, long-wearing stockings, will have the satisfaction of knowing that their hosiery will be greatly admired. These stockings are made of pure thread silk, full-fashioned to assure perfect fit. Have lisle toes and heels and 4-inch garter top for extra service and the new narrow heel effect. We offer your choice of any of the popular new shades in sizes 8½ to 10½. Every pair is guaranteed to wear to your satisfaction or stockings will be replaced.



## Lady Sealpax

Dainty Rayon Underwear

The Rayon Vest will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid.

The Rayon Bloomers will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 40 cts. extra, postpaid.

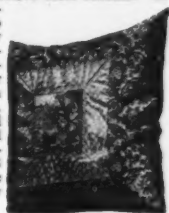
This Lady Sealpax "Raybeam" heavy Rayon underwear is widely known for its splendid quality, fine gauge and perfect fit. The Vest is made in the trim bodice style with ribbon draw top and self shoulder straps correctly adjusted. Tops and straps have picot edges. The Bloomers have the new yoke-front belt with elastic back bringing a new comfort to the wearer. Shirred knee, with removable elastic. Both Bloomers and Vest come in sizes 36 to 42. Choice of flesh, peach or white.



## Tapestry Pillow

The Tapestry Pillow given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. for postage.

The blending of black and gold always makes a rich and effective color scheme. In this charming tapestry pillow these two colors are beautifully combined in a striking border design embellished by a center square copied from a rare old tapestry. The pillow is well stuffed with garnetted cotton, all new material. Size 18 x 18 inches. Appropriate for either couch, easy chair or boudoir.



## Pearl and Sapphire Pin Set

The Pin Set will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 15 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 5 cts. for postage and packing.

Among the new designs this season, the pin set illustrated stands out as one of the most effective and pleasing. These pins are roman gold finished, mounted with first quality indestructible pearl beads with beautifully cut and polished light blue sapphire rondelles set alternately. The large pin is fitted with safety clasp. This pin set has been greatly admired by all who have seen it.

Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!

### Five-Year Diary

With Lock



The Five-Year Diary will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 75 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cents for postage.

It is only because this diary is manufactured in very large quantities that we are able to make this attractive offer. The Five-Year Diary needs only a few minutes of your time each day and it will store up for you five years of your life. The most interesting book in the world is the book you yourself can write. With this diary you may begin any day, any year. It contains ample space for entries every day for five years. The diary is handsomely bound in English morocco, stamped in gold. The page edges are also finished in gold. Size  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Choice of red, blue, maroon or black.

### Sterling Silver Perfumette



The Silver Perfumette given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

This intriguing little perfume container, measuring  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches high, is a most useful accessory for your handbag or pocket-book. It is tiny enough to fit in a very small space yet it will contain enough perfume for several days. Made of sterling silver, with hammered design and central panel upon which we will engrave an Old English initial free. Has screw top and attached dropper. A charming gift.

### Boudoir Lamp

The Boudoir Lamp will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 31 cents for postage and packing.



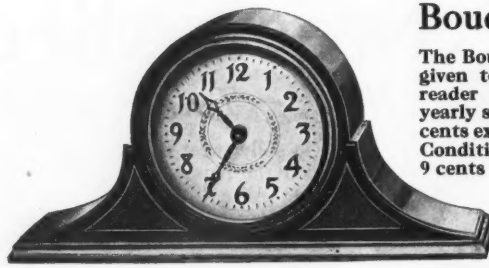
Truly in harmony with the dainty boudoir is this artistic lamp with its quaint Colonial figures in porcelain. The porcelain standard supports a brass lamp fixture. Shade is of rose silk, prettily fashioned with gilt braid. The delicate coloring on the figures harmonizes with the soft tone of the translucent shade. Equipped with two-piece electric plug and silk-covered cord.



### Sterling Silver Bar Pin

The Silver Bar Pin will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 5 cents for postage and packing.

This lovely bar pin is made of sterling silver in a platinum finish effect. Mounted with sapphire-colored stone, beautifully cut and polished. The leaf design is finely engraved and set with white stone brilliants. Equipped with safety catch to prevent loss. Must be seen to be fully appreciated.

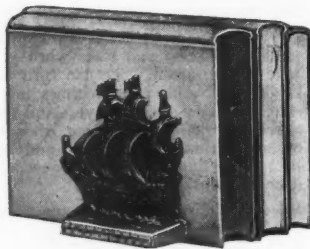


### Boudoir Clock

The Boudoir Clock will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 90 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cents for postage.

One of the most graceful members of the True Time Teller family is this boudoir clock in the pleasing tambour shape. This clock has a 40-hour movement of the reliable "New Haven" make,

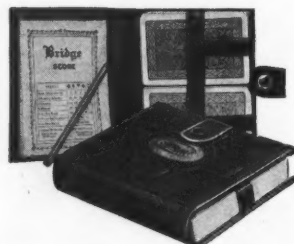
with two-inch silver-finished dial, large readable numerals and Krack-Proof crystal. The case is of Havenite in mahogany finish. Height  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches, width  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. A splendid time-keeper for any room.



### Ship Book Ends

The Book Ends will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

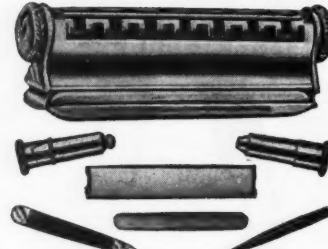
Booklovers will appreciate this sturdy pair of book ends, made to support several books in daily use on desk or table. These book ends are cast from metal in the shape of Spanish galleons, and are finished in an attractive bronze. The bases are covered with brown felt to prevent scratching. They are  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches high and 4 inches across the base. Form a very desirable ornament.



### Bridge Set

The Bridge Set will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 15 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 10 cts. for postage and packing.

Two packs of high-grade playing cards with backs printed in contrasting colors in a pleasing design; renewable score-pad giving the latest bridge rules and pencil make up this attractive bridge set. The set is contained in a case of Dupont Fabrikoid, handsomely embossed and stamped with gold seal. The two packs of cards fit snugly into two pockets while a metal snap fastener keeps everything compact until ready for play. The bridge set comes in several color combinations: Ivory and White; Brown and Gold; Blue and Silver; Purple and Gold. State choice when ordering. This set should be a popular selection for gift purposes.



### "Eversmart" Manicure Compact

The Manicure Compact will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. Add 4 cts. for postage and packing.

A fortunate purchase permits us to offer this unusual value. The "Eversmart" is just what its name indicates—the most complete and ingenious manicure compact imaginable, equipped with everything needed for the proper care of the nails. Under three inches in length, it takes less space in a bag than a powder compact. Yet its presence assures well-groomed nails at all times without the necessity for carrying cumbersome manicure articles loose in the bag. The case is silver-filled with an engraved Grecian design. Parts include buffer, nail file, emery board, manicure stick and containers with powder and cotton.



### Silk Bed Light

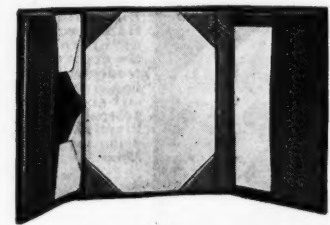
The Bed Light will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 17 cents for postage and packing.

This lovely electric bed light will not only prove a great convenience but will also add an attractive touch of color to the boudoir. It is made of rose silk on a heavy wire frame trimmed with silk and fancy braid. The light is fitted with a brass electric light socket and gold silk-covered connecting cord. Measures  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide by 4 inches deep. Electric bulb not included.

### Three Novelty Pins

The Set of Novelty Dress Pins will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 7 cents for postage and packing.

This interesting set of novelty pins made of nickel silver, hand engraved and mounted with imitation ruby stones, will appeal to our girl readers who wish a frequent change in pins. The set we offer includes elephant, dog and cat designs. These novelty pins may also be used as hat ornaments, or as brooch pins for dress or coat.



### Writing Portfolio

The Writing Portfolio will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

This rigid stationery portfolio is covered with finely grained fabric leather. It has three sections and opens into a very practical writing desk. The central section, in which a blotter is held by four triangular corners, serves as the desk. In the right-hand compartment there is a quire of fine quality imported parchment-type paper in a popular size double sheet. In the left-hand compartment is a quire of envelopes to match, each lined with silk tissue of a contrasting color. Very compact and convenient for home or school use or when traveling. Choice of buff, blue or gray in both stationery and portfolio.

### Desk Clock

The Desk Clock will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 35 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 10 cts. for postage and packing.

This lovely little Desk Clock is one of the finest of the new designs. Its dainty size,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches high by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches wide, appeals to all who see it. Has oval dial in gold with clear, readable numerals, artistic hands and non-breakable Krack-Proof crystal. Fitted with dependable New Haven one-day movement. The case is of colorful red Havenite in a lucky horse-shoe design. Equally suitable for desk or boudoir and just the right size to take along when traveling.



### Sterling Silver Brooch

The Silver Brooch will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 5 cents for postage and packing.

A complement to the bar pin and one equally attractive is this sterling silver brooch in a crescent shape with attractive leaf design to match. This brooch is finely engraved and mounted with 24 white stone brilliants. Finished in the popular platinum effect and equipped with safety catch.



### Florentine Jewel Box

The Jewel Box will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

This lovely trinket or jewel box is more than a useful article for the dressing table; it is a delightful ornament as well. The box is made of real leather beautifully hand-tooled. The design on the cover is a fine example of genuine Florentine work in gold and colors. Inside of box has moire lining. Measures  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter.

Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!



# Omar

# Pearls

**O**MAR PEARLS come to you with the mystery and magic of the Orient, weaving a spell of magnetic charm which makes the wearer irresistible. Each pearl in these rare necklaces is a perfect gem, exquisitely matched and graduated to make every strand an adornment of incomparable beauty. Omar Pearls are treasured in the most exclusive stores and sought by those who love their silvery sheen. They have a fire and orient equaled only by the deep sea gems. We could offer nothing finer.

**A**LADDIN'S magic casket contained no lovelier necklaces than these fine strands of Omar Pearls. The pearls in these necklaces are perfectly matched, practically indestructible and will retain their luster and color indefinitely. They are washable in soap and water. The 60-inch necklace (No. 1), illustrated below, is strongly strung with hand-tied knot between each pearl. **Given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cts. extra. Add 7 cts. for postage, etc.**

**No. 2.** For evening wear, when you would look your best, choose this lovely 24-inch Omar Necklace with its sterling silver clasp. **Given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.**

**No. 3.** Another popular size is the 18-inch Omar Necklace of finely graduated pearls with a safety clasp of sterling silver. **Given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Conditions, page 578.**

**No. 4.** Fashion chooses and good taste demands the charming combination of pearls and cut crystals in this 15-inch necklace. **Given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. Add 5 cts. for postage and packing.**

**No. 5.** This necklace by Omar is made in the very popular choker size, 15 inches long. With sterling silver safety clasp. **Given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid.**



The charming jewel box shown above is not included with any one of the Omar necklaces but may be obtained, if ordered with Omar pearls, for 75 cents extra. Makes a very attractive receptacle for your pearls.

Especially suitable for presentation is the jewel box shown above. Made of imitation leather, dark blue with stamped gold design. Satin lined. Size 4 3/4 x 5 1/2 inches. Included for 75 cents extra if ordered with Omar Pearls.

## Initial or Emblem Ring

**No. 6.** The Initial or Emblem Ring given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

This ring has been chosen from a wide selection to meet the demand for a really attractive lodge, fraternity or initial ring. The ring is of sterling silver beautifully embossed in an original design. It is set with a fine imitation black Onyx, in the center of which we will mount your initial or lodge emblem without charge. When ordering state size ring desired.



## Birthstone Rings

**No. 7.** Choice of any Birthstone Ring will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

It is said that luck is sure to follow you if you wear a stone representing your birth month. For instance, to those born in January, the Garnet brings constancy and true friendship; to those born in February, the Amethyst brings sincerity and peace of mind, and so on throughout the year. These rings are sterling silver, platinum effect,

**How to Order Rings.** Place a strip of paper round the finger, carefully marking the exact measurement. Then place this strip on the diagram above with one end at A. The figure nearest the other end shows the correct size.

with fine quality imitation stones. You may take your choice of the following:

January.....Garnet	July.....Ruby
February.....Amethyst	August.....Sardonyx
March.....Bloodstone	September.....Sapphire
April.....Diamond	October.....Opal
May.....Emerald	November.....Topaz
June.....Agate	December.....Turquoise

## Amethyst and Pearl Ring

**No. 8.** The Amethyst and Pearl Ring given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

The charming combination of amethyst and pearls in this ring is one that will appeal to many of our readers. The ring is made of sterling silver in platinum effect with the shank finely pierced in the latest filigree design. Mounted with finely cut amethyst-colored stone surrounded with 24 best quality indestructible pearls. State size when ordering.

## Intriguing New Necklaces

### Pearl and Jade Necklace

The Pearl and Jade Necklace will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

A more fascinating combination than pearl and jade could not be found for a necklace that boasts the latest in style and the smartest in design. This necklace is the newest importation, made of flat pearl beads alternated with four-sided jade beads. Has strong ring clasp.

### Cut Crystal Necklace

The Cut Crystal Necklace will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

Expensive stores declare this necklace a beauty. It is strung from finely cut white crystal beads carefully selected and graduated with brilliantly polished facets. The necklace is in keeping with the latest modern styles. The ring clasp is of sterling silver. Choker size.

### Clover Leaf Necklace

The Clover Leaf Necklace will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

A lucky four-leaf clover is the basic design beneath the translucent surface of the delicately mottled pink beads comprised in this necklace. The beads are graduated in size, the smaller ones tapering to a strong ring clasp. Choker size, 15 inches long.

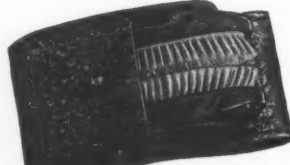
### Real Amber Necklace

The Amber Necklace will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. Add 5 cts. for postage and packing.

Genuine amber beads, because of their glowing color and unusually light weight, appeal particularly to those who object to heavier necklaces. This 15-inch amber strand is made from carefully chosen amber beads, finely cut and fitted with concealed screw fastening.



**Start your Search today for the KEY to the TREASURE!**



### Military Hair Brushes

The Hair Brushes given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cts. for postage.

A handsome and useful gift for any man or boy. The firm, white bristles, set in an aluminum base, will not absorb water, oil or dust, a feature that makes the brushes easy to keep clean. Brushes are full military style with solid ebony-finish backs. The set includes two brushes in an attractive Keratol case. Splendid quality throughout.

### Rayon Square Scarf

The Rayon Scarf will be given to any Companion reader for securing one subscription and 40 cts. extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 3 cts. for postage.

Nothing could be more appropriate than this handsome scarf of Dupont double-extra super rayon for men and boys. Smartness and style are woven into every inch of its silky texture. It is washable and reversible, two features which make it particularly serviceable. This is the newest thing in scarfs and should be popular among the younger set. Comes with gray center and contrasting borders of blue, red or Nile; also in overplaid. State choice when ordering. In generous size 33 inches square. A very desirable gift.



No. 51 **Madeline E. Pec**

No. 52 **GEORGE L. ARMST**

### Two Sets of Calling Cards and Case

Two sets each, containing 100 Calling Cards and Case, will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 10 cts. for postage and packing.

Nothing creates a better impression than your own printed calling card. Our offer includes two sets of 100 cards and case each, printed with any two names you may desire. Cards are fine quality and come in compact carrying case of black imitation leather with an ingenious arrangement that holds cards firmly in place. Size of cards  $1\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$  inches. You may select either Old English (No. 51) or Engraver's Gothic (No. 52) type.



### Leather Photograph Case

The Photograph Case will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

This dainty little carrying case of genuine calfskin will accommodate two photographs,  $2 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The case is beautifully tooled with an intricate gold design and contains celluloid protecting strips to keep photographs clean. Size when open  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

## Griest Super Lamp

Stands, Hangs,  
Clamps



Anywhere  
at any  
angle

The Griest Lamp will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 75 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. for postage.

This popular lamp may be adapted to many uses, not only in the home but also in office and workshop. You may use it as a table lamp, or clamp it firmly to your chair, bed-post, or to any other convenient place you choose. Its unique construction makes it possible to tilt the light socket at any desired angle, giving you light from the exact direction you prefer. The base and shade are artistically designed, well-made and beautifully finished. The Super Lamp is made of decorated brass and stands  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches high. It is complete with 8-foot cord and two-piece plug. Light bulb is not included.

### Three-Piece Toilet Set

The Toilet Set will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription and 35 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 15 cents for postage.

An ideal set for the dressing-table of the girl or woman who likes the best. This Toilet Set consists of a beveled French glass hand-mirror  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, a "Keep-clean" hairbrush with solid back and quality bristles deeply set through untarnishable aluminum in an antiseptic cement, and a white celluloid comb. The brush and mirror are finished in ivory white.



### Three-Piece Scissors Set

The Scissors Set will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription, postpaid. See Premium Conditions, page 578.

Three pairs of finely nicked, highly polished, imported scissors of varying sizes, comprise this set, which will delight any woman. This useful set should be in the sewing-room of every home. Each pair of scissors is set in a separate pocket of well-made, plush-lined leatherette case with nicked snap lock. The scissors are of excellent quality, being forged from solid steel, and have cutting edges which will retain their sharpness during extensive use. Sizes are  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and 5 inches.



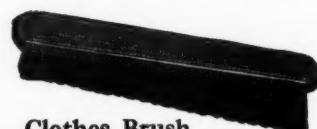
With  
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### Hot-Water Bottle

One of the most practical of household accessories is this "Palco" Hot-Water Bottle. Made of hard sheet aluminum, this bottle will stay hot for a period of twelve hours. The "Palco" Bottle is practically indestructible. It never leaks. Cannot be punctured by careless handling. It is guaranteed for five years but usually lasts a lifetime. A soft flannel bag is furnished with each bottle. Capacity 2 pints.



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### Clothes Brush

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A new idea in clothes brushes that is bound to be a popular selection. The heavy walrus-grained cowhide back is pliable and comfortable to hold. Fitted with fine black bristles that pick off dust and other dirt even from the most clinging of materials. The bristles are graduated in size giving an added ease to brushing. Brush measures  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches long by 2 inches wide. Suitable for traveling bag or dresser.

### "Country Club" Shirt

The "Country Club" Shirt will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cts. for postage.

The "feel" and appearance of genuine broadcloth with its soft, silky texture, make it one of the most popular materials for shirts. The "Country Club" is a full count broadcloth shirt with a seven-button front. The buttons are made of ocean pearl. This shirt is splendidly tailored with attached soft collar and the new style cuffs. It is roomy and comfortable, two qualities which will appeal especially to those who seek more than appearance in a shirt. Launderers well and will give entire satisfaction.



### Ulite Lamp

21 Candle-Power

The Ulite Lamp will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 10 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 9 cts. for postage.

This indispensable accessory for the autoist provides a handy light for any part of the car. Easily operated by attaching one clip to a live wire and the other to a metal part. The electro-magnetic base of the lamp will cling to the metal surface of any part of the car, making it ideal for locating trouble, greasing, changing tires, etc. Lamp has 12 feet of cord with a bulb inclosed in metal frame for protection. A transparent red shield enables the lamp to be used as emergency tail light. Equally useful as a parking, step or garage light.



### Dimity Bed Spread

The Dimity Spread will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 70 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. for postage.



This crinkled Dimity Spread, with its air of old Colonial days, is a great household favorite; always in good taste, simple yet dainty and especially durable. Woven of two-ply cotton yarns, cream color, with fast color rippette stripes and scalloped edges. Its fresh loveliness is easily renewed for it washes well and requires no ironing. This one-piece, seamless spread comes in generous size  $81 \times 105$  inches. When ordering state choice of rose, blue or gold stripes.

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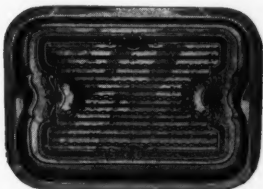




### Electric Coffee Percolator

The Coffee Percolator will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and \$1.00 extra. Add 21 cts. for postage.

"Percolated" coffee is the favorite today among coffee drinkers, not only because of its superior flavor but also because it is so easily and quickly made. We offer a six-cup, paneled and nickeled coffee percolator, equipped with a genuine Empire electric heating unit designed for hard, every-day use. Made of heavy gauge aluminum. Complete with connecting cord and two-piece plug. Suitable for 110-volt current.



### English Serving Tray

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The spirit of Old English hospitality lives again in this fine, nickeled serving tray, the design of which is copied from a handsome old Sheffield pattern. Such a tray as this brings a real distinction to the possessor. The tray is highly polished, has rounded edges and strong, indented handles, and measures 12 x 16 inches. It is imported from England.

### Tick-Tock Alarm Clock



The Alarm Clock will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 60 cts. extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 19 cts. for postage and packing.

This new member of the True Time Teller family will be a faithful friend. Day in and day out its readable hands and dial will tell you the correct time. Set for any hour, its cheery and persistent ring will awaken you from the deepest slumber. The clock has a high-grade 40-hour movement. The case, finished in an attractive shade of green, is octagonal in shape and stands on a substantial base. Fitted with concave, Krack-Proof crystal. Height 4½ inches.

### "De Luxe" Food Chopper

Will be given to any Companion reader for one yearly subscription and 20 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 27 cts. for postage.

This food chopper solves the problem of what to do with left-over food and helps to make it dainty and appetizing. Is heavily tinned and will last indefinitely. A simple adjustment gives fine, medium or coarse grinding without removing cutting disks. Comes apart easily for cleaning. Hopper measures 3 x 3½ inches.



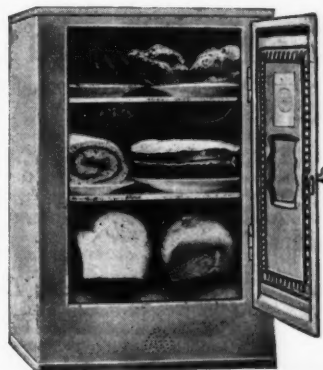
### Stainless Knives and Forks

Choice of Six Dinner Knives or Six Dinner Forks will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 55 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 10 cts. for postage and packing.

These knives and forks will make a most serviceable addition to your table-

ware. They are made of stainless steel which remains bright and free from rust and is not affected by fruit or acid stains. No scouring is needed in washing. Simply rinse with soap and hot water. The knives have keen cutting edges and may be sharpened like ordinary steel knives. Fitted with attractive Ivoryoid cream-white handles, firmly cemented to give long wear.

### Bread and Cake Cabinet



The Bread and Cake Cabinet will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 69 cts. for postage, or shipped express collect.

This cabinet will preserve the freshness of your bread and it will keep cakes, pies, cookies and biscuits in an appetizing condition for many days. The two shelves in the cabinet can be removed easily for cleaning, or the whole cabinet taken apart and put together again in a few minutes. It is made of galvanized steel, aluminum finish, and measures 20 inches high, 13¼ inches wide and 11 inches deep.

### Colonial Aluminum Ware



The Coffee Percolator, 2-quart size, will be given to any Companion reader for one subscription. Add 15 cents for postage.

Five-Quart Tea Kettle given for one subscription and 15 cents extra. Add 21 cents for postage.

Two-Quart Double Boiler given for one subscription. Add 22 cents for postage and packing.

Six-Quart Colonial Convex Kettle given for one subscription, postpaid.

When kitchen utensils are to be selected the modern housewife naturally prefers shining aluminum which, unlike enamel ware, is free from flaking. Aluminum is also easy to keep clean, light to handle and built to give long wear. We offer the four useful utensils pictured above, substantially made and beautifully finished in a fine Colonial pattern. The colored handles, now fitted to this ware, are a new feature which will delight the possessor. When ordering state your choice of green or red handles.



### Electric Table Toaster

The Electric Toaster will be given to any Companion reader for securing one yearly subscription and 10 cents extra. See Premium Conditions, page 578. Add 21 cts. for postage.

Make delicious toast easily and quickly at your breakfast table by connecting this toaster to your electric light socket. The heating element is so arranged that the bread browns evenly. Racks will hold two pieces at one time and will take any size slice. The toaster is attractively finished in nickel plate with ebonized handles and is equipped with two-piece attachment plug and cord. Operates on 110-volt current.



### Electric Table Stove

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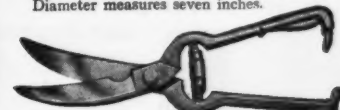
This handy electric stove is admirably adapted for light cooking or as an accessory to a larger stove. May be used for making toast, frying, boiling, etc. Its round, open-coil electric burner gives quick results. Size of stove 8¼ x 8¼ x 5 inches. Has the green finish now so popular for kitchen equipment and comes complete with connecting cord and two-piece separable plug.



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Here is a most attractive and useful addition to your table service. The rose-colored glass tray is divided into three compartments, allowing three different relishes to be served at one time. The frame has a richly engraved and pierced design and is beautifully finished in nickel with a high polish. The glass tray may be removed easily for cleaning. Diameter measures seven inches.



### Poultry Shears

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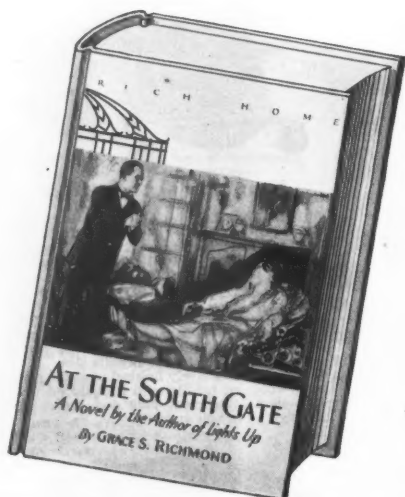
The latest accessory for the modern table is this pair of poultry shears which takes the place of the old-fashioned carving knife, bringing a new ease to the serving of chicken and other poultry. These shears have strong steel blades with saw-tooth cutting edges. Fitted with finely tempered coil spring and latch to keep shears closed when not in use. Nickel plated and polished.

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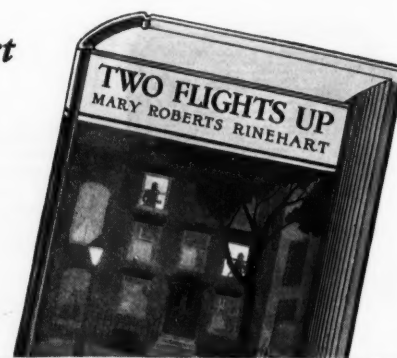
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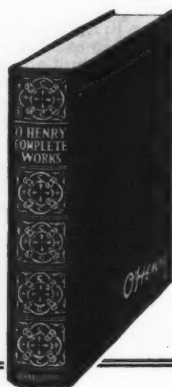
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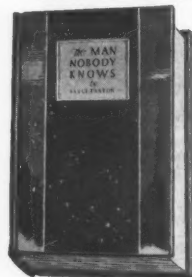
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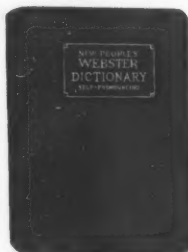
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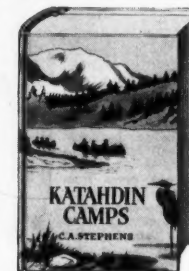


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## RED PLUME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 573]

"Best horse in the country," Jake returned, straightening up. "That's old Duroc, Doc Beveridge's loco horse. Never heard of him, I suppose?" he continued, observing that his statement had failed to make a startling impression. "Well, that's because you are a newcomer. Everybody else knows him better than their neighbors."

Jake fished a lump of sugar out of his pocket and gave it to the horse, then stood stroking the black muzzle affectionately while the animal munched his offering.

If you had lived here about ten or twelve years ago (continued Jake), when Doc Beveridge and Duroc were both young—and partners, I might mention,—you wouldn't need any telling about either of them. Doc had just come to this town from a city hospital, knowing a heap of things about medicine—a whole lot more than he does now, he says. He was big and husky and good-natured, and everybody liked him. So pretty soon he was doing the biggest practice in the place. He's been doing it ever since.

Of course he had to have a horse to drive, after things began rolling his way, although for a while he used to get rigs at Bill Barrett's livery stable. But that wasn't very satisfactory after he really got started. So he told Bill to keep a sharp lookout for a suitable horse and buy him the minute he spotted him.

There wasn't any doubt in Doc's mind about the kind of horse he wanted. He and Bill didn't agree exactly about that. Bill wanted him to get a good, strong, reliable family horse. But that wasn't Doc's idea. The "good" and "strong" part was all right, but the "reliable family horse" part didn't fit in with Doc's notion.

"Get me a man's horse," he told Bill; "one of the kind that comes into town as if he meant it, with head up, and picking up his feet—not the kind of a horse that will stand without hitching or that a schoolma'am can drive, but a man's horse."

"All right," says Bill; "I get y'u."

At that time this State of Iowa was raising a lot of good horses. But every horse-buyer in the country knew it, and every first-class driving horse was snapped up and shipped east to the cities. So Bill had to hunt some time before he got track of anything that he thought would suit.

But one day he rushes up to Doc's office as excited as a school girl. He'd found a horse for Doc to look at. Doc's office was full of patients at the time, waiting their turn. But just the same he and Bill ducked out of a side door to see the new prospect, regardless.

He was some horse, too, let me tell you—a big bay, about 1100 weight, standing there with head up and neck curved, hitched to a lumber wagon with a sober old black mare. The owner, whoever he was, was away at the stores, but Bill and the doctor proceeded to look the horse over, Bill hunting for blemishes, while Doc sized up general appearances.

As Bill didn't find any blemishes, and as Doc liked appearances, they just piled into the lumber wagon and started for a ride all of their own, owner or no owner. The old mare that was hitched in with the young horse was steady as a clock, but a good footer; and the way that young horse curved his neck, picked up his feet and jerked that wagon around the town was worth while.

He had one trick that made Bill suspicious. Every once in a while he would hump up sudden, as if he was going to jump out of his skin, or kick off the dashboard. But that was all he did—just hump up for a minute. And he didn't put his ears back even when he humped. That was what settled it with Bill—his ears.

"Any horse that don't put his ears back," says Bill, "won't kick." And Doc said the only thing he barred was a kicking horse; scary horses or runaway horses didn't matter; he could ride as fast as they'd haul.

Well, they drove all over town—up to a train of cars, past a steam roller, and right into the shed of a planing-mill—and never so much as the bat of an eye from that young horse, except that little humping up all of a sudden for a minute. So by the time they got back to the hitching place again Doc had decided to buy that horse, regardless.

And buy him he did, right then and there, without even trying him out single—and paid about three prices for him, as horses was going at that time. For the owner, a "Norsk" from up-country, saw that Doc was ripe for picking, and even Bill couldn't head him off.

Doc didn't have time for any more experiments that night. But the next morning bright and early he hooks into his buggy and starts out to make his calls, holding his head at about the same angle as the new horse, high up and back.

But half an hour later he pulls up to the barn, riding in a delivery wagon, leading Duroc behind with nothing on but the bridle.

"What's happened?" inquired Bill, with eyes popping.

"Happened?" says Doc. "Happened? Why, we ran over a piece of brush about two inches square, and after Duroc had taken three dives ahead and straight up the buggy and I were sitting more or less on Jim Thompson's fence, with the blamed horse half a block down the road trailing what was left of the shafts and harness alongside."

"How'd you catch him?" asked Bill.

"That's what beats me," said Doc. "Just as soon as he finds himself loose from the buggy and free to run across the state, he stops, turns around, and comes back to me, all of a tremble and breathing hard, and walks right up to me and puts his nose out for sympathy, just as much as to say, 'Lord, mister, wasn't it awful?' And that's the way he's been ever since—following me around like a dog with his feelings hurt, just looking for sympathy. What do you suppose ails him, anyhow?"

Bill just grins to himself. "Nothin' ailed the horse," says he, wise-like. "It's the driver that's ailed. Bring him into the barn and we'll hook on to another buggy, and I'll drive him around."

So they hooks up and drives away, Bill looking wise, but keeping a good grip on the lines. All over town and out into the country, and not a rattle, Bill getting more and more confident every minute. When they'd stop at a house Duroc would stand like a wooden horse; and between calls he'd burn up the road for the sheer fun of jerking the buggy along.

By the time they'd headed for home their hearts were beating regular again, and Bill was just explaining that "good horses have to be drove, you see," when they ran over a piece of lath that broke with a snap. Then Bill turns a circus flip-flop head first in the road, Doc kicks the dashboard off, slides out across the only shaft that's left and settles into the gutter under the high front wheel, while Duroc streaks down the road. But in ten rods he stops, snorting and shivering, turns around, and comes tiptoeing back, looking for sympathy, and rubs his nose against Bill, still sitting there in the dirt with his mouth open.

"Well, can you beat that?" says Bill, when he gets his breath. And then he begins to laugh. "He sure ain't no family horse for women, Doc," says he.

Well, they gathered up the remains, hails a farmer coming into town, and comes riding in, trailing Duroc behind. Doc is so plumb mad by this time that he says to Bill, "Don't lead the brute; let him run loose, and perhaps some fellow will shoot him for a wild animal."

But Duroc don't have to be led. He just sticks right close to the tailboard, pricking up his ears and nosing Doc's back, the meekest, gentlest thing that ever wore hoofs.

That was two buggies smashed in one morning. So in the afternoon Doc drives a livery team, while Bill hooks to a two-wheeled breaking-cart and goes out to do a little horse-breaking—to get killed, Doc tells him. But Bill isn't afraid of anything that's hitched ahead of a breaking-cart.

First he drove down to a place where the sports are shooting clay pigeons, just to start things up. Nothing happens. Duroc likes to hear the guns banging all around him and enjoys the smell of gunpowder. Then they met a feller in the road leading a performing bear, and Bill braces himself for fireworks, for no horse will stand a bear, you know. But Duroc just cocks his ears and pokes out his nose, thinking the bear is some new kind of overgrown dog, and a friend of his.

They drives out to the slaughterhouse, down to the depot, and right up to a traction engine plugging along the road, and Duroc just enjoys it all in a quiet, ladylike way. In fact, Bill tries everything he can think of that ought to scare a horse—and nary a scare.

But whenever they hits a little piece of brush, or anything that cracks—zip! away goes Doc down the road for about ten jumps, and then pulls up quivering and snorting, with Bill hanging on and using bad language. The horse is plumb loco on that one subject—anything that crackles when a wheel hits it. And nothing else touches him, so far as Bill can find.

"Oh, if that's all that ails him," says Doc, "I'll soon take it out of him." And he goes down to the harness shop and buys the toughest blacksnake whip he can get. "The way to take cussedness out of a horse or a man is to lick it out," says Doc.

So he starts down the road in his breaking-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 592]

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Dealer's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_

*Parents say OK*

## RED PLUME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 591]

cart, carrying the blacksnake all ready for action, and headed for the country where he will have a good open chance. There's blood in his eye, for Doc isn't the kind of a man to be beaten by horse or human. And I suppose that string of broken buggies and ripped-up harnesses didn't make him any pleasanter about his new horse's peculiarities.

But right in the edge of town, before he'd had any occasion to use his blacksnake, he meets old John Morse driving along in a sulky, exercising one of his new pacers. John knows more about horses than any man in northern Iowa; and John and Doc are great friends.

WHEN John sees Doc turn the corner in the breaking-cart and carrying the blacksnake, he takes in the whole thing at one squint. He's heard all about Duroc—everybody in town has. So he turns out beside the road and stops, and Doc comes along and pulls up.

"How's the horse?" John asks, naturally enough.

"Fine," says Doc, holding up the blacksnake for inspection. "He's a fine horse, with only just one fault. All he lacks is having this whip worn out on him—and he's going to start doing that just whenever the spirit, or some fool stick in the road, moves him."

Old John, as I say, knows horse flesh from ear to hoof. He also knows something about humans. And he knows that Doc Beveridge, mad as a hornet over his horse deal, is a blamed sight harder to handle than Duroc—unless you go at it just right. But he likes Doc, and he knows that Duroc is a real horse, and he doesn't want to see either of them get killed or spoiled. So he opens up diplomatically and easy-like.

"Got that horse from Ole Norgard, didn't you, Doc?" he asks.

Doc admits that he did. And he adds some remarks about Ole, and Ole's ancestry, that wouldn't have been complimentary even in Norwegian.

That's the very line of talk John's fishing for. And he opens up on Ole, too, and agrees that that particular "Scandihovian" is hardly fit to raise hogs, let alone good horses—although he raises both. Pretty soon Doc gets confidential and tells all about the trouble Duroc has made; and John listens just as if he doesn't know all about it, as he does.

Well, to wind up, Doc gets out and holds John's pacer, while John takes Duroc for a little turn down the road. When he comes back he gets out, goes around and rubs Roc's nose, gives him a lump of sugar, and then says what he's been leading up to all along.

"Doc," he says, "do you know what ails that horse? He's been licked and abused and scared in some way till he's plumb loco. But he's affectionate as a dog, and the best piece of horse flesh I've laid eyes on in years. Once you get him broken—that is, get his confidence so that he ain't afraid of things—he'll do anything for you. But there's just one way to do it. Talk to him gentle—explain things to him like he was a man, pet him, and give him sugar when you're around him. But don't lick him. He's had too much lickin' now."

And so when John starts for town again he's carrying the brand-new blacksnake sticking out behind his sulky, and Doc is going the other way, talking to Duroc as if he was a human.

The first time they hit some brush, away goes Roc just as before. But Doc just talks and pulls till he gets him down, and then he jumps out, pats him and rubs his nose and leads him back over the brush again. And when Roc doubles up for a jump he rubs his nose and talks foolish talk to him like he was a scared kid.

That's about all Doc does for the next month when he ain't practicing medicine. But by the end of that time he has a real horse, sure enough. That horse can travel more miles in less time than any horse in the country, and do it oftener. And he isn't afraid of anything, apparently—that is, when Doc is driving him. And when he isn't in the harness he'll follow Doc around like a dog—followed him up the court house steps once, and right into the sheriff's office, because the sheriff kidded Doc about his "loco horse."

But, for all that, he's still scared to death when the wheel hits anything in the road. He can't get over it. He'd squat down, and quiver, and get ready to jump, until Doc spoke. And then he'd straighten up, get a grip on his nerves, and trot off steady as a church. You see, he depended on Doc's brain to do the thinking for him. Anything that Doc said was all right was all right. And perhaps Doc wasn't proud of him!

BUT what cinched the thing most, I guess, was the long night drives they took together. It's a pretty lonesome and ticklish job riding all night over the cow-path roads we

had here then. The man and the horse that takes him through get pretty close together. And Duroc was sure a good night horse. For, curious thing, he never would make a bad move in the dark, even on the first.

You know what these valley roads are when a hard rain comes—wooden bridges washed out, banks cut through, and the road hub-deep or more in water. That's the way it is when there's a hard rain. But when a cloudburst comes along—well, there isn't any road or anything else left after that.

It's just ten years ago this month that the biggest cloudburst we ever had struck us. And it came about two hours before daylight. Doc had been driving Duroc for three years then; and when the cloud burst he was right down in the valley driving toward home.

First thing Doc knows there's a roar and a crash, and Duroc is splashing along knee-deep in water trying to keep the road, with barrels of rain pouring out of the sky on them, and trees and rocks ripping down the side hills. The next thing old Duroc disappears over his head into a hole where a bridge had been two minutes before, the buggy flops over and goes into the creek, while Doc spills out head first on the other side.

It all happened in a minute. And Doc finds himself in the water hanging on for dear life to a bush, with everything in a roar and smashing by him. He's stunned a little, but he manages to hang on until the worst of the thing is over, for those torrents spend themselves in no time in these steep hills. Then he starts to pull himself out. But he can't make it. One of his legs kicks about in the water right enough, but the other curls off to the side and won't move. The bone's snapped just above the knee.

The bank is only a foot above Doc's head, and he can reach it with one hand. But it's soft and mushy, and with his broken leg he's about helpless. Finally he has to give it up, and just hangs on to the bush and counts the minutes that he's got to live until his grip gives out and he washes down the gulch.

Of course he yells for help, knowing that the nearest house is half a mile away, and he has about as much chance of being heard as a cricket. But he keeps yelling all the same, his voice getting weaker and weaker, for the current is washing him like a mill race, and ice cold.

And then, all of a sudden, he hears a little snort on the bank just over his head. Next he sees the outline of a horse's nose against the sky and hears a little whinny. And there is old Duroc, stretching his nose out toward him, stripped of everything but the bridle, and quivering like a leaf, but telling Doc in horse talk that he's standing by.

Just what Doc and that loco horse said to each other then I don't know. But Roc stretched his head down over the bank right close to Doc's hand. Doc's so weak and cold by this time that he's afraid to let go of the bush with either hand, for fear of being washed downstream. But Roc stands there; and pretty soon Doc takes a chance, and manages to slip his stiff fingers through the bit ring. The next minute he's lying in the mud on the bank, with Duroc nosing his face and wondering why he doesn't say something, or get up and go home.

That's the way Jim Coogan found them next morning—Doc lying limp in the mud, with Duroc's nose right against his face.

IT was two weeks later when Doc sent for me. He was propped up in his bed with his leg in a long box, and a weight dangling over the footboard. And he certainly looked like a cyclone victim. But he grinned and stuck out his hand, and got right down to business.

"Jake," he says, "Bill Barrett tells me you've got the best pasture lot in this country," says he. "Well, I want to rent it on a twenty-year lease. And I want you to take old Duroc out there and give him the run of the lot, and the run of the barn. And see that he gets all the oats that's good for him."

"All right, Doc," I says. "But why twenty years? You'll be out in another month."

"Me?" says he. "Me! Sure I will. But Duroc won't. He's never going to be hitched to a buggy again. He's just as much afraid of little sticks in the road now as he ever was—he's scared to death every minute, and he can't help it. But he's earned a chance to enjoy life, and he's going to do it. I'll come to see him often when I get up, Jake," he says, "but I'll come in the new auto I've sent for."

Then he sort o' swallows something in his throat and looks out of the window for a minute or two.

"That horse has come near killing me a hundred times, Jake," he says. "But he isn't to blame for it any more than a loco man is to



blame. He'll do anything for me; but it's torture for him every minute that's he hitched to a buggy."

Then he looks out of the window again and says, sort o' to himself:

"You know I wouldn't be here now, Jake, if it hadn't been for the old loco horse. And I'm going to show him that I appreciate it."

#### CHAPTER FOUR

#### A Prairie Blizzard

IT was the evening of the nineteenth day. Tomorrow Sergeant Macleod, acting as chief surgeon pro tem., had promised to cut the splint and dressing from Dick's wounded leg. There was no mistaking the date—the boy had counted the hours, let alone the days. And, with the day of emancipation so close at hand, he was in high spirits. It was not necessary tonight for anyone to tell stories. Indeed, the boy himself was now the entertainer instead of the entertained.

As usual, the wind was howling up the chimney, and a blizzard brewing. "Did any of you fellows ever see or feel a prairie blizzard?" the boy asked, after listening to an unusually hard shriek of the wind.

The men shook their heads; they had never had that pleasure. "Well, then," Dick pursued, "you have really missed something. My father has told me often of two of his neighbors' boys who were caught out in one of those storms. I'll tell it to you as near as I can, if you'd like."

"Go ahead, we're all listening," Sergeant Macleod assured him.

"Father had a book with this very story printed in it," Dick explained. "And the school-teacher who lived at our house learned it by heart and spoke it at one of the meetings. I heard him go over and over it in his room, and I learned part of it. This is the way it went."

THE afternoon sun, settling toward the flat horizon-line, shone as a fierce red disk flanked by two fiery "sundogs"—infallible harbingers of Arctic weather in that desolate, wind-swept prairie country. The peculiar red glare reflected from the surface of the boundless waste of snow served to augment, rather than lessen, the piercing cold. A solitary white jack-rabbit, hardly distinguishable in the surrounding whiteness except by its elongated, bobbing shadow, hopped about with its peculiar jerking gait, indifferent to the temperature; and a mixed company of snow buntings and Lapland longspurs scurried along before the wind just above the tops of the dead weed-stalks, chirping a cheery defiance to the cutting blasts.

On this vast, cheerless, snow-waste there appeared to be only one other moving object. This was a hobsled, drawn by a pair of diminutive prairie horses, in which two boys were racing before the cutting wind.

The smaller of the boys, a lad of twelve, drew the robe closer about him and shivered. His companion, who was driving, occasionally shouted encouragement to the horses and struck them sharply with the reins.

"Cold?" the larger boy asked presently, without turning his head.

"Yes, clean frozen," the other replied, emphasizing his statement with a shiver.

"Slap your hands and stamp your feet," his companion instructed; "we've got ten miles to go yet."

The smaller boy stamped feebly, whipped his arms across his body a few times, and then curled under the robe again, his teeth chattering.

Meanwhile the larger boy continued to shout to the horses and urge them on with slaps of the reins. His round red face had become wreathed in frost from his breath, even his eyebrows filling so fast with the white crystals that he must brush them away every few minutes.

The two bay ponies drawing the sled were blanketed all over with the white frost, while long icicles formed rapidly at their mouths and nostrils, causing them to shake and toss their heads impatiently.

The storm had come upon the boys without the slightest warning. With a suddenness characteristic of these dreaded "northers" the wind had shifted to the northwest, causing the temperature to fall forty degrees in less than that number of minutes and turning a mild winter breeze into an Arctic hurricane. Fortunately for the boys in the sled, there was no snow in the air, as the stiff crust formed by the first icy blasts of the wind held the snow-crystals in a grasp of steel.

In this great, flat prairie country the two things most dreaded by the widely scattered population were the grasshoppers in summer and the northers in winter. The insect scourge took its toll in crops; the winter storm, in human lives.

The fierceness of these storms cannot be conceived by one who has not experienced them.

Wild animals freeze stiff in the blasts when caught away from their protecting shelters. Domestic animals perish by thousands. Men have lost their way and been frozen to death in attempting to go from their barns to their houses, a distance of perhaps a hundred yards. To guard against this peril, the inhabitants connected their houses and barns by running heavy wires from one building to the other—lifelines for guiding groping hands to the protecting doorsteps in a blast so fierce that eyesight and sense of direction are lost. For, curiously enough, in this land of blizzards, houses and barns are built far apart; in mild New England they are joined under one roof.

Horses and cattle sometimes perished in their stalls when, by ill luck, a door or window in the stable had been left open at the time the storm struck. For not even the danger of losing his dearest possession—the live stock—would tempt the average farmer beyond the threshold of his warm house until the storm had spent itself.

The norther which had overtaken the two boys in the sled was relatively a mild one; and, fortunately for them, the wind was at their backs. Yet the cold penetrated every fiber like a knife, and there were still ten miles of open, treeless prairie to traverse before the nearest habitation would be reached. Back of them, only two miles away, was another house where they could have found shelter had the storm given them warning. But in the face of the wind they could not now retrace their steps.

The larger boy, slapping his arms and urging on the horses, kept himself comparatively warm. He was a native of Norway and accustomed to cold and hardship. But even he felt the peril that lurked insidiously in that frightfully penetrating, but deceptive, cold. When he blew the moisture from his lips, he noticed that the drops froze in the air with a snap, and struck the crust as little ice globules. And when he winked, his eyelashes froze together for an instant. That meant that the mercury was far below zero, and in that dry air a man could freeze a hand or a foot almost without knowing it. So the Norwegian boy kicked his feet and slapped his hands vigorously.

Occasionally he paused long enough to urge his companion to action, or ask him if he was keeping warm. At first he received some response, followed by feeble arm-whippings and stampings of the feet. But presently he noticed that the smaller boy, huddled down in his cap, his chin buried in his coat-collar, his arms folded across each other for warmth, made no response, either in words or action. The older boy nudged him with his elbow and shouted to him; then he hugged him sharply and finally shook him violently with his free arm; but all this failed to rouse him.

Instantly the Norwegian boy knew what that sleep meant; it was the stupor of one freezing. If he could not rouse the sleeper at once and induce or force him to exert himself to get warm, the boy would be beyond hope before they could reach the house, still five miles away.

In quick succession several plans suggested themselves. The lad's first impulse was to wrap his companion in his own overcoat and rush the frosted team forward, as fast as possible; but a moment's reflection showed the futility of this. The younger boy was too thoroughly chilled to be warmed by the scant covering of another overcoat. He thought, also, of cutting the traces, turning loose the horses, and making a fire of the sled; but in the gale he would probably exhaust his supply of matches without getting the fire started. And even if he did succeed, the small amount of wood furnished by the sled would hardly be sufficient to more than thaw out his companion, and then they would be left on the prairie, afoot, and worse off than before. For, aside from the few bunches of dead grass scattered about, there was no other fuel of any kind within miles.

His only alternative was to rouse the lad into action. So with a hard pull he brought the impatient horses to a walk, leaped out and stumbled along beside the sled, still holding the reins. With his free arm he pulled the stupefied boy from the seat and, supporting him against his side, attempted to make him walk. By shouting to him and jerking him violently he could get him to take a step or two, but almost immediately the lad would drop again into his lethal sleep and would have fallen but for the supporting arm.

This would never do. That stumbling gait would not quicken the slowly moving blood-streams in the boy's benumbed arteries. Nothing but violent exercise would do that.

IN his perplexity the Norwegian lad noticed a coil of rope protruding from under the seat of the sled. In that country every driver carried such a coil against emergencies that might arise out on the desolate plains. A novel idea suggested itself.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 594]



## Becomes the school's star athlete

—after learning what was keeping him off the teams

SCORE 18 to 18—with half a minute to go. It looked like a tie—when suddenly from the center of the court the ball came whizzing. The whistle blew—but too late. The ball had shot through the basket.

Final score, 20 to 18—Reddy had turned the trick again. What a hand the crowd gave him. Football, basketball, hockey, track—any game at all—the school could always count on him to win now.

Yet once this boy couldn't even make a team!

#### What makes winners?

Want to know Reddy's secret? The coach had put him wise. Told him how those colds and little ailments he was always catching had kept him off the teams. They had pulled down his vitality, killed his endurance and left him run-down.

So Reddy began taking care of his health. It was simple. Plenty of good food and sleep. Lots of exercise and fresh air. And above all else, he kept well by guarding against disease germs.

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## RED PLUME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 593]

Stopping the team, he tied one end of the rope under the arms and around the body of the half-conscious boy, making the other end fast to one of the rings on the upright stake of the sled. Then he sprang into the seat, leaving his companion lying in the road, and started the horses, holding them to a walk for a few steps until the rope tightened and the inanimate body began dragging along the snow-crust. Watching over his shoulder, letting the team have its head, but carefully controlling the speed, he brought the horses into a brisk trot, the apparently lifeless thing at the end of the rope jolting about on the uneven places with limp, flapping arms and legs. Eagerly he watched for some sign of returning consciousness, stamping his feet and whipping first one hand and then the other across his chest, for he, too, was becoming chilled to the bone.

On each side of the road were patches of tall dead grass. Swinging the horses to one side, the boy dragged the unconscious lad, tossing and rolling, into this rattling growth. The thick bunches of rank stems whipped across the unprotected face with tingling blows, and the body was jerked and twisted violently in the entangling stalks.

For several minutes the ruthless battering seemed to have no effect. Then feebly an arm was thrown across the face for protection. The boy in the sled, looking over his shoulder, saw the action—the first animate movement that the freezing lad had given—and shouted exultantly, partly to give vent to his feelings and partly as encouragement to the team.

Straining at the traces at full trot now, they went forward, the driver guiding the team so that the boy on the rope was dragged against every possible bunch of grass and all the uneven places in the icy road. Several times, after a particularly hard jolt when the boy's limp body had been thrown or twisted violently, he showed signs of approaching consciousness, covering his face with his arm, or groping with his hands to check himself as he rolled over and over. And at last, on a level piece of road, he raised his head and attempted feebly to get up.

The driver, watching every movement intently, slackened the speed of his horses. The boy at the end of the line, after several futile attempts to catch the rope or to rise, sank back motionless. Instantly the driver put the horses into their swift trot again, dragging his inanimate burden through the bunches of grass, tossing and jolting it as before. Again the lad raised his arms for protection, this time with more vigor, and again the driver slowed the horses down to a walk.

Then the boy at the rope's end began making desperate efforts to rise, pulling and twisting and writhing about in his attempts to gain a footing. The exertion made the blood surge through his veins, and the pink color came to his cheeks, which were white and ghastly a few moments before. At first his efforts were aimless and not coordinated, but presently he began making definite, well-directed endeavors to rise. Then, as his dulled senses quickened, he began calling to the Norwegian lad—shouting feebly at first, then stronger, and sputtering with anger as he bumped against some unusually rough place. But the driver was apparently absorbed with his task of driving the horses, whipping his arms and stamping his feet.

Yet, out of the corners of his eyes the young Scandinavian had watched every movement of the lad struggling at the end of the rope, and had gauged the speed of his team just to suit his purpose. These violent struggles were warming his friend back to life—the rope was doing what his shouts and shakings had failed to accomplish—and soon the boy would be all aglow with warmth. But he knew that as yet the half-frozen lad was in a dazed, semi-conscious state, from which he would quickly lapse into insensibility again and freeze in the piercing cold. He must encourage him or force him to continue his violent exertions until he was completely warmed. By that time they would be nearly home. So he carefully slackened the speed of the horses to enable the boy to rise, letting them speed ahead again just as he was about to get a footing. When he saw indications that this method was losing its effect, he resorted to taunting words, trying to anger his friend into violent efforts.

At last, on a little rise of ground, the lad seized the rope and pulled himself to a standing position. The momentum of the sled jerked him forward sharply, but this time he kept his balance. Then, still holding the rope, he ran forward, trying to reach the sled. But at that moment the driver started the horses into their brisk trot again, so that the boy could not gain an inch and had all that he could do to keep his feet. Frequently he stumbled to his knees, but

he was strong now and, assisted by the pull of the rope, would struggle to his feet again after a few efforts.

Sometimes the pace slackened, encouraging him to strain every fiber to catch the elusive sled; but just as his hands were about to touch the end-board the steaming team would spring forward again, and a derisive laugh from the Norwegian boy answer his shouts. Stung to madness by this, and with every muscle tingling with vigor, he began slowly gathering in the rope, hand over hand, running at such speed that he gained little by little on the horses' swift trot—a speed that started the perspiration from every pore.

For almost half a mile he more than held his ground against the racing team, gaining inch by inch, the taunting shouts of the driver spurring him on whenever he flagged for a moment. He was glowing with warmth, but his breathing was becoming labored, and his knees bent under him. With a final effort, he flung himself forward in an attempt to catch the end-board, but, missing it, he rolled over and over on the crust, this time too exhausted to rise.

In a moment the horses stopped, and the big boy on the seat turned to him.

"Come and get in!" he called cheerily. "I guess you're warm now. We've only got a mile more, anyhow."

Without stopping to untie the rope, the exhausted boy rose and staggered forward to the seat, wheezing and coughing as he did so.

"You blamed Scandahovian!" he gasped, half-choking with rage, as he took his seat. "What were you trying to do, anyway, kill me?"

The big Norwegian boy grinned, the film of ice cracking on his encrusted cheeks.

"Kill you, Charlie?" he repeated, still laughing. "Kill you? No, saving your life. And I've nearly frozen myself, trying to thaw you out."

**F**OR a few moments after Dick had finished his story nobody spoke. Then Sergeant Macleod rose and, smiling, came and stood beside the boy's bunk. "You remembered that story pretty well," the officer commented.

"I didn't exactly remember it—the words, I mean," Dick admitted, "except the very first, you know. But I knew the story and just filled in the parts I couldn't remember."

The sergeant still continued to stand, a little twinkle in his eye. "Tomorrow is the twentieth day, I believe you said," he ventured, watching the boy's face.

"The twentieth long, long one," Dick asserted.

"Then tonight must be the end of the nineteenth day," the officer mused, as though pondering a great discovery. "I wonder how it would do if we should just call tonight—right now—the twentieth day?"

He did not finish the sentence. "Do it, do it right now!" the boy shouted jubilantly. "These days have been so long that it is really more than twenty anyhow," he declared.

The officer walked over to the table and returned with Caleb's old pair of shears. "Well, here we go," he announced.

With a few deft clips he removed the swathed bandages, freed the board splint and released the long-imprisoned leg. Then, stepping back, with old Mac and Caleb crowding close, he watched the delighted boy in his first attempts to get the injured limb into action.

At first he was almost afraid to try. Then, little by little, moving the ankle, bending the knee with the help of his hands, he brought the disused muscles into action—all the time with grimaces and little twinges, and laughing at his own careful and awkward attempts. At last, after a full half-hour, he brought the foot to the floor, gradually turned, and finally stood—the first time in twenty long days.

A spontaneous shout from the three onlookers greeted his success. "There!" Sergeant Macleod exclaimed. "There you are, as good as new, or getting so. It was only the muscles, and not the bone, after all. In a week you'll be running with the dog-team again."

The boy, now slowly hopping about the room on short experimental excursions, stopped and grinned at the big sergeant, the old-time twinkle in his eye. "Running where?" he asked.

The sergeant cocked his head on one side. "Toward home, I take it," he suggested.

Dick took a few more steps and dropped, laughing, into old Caleb's big chair before the fireplace. "Home?" he quoted, still grinning at the officer. "Home? And with Rock still running loose up here? What about the reputation of the Royal Mounted, Officer Macleod?"

The officer chuckled at the sally. It was a very happy family that night. "Never mind the Mounties tonight, boy," he laughed. "Crawl



into bed now and let the rest of us old fellows get our sleep. It'll be time enough tomorrow and the day after to settle all such foolish questions."

#### CHAPTER FIVE Get Your Man

THE days immediately following Dick's "return to his legs," as Caleb called it, were busy ones for the old post. The reaction from the depression that had hung over the place seemed to change the very atmosphere.

Sergeant Macleod was now the embodiment of activity. "You didn't suppose I was going to sit down with my knees crossed all winter beside Mac's smoky old heat box, did you?" he replied to Dick's comment. And the boy realized for the first time what his own injury and illness had really meant to the officer.

After the first few days of experimental walking, when the leg muscles were limbering up and regaining their strength, Dick took up activities with the others. In a week he was almost himself again—not quite so strong in that injured leg, but able to walk easily and even run a little. And from that time on, at least during all the daylight hours, which were few enough indeed, the old trading-room, with its huge stone fireplace, saw very little of either the Mountie or Dick. For the boy, exhilarated by his new ability to run about, spent most of his time outside in the biting air.

Much of his attention was directed to the sledge-team of huge malemute dogs that belonged to the post. And, as the dogs themselves were cloyed with enforced idleness, they eagerly responded to Dick's attentions, while he perfected himself in the art of "mushing."

During Dick's confinement to his bed Sergeant Macleod had spent many hours of apparent idleness in the room with the wounded boy. But even so he had carried on certain activities. For example, he had created two wonderful sleeping-bags, one for himself, the other for Dick.

These bags were a combination of eider-down—real eider-down, brought into the post by the spring hunters—and caribou skins, the two warmest substances known to campers. Either kind of bag alone is amply warm for ordinary purposes. But Sergeant Macleod evidently was preparing for something extraordinary. So he made outside bags of caribou skins, with the fur inside, and lined them with bags made of thin, closely quilted eider-down. Thus the bags were very light, and yet absolutely "freeze proof," the officer declared.

"Yep, they are all that," old Mac had commented, admiringly. "A fellow could crawl into one of those and be warm as toast, even on the shady side of the pole. But what's the use? What's it all about, Sergeant?"

To which Officer Macleod offered no explanation except the casual remark that "Maybe Dick and I will wind up just there—on the shady side of the pole."

Further than that he made no comment. Officers of the Northwest Mounted are somewhat addicted to reticence. But the second day after Dick was able to leave his bunk Sergeant Macleod packed his hiking kit, using one of his new sleeping-bags as the knapsack, equipped with shoulder-straps and trunk line, and strolled off into the frozen wilderness.

He did not return until late the following day. And then he made no comment on his absence, or offered explanation. But the following morning, when he again packed his knapsack and prepared to start out, he dropped this significant suggestion: "Better put up the bar on the door tonight, Mac. If I come in late, I'll pound you out and get you awake." And then he added: "And be very sure that I am the fellow that's doing the pounding before you open up. Do you get me?"

Dick looked at the two old men in perplexity after the sergeant had swung away on his snowshoes. He was puzzled by the attitude of his superior officer. "I can't believe it, and I don't," old Caleb declared. "But this is the way of it—as the sergeant sees it: This fellow Rock is still at large, holed up somewhere in this vicinity. And the sergeant thinks that, sooner or later, he'll come snooking 'round here to make trouble, especially if he thinks Mac and I are off our guard—as usual. Anyhow, he'll come spying around to see if the officer and you are still here. Or, maybe, he'll send someone—an Indian or some trapper that he falls in with."

"It's all new to me—it don't seem likely, and I won't believe it. After all these years to put the bar up at the door at night!" The old man fairly snorted. "It'll be the first time since I came here. But Macleod made us promise, at least while he's away. And so, up she goes tonight; and we're sleeping behind barred doors for the first time in ages."

Old Mac, who at one time or another had come a little closer in touch with civilization than Caleb, appreciated the situation somewhat

better. "I hate a barred door just as much as Caleb," he declared. "It looks like being scared and—like old women. But I can't help feeling that the sergeant is right. Rock knows what it means to have a Royal Mountie on his trail for murder. He's just as good as a dead man; that is, unless he can—well, do something. And so, up goes the bar tonight."

"What about the daytime, too?" Dick asked, with a little grin.

Both the old men snorted in unison. Maybe they were old, and wrinkled, and had never seen much of real life, and lived in a log hut away beyond the limits of decent human beings—maybe all that, and more. But—old and wrinkled and ignorant as they were, they'd see themselves strung up by the thumbs before they'd be caught hiding behind a locked door in the daytime—so help them!

Dick laughed at the disgusted vehemence of the two stout-hearted old woodsmen. He admired them, too. But he understood the real danger in which they stood. "And I suppose," he suggested, tentatively, "that Sergeant Macleod is out now trying to get a shot at that sneaking old Rock?"

Old Caleb shook his head. "Wrong!" he asserted. "Wrong, in more ways than one. In the first place, Sergeant really isn't expecting to find Rock now at all. And secondly, if he did, he wouldn't shoot him."

The boy looked at the old man with narrowed eyes. And then he understood. "That's so," he declared, "that's so. 'Get your man' really means get him alive. And that's Sergeant Macleod, all over. He doesn't say so, but I know he'd rather—almost rather, anyhow—not go home at all than to go home without Rock, even though he had put the old robber out of the way forever. That's the way with these Mounties—us Mounties, I mean," he corrected, with a laugh. "And, to tell you the truth, after laying up in that old bed for the last hundred years, as I have, I'm just about feeling that way myself."

IN two weeks' time the boy's leg was mended completely and the boy himself as sturdy and hardy as ever. And during this time Sergeant Macleod had kept up his ceaseless activities, sometimes gone from the post two or three days at a time. But he said little about his trips, and no one pressed him. On one occasion, however, he had taken the two old men into his confidence when Dick happened to be out of hearing, and had given them some very explicit instructions. And thereafter Dick observed that a loaded hand-sled, its cargo carefully tied down under heavy canvas, stood just inside the outer doorway.

On the third day after this conversation, while a heavy snowstorm was in progress, Sergeant Macleod suddenly appeared at the post. It was just at noontime, and the officer had only been away a few hours, having started out at a very early hour. There was nothing unusual in his manner or appearance; yet his return at that time of day must have some significance.

"What's up?" Dick greeted the officer as he came through the doorway.

Macleod smiled at the boy's eagerness. "I am not sure that anything is up—or down, or any other way—yet," he replied. "But I think so. And, anyhow, I am very sure of one thing: this snowstorm came at just the right time."

While the officer was speaking, Dick noticed that he had not removed his cap or his outer clothing. And now, as he stepped into the entryway and examined the loaded sled, he inquired of the boy: "Are you ready for a little walk out into the country with me for a few days, Dick?"

"In two minutes I will be," the boy assured him, pulling on his fur parka and mittens. "Do the dogs go along?"

The officer shook his head, meanwhile swinging the loaded hand-sled out into the doorway. He was still carrying his pack and holding his rifle in his hand. Usually the weapon was carried in its leather sheath. But evidently the officer was anticipating possible trouble requiring quick action.

In five minutes' time the officer and the boy hauling the sled had disappeared into the snowstorm, leaving old Mac and Caleb still standing in the doorway. "You won't forget?" the big sergeant had admonished the old men just as he was starting. And they vigorously voiced their assurance that they would not.

For the first half-mile nothing was said, either by the officer or by the boy trudging beside him and pulling on the sled lines. They were holding a course through the snowstorm due south—toward "home." Dick, observing this, ventured presently: "Leaving for home, I see, Sergeant Macleod."

The big officer laughed indulgently. "Sergeant Macleod," from Dick, was always a bantering challenge.

"Well, not exactly—not directly or just now, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 596]

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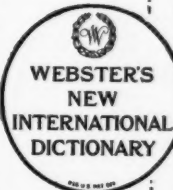
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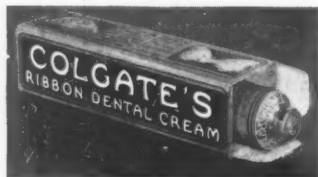


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## RED PLUME

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 595]

anyhow," he countered. And then he explained things in detail as they went along.

The sergeant had been doing some intensive scouting for the past three weeks and had found out several important things. Also, he had made some very carefully laid plans, "so that we won't have to hang around here all winter," he said. So, in order to give a full chance for these plans to work out, he and the boy were going to "hole up" for a while. The snowstorm would obliterate their tracks completely. And an old, deserted trapper's cabin two hours' journey from the post would shelter them until—well, the officer felt sure it wouldn't be for so very long.

The sergeant was in fine fettle and in an unusually communicative mood. And he was still explaining when they plunged through the snow to the door of the little cabin and pushed their way in. The officer brought the sled inside also and then carefully closed the door.

"In a half-hour this snowstorm will cover up any trace of us," he commented, "and no one would suspect that this little old shack was alive again."

"Especially if there was no one within a few hundred miles of us, anyhow," Dick amended, "and if they didn't happen to see or smell our smoke."

"Don't you be so sure that there is nobody within a few hundred miles of here," the officer warned. "And about that smoke—it will be mighty little of it from our fire that anyone will see or smell for the next few days, anyhow. That's where my new sleeping-bags come in. We'll be warm and cozy, but with our legs tucked into our cold-proof bags and not toasting our shins before the fire."

WITH the sled inside, there was scarcely room to move about in the tiny cabin. But it was thick-logged and air-tight, and except for the lack of space very comfortable. There were no windows, however, or lighting arrangements of any kind except by way of the open door and an occasional candle from the stock that Macleod had packed on the sled.

"It isn't going to be long now, unless my hunch has gone all wrong," the sergeant announced during the supper festivities on the second day, when he had allowed Dick and himself a special indulgence of tea boiled over the flames of three candles. "Sometimes my hunches go wrong, of course, but I hardly think so this time."

And, sure enough, the second day following they heard sounds that suggested an approaching human being. A moment later old Caleb's voice begged them "not to shoot him for a wolf, and please open the door."

The old man came in brimming with excitement. Yes indeed, something had happened and not the way that was expected, either. The post had had a visitor, it was true; but it wasn't Rock, at all. In fact, the visitor was just an Indian trapper, Joe, who was well known at the post for many years past. He had come to get fresh supplies, because he had had "bad luck"—his powder became wet, and he was completely out of caps.

His story sounded reasonable, and he had shown nothing unusual during the day and the night he had remained at the post. That is, until—

"Did you leave the door unbarred that night, Caleb?" the officer inquired at this point.

The old man grinned. "Yes, we did," he admitted. "And, also, Mac and I took turns in watching it without Joe knowing."

So there was nothing to arouse the Indian's suspicions. And he, on the other hand, did nothing to arouse theirs, until just as he was leaving. Then he had inquired: "You all alone now, you and Caleb? That Mountie man and the boy—they go back south?"

And on Mac's assurance that those two persons had indeed "gone south" the Indian became mum and departed.

"Good!" the big sergeant almost shouted, rising and pulling on his cap. "That settles it—my hunch was all right." For, as he pointed out, there was no one in the whole North Country except Rock who knew anything about there being any "officer and boy" at the post. Joe must have been in communication with the outlaw.

"We'll see more of this pair, and soon," the officer predicted, while he hastily packed the now lightened sled and prepared to move. "Run on home ahead of us as fast as you can now, Caleb, and don't forget that back doorway and the other arrangements that we talked of. We'll be there within a few minutes after you get there."

And so, when Dick and the officer approached the post, they did so stealthily and from the

rear. Also, they carefully shunned the big living-room, taking up their quarters in hiding in one of the old, disused storerooms at the back of the stockade. It was very much larger than the little trapper's hut they had just left; and it had a good fireplace with plenty of fuel. Otherwise there was little choice between the two.

Here they went into hiding again, careful not to make any sounds or give any indications of their presence. Neither Mac nor Caleb came near them or had communication with them. But the means of such communication was at hand—planned, rehearsed, and carefully carried out at the instigation of the officer.

This means of communication—the "buckskin telegraph," Sergeant Macleod called it—was simply a long, thin but tough strip of leather which started at a place near the head of Caleb's bed and terminated in the room occupied by Dick and the officer. By pulling at the end of this thong a signal jerk could be transmitted to the other end, either way.

"I suppose you're going to have a bell on this end," Dick commented, as he examined the "telegraph" for the first time.

"And in that way notify the whole world that the signal has been given," Sergeant Macleod commented. "No, sir. Here's the way of it; and this is the way it will be from now on until we finish this job."

With that he looped the leather thong around his wrist in a slip noose. "From now on, sleeping or waking, I'll wear this. And when Mac or Caleb gives it a jerk, you and I will shoot out of this room like two firemen down their brass pole."

Then the officer went into some details and minute instructions. He and Dick would keep fully clothed with a bandolier of revolver cartridges strapped on, day and night, ready for instant action. Their revolvers were laid on the shelf beside the door, where they could be seized instantly. And they would be their only weapons.

When a jerk came over the "telegraph," indicating that someone was seeking admission or trying to get into the front door, they would leap into action. It was agreed that the sergeant should take the right-hand path through the yard so as to approach the entrance from the right-hand corner, while Dick covered the left.

"And don't shoot unless you absolutely have to," the sergeant admonished. "I'll handle Rock alone and in my own way, so you just stand by for emergencies."

But nothing happened to "stand by" about. For three days and nights the officer and the boy lounged around their little room, fully dressed and on the *qui vive* for action—and nothing happened. Even the sergeant's full store of optimism showed signs of shrinking a little.

ON the third night, after a rather solemn and disconsolate supper, the pair had crawled into their sleeping-bags, the leather signal loop attached to Macleod's left wrist. In five minutes they were both sound asleep.

An hour later, the sergeant came suddenly to a sitting posture, breathless. Had he dreamed it, or did he really feel the "bite," as they had dubbed the signal? For several seconds he waited, motionless. Then there came two vigorous jerks—unmistakable tugs at the telegraph.

"Dick—two of them; do you hear me!" the sergeant whispered, at the same time giving two jerks on the "telegraph" strap to signal the reply and slipping it off his wrist.

Dick, wide-awake, was out of his bag, and the two seized their revolvers, slipped stealthily out into the yard and along the two paths, the officer on the right, with Dick at his heels on the left-hand approach.

They reached the opposite corners of the log-walled entrance at the same moment and paused, as by agreement. A hoarse, snarling voice was threatening:

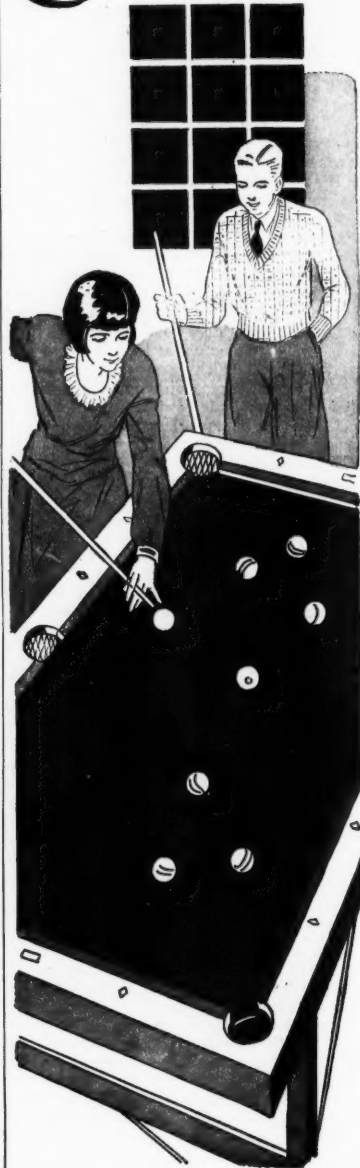
"Well, you two old snoozers, will you open this here door, and do it right quick, as I tell yer, or will I have to bore it full of holes—and you, too—and then burn down your darned old shack?"

They could hear the rattle of the heavy bar, as though someone were attempting to obey the order, and a protesting and somewhat squeaky voice making some kind of explanation from behind the heavy door.

A cautious peep around the corner showed the short, sturdy figure of Rock humped over close to the door and growling his demands, while Indian Joe stood just behind him, on the edge of the narrow platform before the door.

At that instant the Indian's furtive glance caught the outline of Sergeant Macleod's cap around the corner. The next moment, with a scream, he bounded away and disappeared into the darkness.

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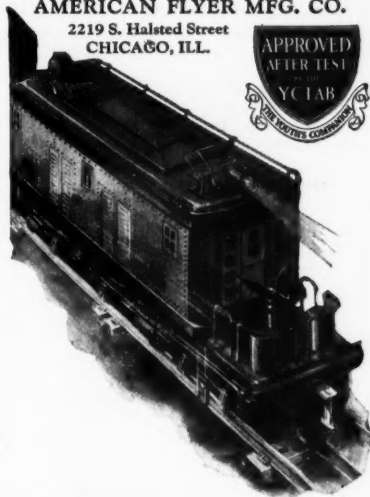
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In that same moment, also, the six-foot figure of the officer came hurtling through the air, landing upon the growling Rock just as the startled outlaw turned to determine the cause of the commotion. The sergeant had leaped upon his man to pin him to the ground, shouting as he did so to Dick not to shoot. The boy leveled his revolver at the fleeing Indian.

But outlaw Rock was also strong, quick and resourceful. Furthermore, tensely on the alert, he had caught a glimpse of the tiger-like figure of the officer catapulting upon him and was half set to meet it. The sergeant's advantage of momentum and surprise was offset momentarily by the revolver in his hand, which he held but did not use, so that, a second after the first shock of the attack, Rock squirmed loose, slipped out of the officer's grasp and dashed toward the other end of the platform, intending to bowl over the boy and dodge away into the night.

The plan miscarried; for Dick, with a lightning inspiration, instead of attempting to tackle the powerful, frantic desperado, suddenly dropped to the ground—a round ball of fur—a stumbling block that tripped the onrushing Rock, sending him sprawling and half-stunned to the frozen ground. Before he could rise or brush the cobwebs from his addled brain, the officer was astride him, twisting one arm and then the other into the deadly "hammer lock," and deftly fastening them behind the outlaw's back with the fateful "nippers."

"Why didn't you let me shoot the Indian?" Dick gasped, a moment later, standing with cocked revolver, watching the writhing Rock; "I couldn't have missed him."

The big officer shrugged his shoulders and smiled, turning to the doorway, where old Mac and Caleb, rifles in hand, were now standing. "We don't need that kind of game right now, boy," he laughed. "Here, you Rock," he ordered, "get up and get inside here—and don't loaf about it. It's too cold a night to be lying around out in the yard that way."

The crestfallen outlaw rose slowly, cursing and frothing. Then suddenly, with a roar, he

lunged toward the boy, snarling like a savage beast. Dick, on the alert, jumped quickly to one side just as Sergeant Macleod's long leg tripped the frenzied outlaw, who, unable to protect himself with his handcuffed hands, smashed to the hard ground with terrific force.

"That's right, keep at it, Rock, keep right on trying!" the officer taunted him. "It will help you to get used to those nice iron cuffs that you'll be wearing from now on until you get back home safely."

But Rock, half-stunned and still snarling, was immune to mere taunting.

"It was all the fault of that kid," he growled. "If I'd have kicked his head off, as I ought to, I wouldn't be here now. But I'll get him yet," he threatened, as he sulked into the warm trading-room and slumped into a chair.

Sergeant Macleod was in no mood for argument. Without a word he deliberately snapped the steel shackles on his prisoner's ankles and adjusted the heavy chain to a great staple in the floor. He was taking no chances. Then he turned an admiring face to Dick.

"That was a great thing that you did tonight, boy," he said quietly. "Great head-work! It just saved us—everything. How in the world did you happen to think of it so quickly?"

"I didn't really think of it at all, Sergeant," the boy declared; "I didn't have time. It just happened."

But Officer Macleod, sergeant of the Royal Northwest Mounted, and a keen judge of the actions of men in emergencies, shook his head and smiled incredulously. "Not a bit of it!" he laughed. "That was no accident."

A moment later he turned to the boy and asked: "What would you rather do than anything else in all the world right now, Dick?"

The boy laughed outright. "Just one thing, and an easy one, too, Sergeant," he declared. "Let me go to bed with my clothes off tonight. I have been so long inside of them now without moving, that unless you do I think they will grow fast to me in another day or two."

THE END

## He Won Tom Mix's Lariat!



Here is Bess, the erstwhile "ornery mare," photographed with her owner, Emerson L. Knispel. The lariat he holds is a present given him by Tom Mix, through The Youth's Companion.

**TOM MIX** and the Editor of The Companion salute Emerson L. Knispel, of Centerville, S. Dak. From among the hundreds of letters received, in answer to the question we asked last summer, "What's the Truth About Horses?" his answer stands out as a splendid example of sincerity, truthfulness and understanding. As a result he wins the prized lariat which Tom offered to the writer of the best letter. And he gets an autographed picture of Tom into the bargain.

Everyone remembers the lively argument which Tom Mix and Fred Gilman Jopp, Companion writer, had in the pages of the magazine last summer. The horse is foolish, timid and disloyal, said Mr. Jopp. Tom Mix, lover of horses, and one of the greatest horsemen of all time, resented these remarks and asked Companion readers if they agreed.

They didn't. The Contest Editor, for weeks thereafter, was deluged with letters in defense of "man's best friend." There is no doubt in the minds of Companion readers that the horse, directly reversing Mr. Jopp's beliefs, is wise, brave and loyal. Six hundred and sixty-one readers took part in the contest which brought this result, but no one achieved so convincing a statement of the case as did Emerson Knispel. Here is his letter:

"I bought a wild broncho from a man three

years ago for twenty dollars. She was a long-haired, skinny, ornery-looking animal. She was so wild she would squeal, bite and kick when she saw you coming towards her. I named this mare Bess.

"The man I bought her from told me the only way I could break her was to use her rough. I was only a green hand at breaking horses, so I tried it and met with no success. She would rear and pitch every time I got on her, so I turned her out in the pasture.

"In about a year I caught Bess again to break her. My mother told me her way of breaking horses, which was to be kind and use patience.

"It took me nearly a year to gentle her down, because she remembered how I had treated her before.

"After a time I could do 'most anything with her.

"Several times I have driven cattle with her, and she knows as much as some men do about driving cattle.

"When she is out with other horses in the pasture I can go out where she can see me, and she will come out of the herd to me. I get on her back, and she will take me home with nothing to guide her but my voice.

I have taught her a few tricks. She will lie down when I tell her to, also get down on one knee, shake hands, tell how old she is with her forefoot, kiss me, and nod her head yes and no, and rear upon her hind legs.

"Last year I rode her in the Fourth of July parade behind the band. This was the first time she was ever in a crowd. She paid no attention to the noise or firecrackers.

"I disagree with Mr. Jopp. A horse is not what he says. This mare of mine will whinny when she sees me coming and follow me everywhere.

"When I teach her anything, I do not have to rehearse her more than a half-dozen times.

"The reason a horse sweats and trembles or goes wild when he hears his owner's voice is because he has been mistreated.

EMERSON L. KNISPEL  
Centerville, S. Dak."

The first and only prize goes to him, with warm congratulations. But Honorable Mention is richly deserved by the following, whose letters were second only to the winner: Thomas G. Murray, Harrisburg, Pa.; Joe Baker, Wakeeney, Kan.; Elsie Mae Allin, Colville, Wash.; Robert Littick, Dresden, Ohio; Ellery Knerr, Danvers, Mont.; Phyllis L. Jarvis, Fly Creek, N. Y.; Samuel Hall, North Providence, R. I.; Alfred Junod, Haworth, N. J.; Grace McKinney, McElhattan, Pa.; David N. Roalf, Swazey, N. H.

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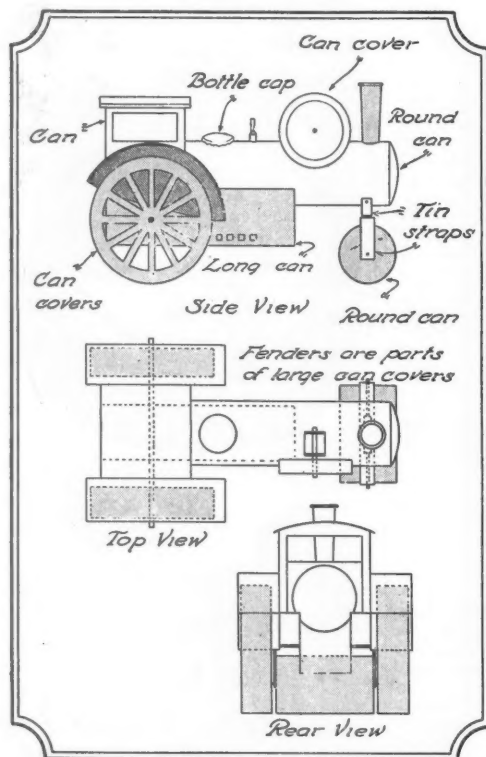
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can, cut off the ragged top, and round the sides down to resemble the tin scoops on the marker. Smooth off all the sharp ends of the tin. Bend a tin handle and solder this to the bottom of the

By Dale R. Van Horn



strated their ability to use waste and scrap material in building useful things; and that is the principal reason why, this month, I am writing about the things you can do with solder.

### Clip This Coupon!

THE winter months are coming—months during which a Y. C. Lab Member has countless opportunities to turn his spare time into fun and profit in ways in which a boy who is not a Member can never imagine. If you have not yet joined the Lab, but are anxious to enjoy the benefits of membership, delay no longer, but clip, fill out and mail the coupon below. You will see how easily and quickly you can become a Member and how much you will benefit when you do.

#### Y. C. LAB ELECTION COUPON

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11-28

For it is a wonderful material to work with, its cost is small, and most of the material to be used with it can be salvaged from all sorts of out-of-the-way places. All you need do is keep an eye open for old tin cans of various kinds, shapes and sizes, and you will soon build up a large assortment of raw materials from which you can select from time to time just what you need for any particular purpose.

Solder and a soldering outfit can easily be used to earn spare-time money. It isn't in many lines of endeavor that you can get your materials for nothing. If you are a live Lab Member, and live in a small town or city or in the edge of a metropolis, have got the knack of handling a soldering copper, like the work and want to be your own boss, you may find some ideas in the following paragraphs that will be of value to you. It would take a book to treat the subject adequately, but fortunately Lab Members need only a suggestion.

### Possibilities from Old Tin Cans

Anything from an ash-tray to flower-pots can be made from tin cans. In fact you can incor-

porate cans or parts of cans in building much more complicated articles. Mr. Edward Thatcher, who is known for the work involving the use of solder and tin cans which he created for disabled soldiers during the war, lists the following things of this sort in his book, "Making Tin Can Toys":

Army truck, steam roller, dump truck, tug boat and cruisers, steam tractor, cannon with carriage, kitchen stove.

This isn't a complete list by any means, but it suggests what can be done with nothing but tin cans, some spare time and a little ingenuity.

### Equipment

The larger the soldering copper the longer you can use it before it is necessary to reheat it. A one-pound iron is usually large enough for small jobs. This can be heated in several ways. One of the best plans is to use a gasoline blowtorch, but care should be taken not to overheat the copper. A small torch which is quite satisfactory is shown in the illustration at the bottom of the page. This is made from a large metal tube about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in diameter and 4 inches long, with asbestos packing pressed down inside to hold the alcohol which serves as fuel.

Around this a large copper wire is turned several times. The free end is then brought beyond the top about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. After extending it over the top of the wick, cut it off and sharpen the end. With this torch lit, your wire will remain hot all the time.

Another copper, homemade, is also shown. Get a large copper wire—as large as a pencil if possible—about 7 inches long. Place one end in the vise, upright, then hammer the end down to compress it. This also increases its diameter. Later shape and sharpen and attach a wooden handle as shown.

A pair of tin snips is very helpful, although an old pair of shears will do nicely for light work. Some cutting of thick sheet metals can be done with cold chisels, of which you should have two at least. A small anvil (a short piece of railroad iron does very well) is rather important, too.

Removing surplus solder, cleaning dirty metal, etc., can be done with a scraper, made, for instance, by bending the end of a screwdriver over at right angles and sharpening the end, and also with emery cloth of a medium grade, and a file or a grinder.

### Tinning the Copper

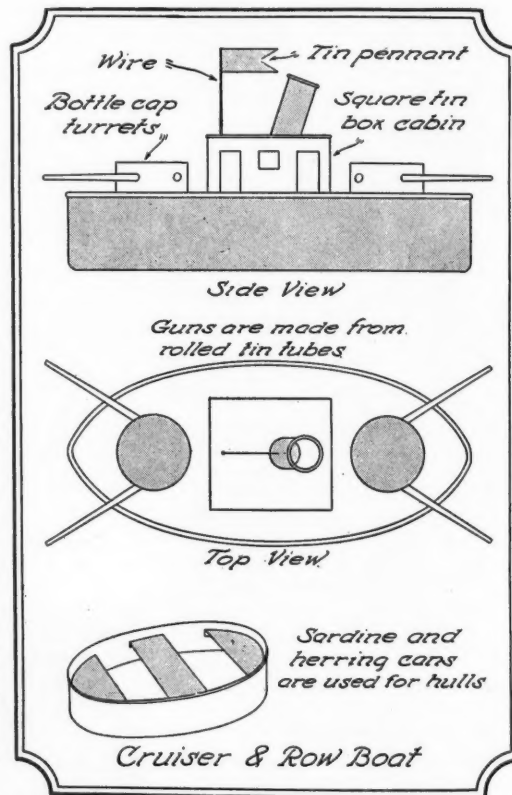
Place the copper in the vise and brighten the four sides of the working end with a file. If, however, you use an electric copper, this should be done in the hand, as the shank of the electric type is hollow and pressure might injure the hidden heating unit.

If you are using wire solder with the acid core, then heat the copper and when hot enough rub this over the point until it is thoroughly tinned. If the other type—bar solder—is used, heat the copper and dip in the killed acid (which is explained a little later) before applying the solder. When properly tinned, the tip of the copper will be an unbroken coat of solder, and it will "pick up" solder when hot.

During use, either occasional rubbing of this tip on a block of sal ammoniac or dipping it in the killed acid will keep the point tinned and remove dirt. The killed acid is made by putting a quantity of pure zinc into a ladle and melting it. This is then poured into water, and the flakes result. Get some pure sulphuric acid (handle it carefully) and put into it all of the zinc flakes it will "eat." Violent effervescence of the acid results at first, but as the zinc is eaten this finally stops. When no more bubbles rise then the acid is said to be killed and is ready for use.

### Something to Make

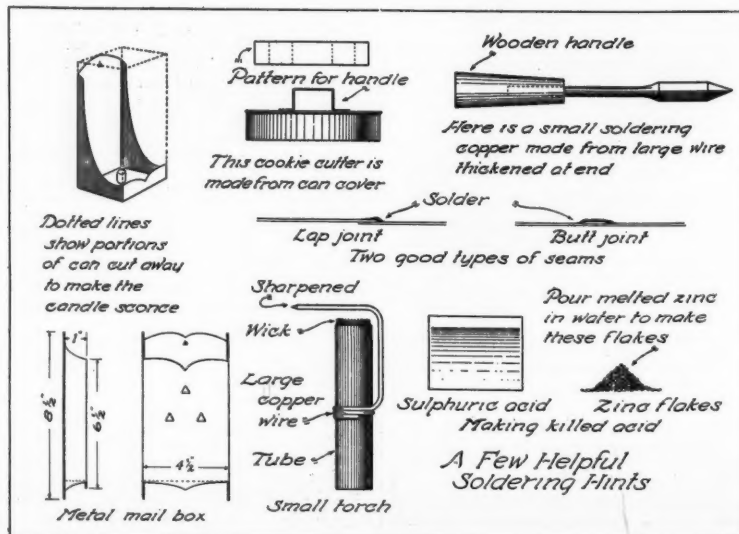
Let's see now what we can make. Take a simple article first, like a scoop. Get a tomato



can, and your scoop is complete. This little article is a good seller, too, and should be one of the regular things to carry if you plan to make money from your work.

Another simple article is the cookie cutter shown. All you will need for this is the top from a tin can about 3 inches in diameter. Bend a piece of tin, as shown, to the right shape and solder the ends fast to the cover. Make a small hole in the middle so that it will let out air when the cutter is pressed down over the dough.

To turn this into a doughnut cutter, cut a small strip of tin, bend it around a rod to form a tube and solder the seam. Then solder this inside the cover, in the center. If this is done,





two holes through the top will be needed to permit air to escape.

Another excellent seller is the candle scone, one type of which is shown. The original was a rectangular tin can, about 2½ inches wide, 3 inches deep and from 8 to 10 inches high. The dotted lines indicate the amount of tin to cut away. Use any design you wish, but be sure that the sides are cut the same and that all cuts on the front and back are symmetrical. To finish, make a tin tube as you did for the doughnut cutter and solder it in the center of the bottom. This should be large enough to take a candle.

Scones can also be made of sheet brass and copper; and when burnished they sell for good money. Or you can make them of tin and later paint them any desired color. A suitable trim will also help.

The metal mail box shown is a good article to sell in most suburban neighborhoods. It can be made in a variety of shapes and sizes. For instance, for the home to which come daily papers you will need a box considerably thicker than the one shown, which is primarily intended for first-class mail only. If you fail to get a rectangular can of the right size, you can make this complete from sheet metal.

### Some Larger Projects

The steam roller shown in another panel illustrates what can be done with cans with little alterations. Here we have a good imitation of a machine with a boiler, cab, fire-box, wheels with guards, etc. Yet if you go over an assortment of tin cans you will probably find practically everything of first importance, ready to use.

The drive wheels, for instance, are covers from large baking-powder cans, while the mud guards are portions of still larger covers. The cab is a rectangular box with the sides cut away to suit. A curved portion of tin is soldered to the top for the roof. The boiler can be any long round can. The front roller is another round can, much smaller. The fly-wheel is a small can cover with a wire soldered through the center. The other end of the wire is set through holes drilled in the ends of a tin strap which is then bent to "U" shape and soldered to the boiler. The front roller is held in place by means of two tin straps, suitably bent and shaped, with a washer between and a pin down through them.

A wire runs through this, of course, and through the ends of the tin strap also, for an axle. A bottle cap is soldered to the top of the boiler for the steam dome, and the whistle is fashioned from a small piece of tin. The flue can be made by rolling a piece of tin to shape if you can find no can of the right kind. Spokes can be put in the wheels by setting the covers over a block of wood and cutting the wedge-shaped pieces out with a cold chisel.

### Boats

With a little planning you can create a complete navy from cans on the shelves of any delicatessen store. The accompanying drawing suggests two simple boats, one a rowboat and the other a cruiser or battleship.

For the cruiser you will need a large herring can of about the shape shown. It will be best to buy the can with contents and remove them through as small a hole as possible in the bottom—unless you have a can opener which cuts off the top smoothly, in which case the top can easily be soldered back in place.

Two screw caps from catsup or other bottles form the turrets for the guns. The guns themselves are made by wrapping tin strips about tapered wooden pins and then soldering the seams. They should be soldered to the turrets as shown, care being taken to have all angles uniform.

The cabin is a square box, upside down, with doors and windows cut through the sides. This is soldered to the deck. The funnel, a tin tube soldered in place at an angle, is mounted on the cabin roof. So also is the flag-pole (wire) and the tin pennant. You can fold a strip of tin to the shape of a deep trough, fill the bottom of this with solder, then solder it to the bottom for a keel, if the boat is to be used in water. This will give it stability and enable it to negotiate rough water in true salt-water style. The keel, of course, should be exactly centered to prevent listing.

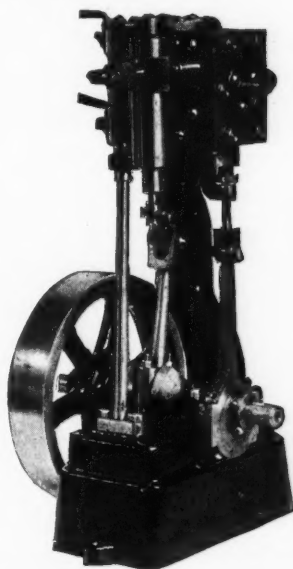
The rowboat is a small sardine can with the top cut smoothly out and with strips of tin cut and fitted in, as shown in the drawing at the bottom.

The appearance of these craft can be greatly enhanced if they are painted, say, a gray for the large surfaces, with red, blue or yellow for the trim.

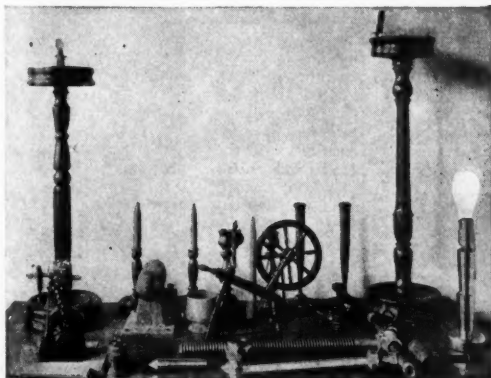
## The Secretary's Notes

THE Lab takes pleasure and pride in reporting that Member Maurice Bates (16) of Romeo, Mich., is the winner of the great competition run jointly by the Y. C. Lab and the South Bend Lathe Works, of South Bend, Ind.

Member Bates receives as a prize a \$150 back-gear screw-cutting lathe, capable of handling heavy stock and doing the most accurate work. It is a machine tool worthy of the finest workman—and Member Bates richly deserves it for the splendid working model of a marine engine, pictured here, which he made from rough castings machined on an old lathe which he received permission to use. Members and readers will remember that the generous offer of the South Bend Lathe Works was made to the boy who best demonstrated his ability to work with machine tools. The impressive group illustration of projects shows the type of work of which Y. C. Lab Members are capable. Honorable Mention goes to all Members whose projects are pictured here. The Members are as follows: Wm. P. Allen, Freeport, Me.; H. E. Benedict, Jr., Maplewood, N. J.; Howard Diffenbaugh, Green Valley, Ill.; Howard Field, Allegany, N. Y.; Chas. S. Fogwell, Phoenix, Ariz.; Richard Gadd, Parkwater, Wash.; Wm. Gibson, Salem, Ore.; Lester M. Hehnke, Lincoln, Neb.; Roy Henderson, Greenville, S. C.; Howard Jewett, Berkshire, N. Y.; Maynard W. Johnson,



Above: the working model engine which brings to Member Bates the \$150 back-gear screw-cutting lathe offered by the South Bend Lathe Works. At the left: the group of excellent projects in wood and in metal which brings to twenty boys honorable mention in the same contest



Amarillo, Tex.; Marston W. Keeler, Groton, Mass.; Albert Mewhinney, Terre Haute, Ind.; James Morse, Essex, N. Y.; Homer C. Rose, Augusta, Wis.; Walter Schudt, Walworth, Wis.; George J. Sinnett, Roslindale, Mass.; Carl Tetlak, Westfield, Mass.; Jack Thomson, San Francisco, Calif.; Emmert Weaver, Goshen, Ind.



## When the team takes a trip

IT'S rather pleasant to be able to throw into your grip as handsome and convenient a kit as this New Improved Gillette "Traveler." For that matter, it looks just as well and shaves just as well in the wash-room of the fraternity house. Eight out of ten college men shave with Gillette Razors and the "Traveler" is one of the most popular models with collegians. The case is genuine leather; razor, blade box and soap and brush containers are heavily plated (\$10 in gold, \$7.50 in silver) and the kit includes ten Gillette Blades—twenty shaving edges. Good for a lifetime of smooth, successful shaves.

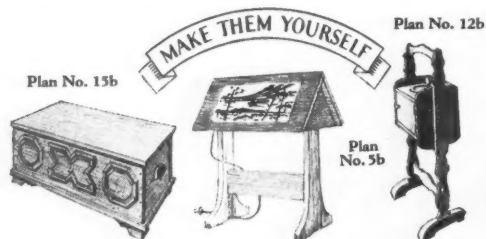
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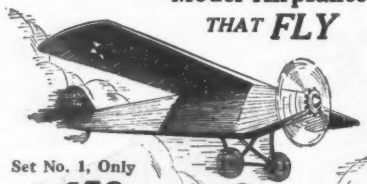


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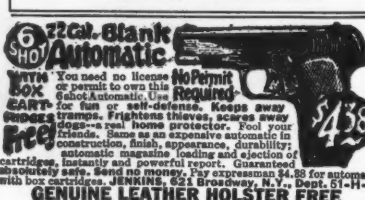


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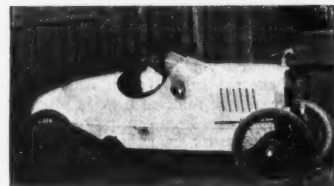
GENUINE LEATHER HOLSTER FREE

## The Honors List for November

Cash awards and national recognition for nine more ingenious Members of the Y. C. Lab



1: Member Buby's project



2: Member Mahoney's project

shown in Illustration 2 with the model electric crane of his construction, made from odds and ends around the workshop. It is powered by an 8-volt motor taken from an old automobile horn, and can lift three pounds. The photograph shows it lifting a toy motor weighing about one pound from the body of the toy truck in the foreground. Member WILLIE BURKHOLDER (14) of Bowden, Alberta, Can., is shown in Illustration 3 with his exceptionally useful project—a cord-

wood saw. Listen to the first paragraph of the splendid letter which Member Burkholder wrote to Headquarters: "We burn wood here, and there was no one we could get to buzz it this year, and we got tired of bucking it, for it was awfully cold and we needed it so much. My brother and I helped a man haul green feed in exchange for an old 13½-horsepower engine that he couldn't get to work. I found an old 33-in. saw that wasn't sharp; then I succeeded in getting the engine going." From those unpromising beginnings, Member Burkholder succeeded finally in completing the saw that now saves time,



4: Member Touchman's project

trouble and labor, and supplies him with an essential commodity. An unusually excellent project. Member WILLIAM S. TOUCHMAN (12) of Troy, Ohio, constructed the 14-ft. boat shown in Illustration 4. The sail plans were furnished by the Y. C. Lab, and Member Touchman had no help with the construction, save from his father in the process of bending the planking—which serves to make this project unusual for one of his years. The tractor in Illustration 5 is the work of Member AUSTIN YORK (14) of Carlton, Ore., completed with the aid of his



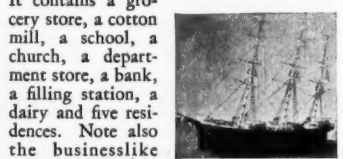
5: Member York's project

younger brother. The tractor is driven by a ½-horsepower motor taken from a Maytag washing-machine. The rear wheels are from an old Ford, and Member York copied the design of the Fordson tractor as far as possible. On a level road, Member York reports that it can carry a load of four boys—three riding in a trailer. Member JOHN M. HOLMES, JR. (14), of Greenville, S. C., is the constructor of the model village pictured in Illustration 6.



6: Member Holmes' project

It contains a grocery store, a cotton mill, a school, a church, a department store, a bank, a filling station, a dairy and five residences. Note also the businesslike railroad which serves it. Some idea of the scale may be obtained by noting that the church is 13 in. long, 7 in. wide and 12 in. high, not including the steeple. Windows in all the buildings are cut out, and thin tissue paper is pasted on the inside, to give the effect of glass. Illustration 7 shows a model of the clipper ship Stag Hound, built by Member



7: Member Sellers' project

MAURICE L. SELLERS (18) of Somerville, Mass. This model is the result of spare-time work during thirteen months. From Modesto, Calif., Member LOUIS PROPER (17) sends the photograph of his home-made canoe shown in Illustration 8. Member WILLIAM W. FRASER (13) of Sumter, S. C., is shown in Illustration 9 with a model craft of his construction. In the background is his workshop, which he built almost unaided. It is 8 x 9 ft. in area and measures 7 ft. from the floor to the highest point of the roof. It contains one door and one window.



8: Member Proper's project

Member WILLIAM W. FRASER (13) of Sumter, S. C., is shown in Illustration 9 with a model craft of his construction. In the background is his workshop, which he built almost unaided. It is 8 x 9 ft. in area and measures 7 ft. from the floor to the highest point of the roof. It contains one door and one window.



9: Member Fraser's project





THIS Empire Magnetic Power Engine looks like the Corliss Steam Engine and operates like the Corliss Steam Engine—but because electricity is used for “steam,” it develops enough more power to make an ordinary steam or battery engine run backwards.

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## MODERN RADIO

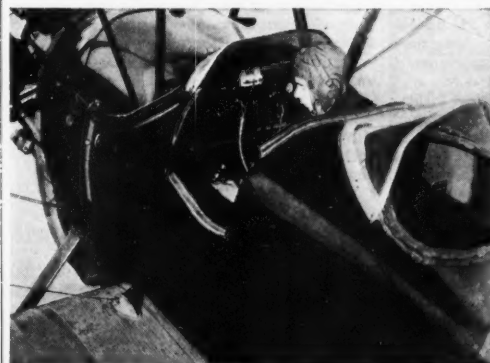
Conducted by Y. C. Lab Councilor J. K. Clapp, S.B., S.M., Radio Engineer

Editor's Note: Councilor Clapp or one of his associates will be glad to answer any of your radio questions. Address him at The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. It will be necessary to disregard inquiries unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope

### Short-Wave Equipment for Aircraft

THE remarkable results obtained by amateurs in sending and receiving over extreme distances with very simple equipment have naturally raised the question of the possible usefulness of short waves in communication with air-

craft. The conditions imposed upon the radio equipment for use in airplanes are so severe—questions regarding the size and weight of the equipment, immunity from interference by the ignition system of the motors, ability to operate whether the plane is flying or is on the ground or on the water; above all, the question of reliable operation, not only from the viewpoint of the equipment itself, but in reference to reliable communication over definite given distances—that the use of short waves, with their well-known vagaries, would appear at first hand to be a somewhat dubious procedure. The Burgess Battery Company has been among the pioneers in carrying out effective tests on short-wave radio equipment on planes, and the results of this work are extremely interesting.



In the first place, short-wave equipment has a distinct advantage over long-wave equipment as regards space and weight; the equipment is inherently smaller and lighter. The general efficiency of short-wave equipment should be higher than that of equipment operating on longer wavelengths, particularly when the restricted dimensions of the antenna system which it is possible to place on an airplane are considered. On the other hand, short-wave apparatus is, generally speaking, more easily

made a victim of interference from the ignition system of the airplane motors. In general, short-wave operation is less reliable than long-wave—that is, as regards satisfactory communication at all times of day and night and under all conditions of weather.

The total volume occupied with the equipment is approximately 1700 cubic inches; the entire equipment (including batteries, key, microphone, helmet and antenna reel) is 53 pounds.

The photograph shows how the equipment was installed for testing in the forward cockpit of a Travel airplane. The transmitter and receiver are mounted side by side, in a cushion mounting.

The results of tests conducted on 40 and 80 meters, while the plane was flying within five miles of Madison, Wis., indicate very interesting possibilities for this means of communication. As shown by the accompanying map, the signals transmitted from the



### Councilor Clapp's Radio Answers

Q.—I find that at times a certain station will come in better than at other times. I notice this a great deal with the stations of Chicago and vicinity, and when stations at Chicago come in unusually well there is a belt of bad weather either at Chicago or between Chicago and here. I have seen this fact mentioned by radio papers, but have never seen a theory as to why this is; so I have made a theory for myself which seems possible.

The theory is this: The carrier waves, passing through this belt of bad weather in which the atmosphere is highly charged with electricity, take on some of this electricity, causing them to have more power, therefore causing them to come in better.

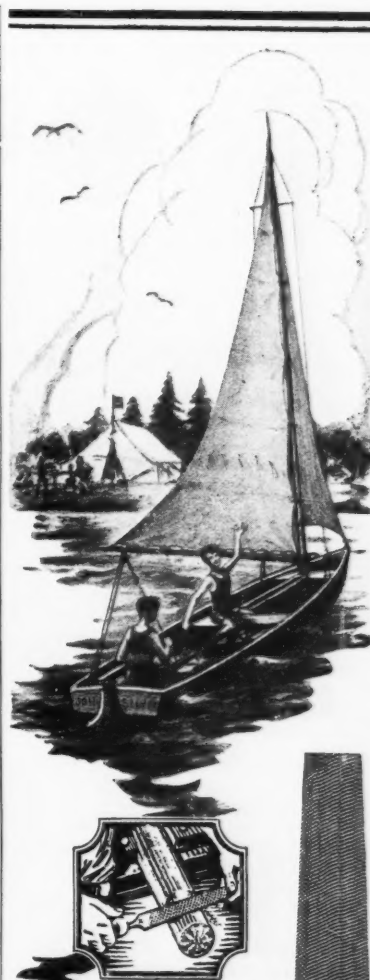
I would like to know what you think about this theory and whether there is any other theory for this. Associate Member Howard J. Hadley, R. F. D. 1, Clarksville, Ohio.

A.—by Councilor Clapp: I read your note with its theory concerning radio reception with much interest, but do not feel that I can agree with you. So far as I am aware, there are no physical experiments which would indicate that an electro-magnetic wave could be “charged” by passing through electrically charged clouds, or by any other means. So far as we can test the case, an electro-magnetic wave once started on its way cannot be altered. It becomes weaker as it moves out from the transmitting station be-

cause the energy of the wave is spread out over a greater and greater space.

Under certain circumstances, part of the wave, which originally left the transmitter in a direction which would not take it directly to the receiving station, as up into the air, for example, may be bent in its path so as to strike back at the receiver, in combination with the wave which traveled to the receiver by the direct route along the ground. When two waves like this combine the strength of the signal will vary between zero and twice that of either wave (assuming they are both of the same strength). This condition is very unstable, and slight variations of the atmosphere will cause the signal to fade violently.

Bad weather conditions in a certain location may improve the conditions for bending the waves which would otherwise skip by the receiver. Under such conditions the signal will be louder than usual; in a similar manner bad weather conditions at another point will cause the signals to be weaker than usual. It would be interesting in this connection if you would determine the location of any special weather conditions or disturbance at times when the Chicago stations are coming through very much weaker than usual and check that information against what you have already found.



## Build a Real Boat for Yourself This Winter

With the help of good plans and sharp tools you can easily build a racing knock - about this winter and have it ready in time for spring.

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## Gets dark early



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light late  
these are  
Radiolite nights  
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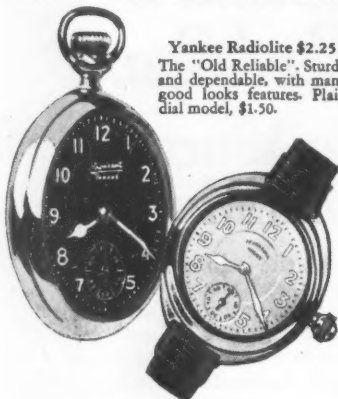
When you wake up early in inky blackness... and it's cold... and you shiver at the idea of getting up for school... and you look at the face of your Ingersoll Radiolite... and find that there's a whole hour left for snoozing... "ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

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## THE \$100,000,000 GIFT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 553]

assured him that his mounting learning might be well enough, but his pronunciation still was "rotten," he straightway went to school to a master: night after night he could be found hanging over the rail of the upper balcony, drinking in the words, tone and enunciation of Edwin Booth, the great Shakespearean actor.

In the attic of a cracker factory young Pupin lived now, and there—of all places!—he "went to prep school" to a young German who was a great Latin and Greek scholar.

### Now He "Belonged"

From such fragments the boy built for himself the opportunity which was for him the essence of America. Facing such hardships and handicaps, most of us, I fear, would have let education go. We take for granted the easy opportunity for schooling.

Of a Sunday he listened to the great Henry Ward Beecher preach, and in that congregation met a doctor who gave him work which enabled him to leave the cracker factory and study in a little academy. There he ran a ten-mile race without preparation, and won it! It was a double victory, because with the "first" which he won went high place in the regard of the students. He was no longer a "foreigner"; now he was made to feel that he belonged.

Two things had happened which made young Pupin forget his ambition to study in Nassau Hall. He had read eagerly a biography of Alexander Hamilton, who had been a student at "King's College," later Columbia; and Columbia had sent a crew to England in 1878 and had won the Henley regatta. Michael Pupin, immigrant boy, formed the high resolve to go to Columbia, and to make such a grade on his entrance examinations as would gain him free tuition! That was a large order, considering how he had "patched an education together," thus far; but he put himself through a final scholastic sprint.

During the summer of 1879 he lived in a shack on the bank of the Passaic River, in New Jersey, and his daily schedule was this:

Seven to ten o'clock, Greek; ten to twelve, sawing kindling wood; twelve to one, a swim and lunch; one to four, Latin; four to six, saw and axe; six to seven, a swim and supper; seven to nine, other studies; sleep—and repeat.

The wood-chopping almost earned him his keep. The summer cost him thirty dollars. He was twenty-one years old, he had \$311 saved; and he did win freedom from all tuition fees.

During that first year at Columbia, Michael Pupin was a "grind." So intent was he on the scholastic ambitions planted in his breast by his mother, and so concerned over his financial future, that he lived no "school life" at all, in the sense in which that phrase ordinarily is used. At the end of the year he had gained \$200 in prizes in Greek and mathematics—and almost no friends.

To the Jersey meadows he went again for the summer, this time swinging a scythe, mowing hay. He added strength to his already powerful muscles and returned to school in the fall with \$70 added to his hoardings. Then, to the utter amazement of the members of the sophomore class, a Serbian peasant known to them vaguely as a Greek and math grind, plowed through to grab the freshman cane in the class fight. And that same grind used Idvor herdsman's tricks and Hackensack meadows' muscles on the champion wrestler of the sophomore class, and was carried from victory shoulder high. He choked with happiness: they were calling him "Mike"; again he "belonged."

### Brains and Muscles

He became the champion wrestler and boxer of the college; he continued to be a remarkable scholar; and after a while the financial problem was solved for him because parents hired him to coach their sons—and sometimes in the use of both their brains and their muscles. As a tutor he had entry to many great houses of New York and Long Island; and soon some of the influential men of the city were his friends. In his junior year the Serbian peasant beat one of the aristocrats of the college in the race for the class presidency. In his senior year he returned to his love of science, hearing for the first time the great names of Faraday and Maxwell, pioneers in electrical science.

At the end of his senior year he received the coveted degree, his American citizenship papers, and a scholarship which permitted him to study abroad.

He sailed for Cambridge, explaining to no one why he chose that university. He wanted to

study under Maxwell. Only after he arrived in the beautiful English university town did he learn that the great physicist had been dead for four years. But he enrolled at Cambridge, and then went back to his native village, for the first visit to his people since his departure for Prague. The old scenes had shrunk; the royal palace above the river was smaller somehow; and the suspension bridge scarcely drew a glance.

Back again in his village, he was full of the wonders of America; it was a land of riches, where opportunity abounded, where education could be had for the taking. Of an evening there were present some of the same elders of the village who had been scandalized by his "heresy" about the cause of thunder. From one of these came a question:

"Is everybody, then, successful and clever in America, Michael?"

"Yes," the young man answered proudly.

"Then how do you make a living there, Michael?" the old man asked; and after that Michael did not tell so many stories about the land of his adoption.

A year and a half Pupin studied at Cambridge, pulling an oar in his college boat, devoting morning and evenings to books, and afternoons to play, as was the custom.

Then he moved on to Berlin to sit at the feet of the great Helmholtz. In a lecture room there one afternoon, Pupin sat listening breathlessly to an account of a newly completed experiment by which a man named Hertz proved the astonishing fact that electrical waves are transmitted through the air! Hertz stopped with the "pure science" and mathematics of that discovery; but within a few years a seventeen-year-old Italian boy was at work to "harness" this new scientific fact and make it work for men. When he was twenty-one he astounded the world by sending electrical impulses through the air for miles, and by "receiving" them in the form of messages—thereby engraving the name Marconi on the tablets of the ages.

### American Debt to the Pupin Coil

By this time, Michael Pupin, a Doctor of Science, was back in New York, teaching and experimenting at Columbia. To the mystery of the signaling herdsman's knife, or the vibrating Serbian flute notes, he had added new puzzles to be solved. He studied the vibration which is light, that which is heat, and the "waves" of electricity; so that in time he gave the world "the other half" of wireless.

Marconi's wireless messages interfered, one with another, if several instruments were in operation. Doctor Pupin added the element of "tuning" which made stations "on different wavelengths" possible. He added order to what might have been chaos. Men said of him that he "divided the ether with Marconi," in recognition of his partnership in this epochal invention.

A second invention of his became the foundation for the great vacuum-tube amplifiers now used in wireless stations.

Another is called the Pupin Coil; and had it not been invented the skies of our cities would be blackened with telephone and telegraph wires. Moreover, telephone service would be expensive. This discovery permitted telephone companies to put wires under ground and to operate wires at great distances. Someone has said that this was a \$100,000,000 gift to America; meaning that without the Pupin Coil we could have our present telephone facilities only at a cost of \$100,000,000 worth of additional equipment! Besides, this invention made international telephony possible. Telephone cables with Pupin coils are gradually moving from London to Constantinople and from New York to San Francisco.

Doctor Pupin's great gift for seeking answers he has passed on to many of his pupils, for he has been a truly great teacher, as well as a truly great inventor. From Pupin's experimental laboratory at Columbia, Edwin ("Feedback") Armstrong brought the little sealed box containing a one-tube radio set; and there also a seedling grew which is known today as the "super het."

Pupin's name is a part of every language that is spoken over telephones. A dozen millions tonight may "tune in"—thoughtless of their debt, and perhaps unaware that the very phrase trails backward through this man's history to an origin in the bagpipe of Serbian peasantry. He has traveled a long way from Idvor of the Balkan plains, on an "indomitable, unrelenting, uphill march." And with Dean West I say: "Let every discouraged young American take heart."



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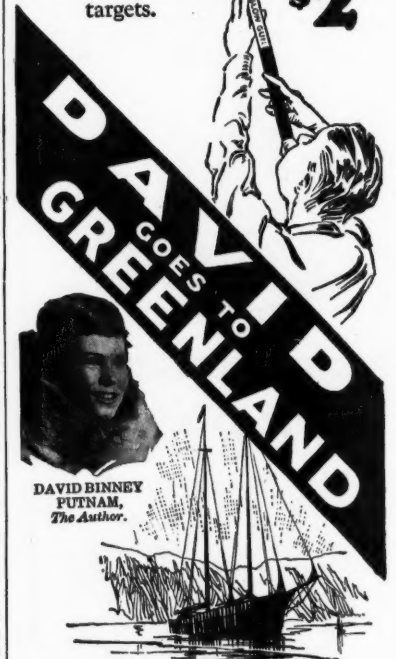
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## THINGS WE TALK ABOUT



EVERY morning, when the Editor of The Youth's Companion opens his mail, letters from all over America and the world remind him that the sun never sets on The Youth's Companion! Once again, as Christmas comes near, we are reminded that Companion readers are one great family, bound by their American inheritance as well as by appreciation of good reading, good citizenship, good fun and good accomplishment.

This department should be jammed with family letters from top to bottom. Let us see how many of them we can print this month.

MR. E. V. HOWE, of the Pioneer Publishing Company, Mandan, N. Dak., writes: "I have been a reader of The Companion practically all the time since the days when you published the story by Homer Greene entitled 'A Tale of the Tow-Path' [This story appeared in 1892] and many other wonderfully delightful tales. I wish to bestow my appreciation upon the wonderful magazine you are now issuing. I did not like the idea when you first announced changing from a weekly to a monthly, but now I see that this change was best for the readers."



BERLE C. STUESSI, of Seattle, Wash., wrote a letter to his mother some time ago, and Mrs. Stuessi sends it to us from her home in Kansas City, Kan.:

"Just a note to inclose with my check for subscription to The Youth's Companion. I feel a very personal interest in a publication that carried so much inspiration to me during the formative years of childhood. And, while I may be a bit emotional on the matter, I can hardly forget the stories of such commendable writers as C. A. Stephens, Elsie Singmaster and others. You can recall, I know, with what delight and anticipation all of us children looked forward to the visits of The Youth's Companion, and you can inform those folks back there in Boston that, if they can continue to keep their material on the same high plane as in past years they can count on me to continue the subscription that was placed in my home so many years ago."



"I commenced with The Youth's Companion when I was seven years of age," writes Mr. Edward F. Bigelow, whose pictures then and now appear here. See his letter on this page

PHILIP F. BLACKWOOD writes from Louisville, Ky.: "Last winter, as I had a very heavy schedule at school, I had practically no time for outside reading. I did not read very much of The Youth's Companion and accordingly didn't care much for it. Then came the vacation, and I started to read my back numbers in spare time. I subscribed again and certainly am glad of it. The numbers that have come are very good. Especially did I enjoy 'K and the Khedive's Diamonds,' even if it was a girls' story. It was very cleverly done. I am having just as heavy a schedule at school as I did last year, but I am squeezing in some time to read The Youth's Companion. It's great!"

ROBERT H. MAXWELL writes from Winder, Ga.: "I want to congratulate you on your recent additions to The Companion: The News of the Air, and Sport. They are two very fine additions."

For the benefit of new members of our family, we may explain that these two departments are collecting, in convenient form each month, a great amount of material which hitherto could not be used in full. For some thirty years to 1922 our department Nature and Science gave new things from natural history and scientific progress; but in the present state of invention no one department can contain all that is new. In October, last year, we started the "March of Science" department and have supplemented it with The News of the Air and Modern Radio.

There is nothing outside of school so enlarging to the intellect and the spirit of modern boys and girls as a healthy interest in scientific progress. But it would not do to fill The Companion with intellectual interests at the expense of physical improvement. And our new Sport department, directed by men of prominence both in athletics and in business, provides real information for the young athlete and lover of sport.

MISS MINNIE W. MILLER, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "The monthly Youth's Companion brings us more inspiration, information and help than ever before. I rejoice in this change and progress. I am working in two settlements of the city of Philadelphia and am called the 'Story-Telling Lady.' You have helped and inspired me to give these children the building up of a noble Christian character. Recently I have opened my home to the boys and girls of my neighborhood and have been greatly distressed when I found they had been reading books that were anything but inspiring, true or good. I am recommending The Youth's Companion to them."

IN Gillingham, Wis., Mrs. Ella Ferguson is giving similar benefits to boys and girls. She writes: "I can remember back about fifty

years ago when I sent a subscription to The Youth's Companion to a nephew from Ohio, and what a joy it was to him! Last year I sent the paper to two families, one in Wheaton, Ill., and the other in Viroqua, Wis. This year I have sent it to three different families. So please be sure that your paper is appreciated by the younger ones. As long as I am able I want to see that my grandchildren have it to read."

THE adventures of a young engineer are well suggested in a letter from L. Russell Wood, a boy Member of the Y. C. Lab. in Weiser, Idaho: "I have received your letter announcing a Cash Award for my water-wheel. How I do wish I could do for the Lab what it has done for me! I love to read about those lucky fellows who can make things out of such limited materials, together with the constructional and scientific articles in the Lab pages. And now I have been among the winners! It seems impossible to me. Nevertheless I certainly thank you for the award."

"I worked last summer for the Idaho Power Company. I have helped build two 50-K. V. A. outdoor substations and have seen the 'innards' of a 200-K. V. A. 66,000-2300 V transformer, and I was looking right at a 2300-volt feeder regulator when it 'let go' and blew up. I guess it is a good thing that a door was handy, or there would have been a hole in the wall where I went through."

ANOTHER boy in the Y. C. Lab, John Williams, Aplington, Iowa, writes to Lab Councillor James K. Clapp, S.M.: "I have received your letter explaining the project I asked you about, and thank you very kindly. I appreciate your kindness in using your time to help boys like me. There's no other organization in the United States that takes the interest that the Y. C. Lab takes in the boys of this country."

ONE of the firmest friends of The Companion is Edward F. Bigelow, editor of that interesting magazine The Guide to Nature, which is published by the Agassiz Association. Mr. Bigelow was a subscriber to The Youth's Companion back in the sixties. As an example of what the well-dressed child wore in Civil War days it is worth careful study. The other picture is of Mr. Bigelow as he appears today, evidently somewhat older, but still a reader and occasional contributor to The Youth's Companion.

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Of course, everyone likes adventure, and plenty of it. *THE SHADOW OF THE IROQUOIS*, by Everett McNeil (Dutton, \$2.00), is a story of the days when the French king sent that fiery warrior, Count Frontenac, to govern Canada. Indians, treasure, battles, and victories—all are in this book. Or perhaps you would like to start with a friend of yours, *DICK BYRD, AIR EXPLORER*, by Fitzhugh Green (Putnam's, \$1.75). It was adventure to go around the world when he was twelve; it was adventure to play football at Annapolis, to fly across the North Pole, and across the Atlantic to France. Those who were interested in his great articles about the South Pole adventure—and who was not?—will know him still better from this book.

Speaking of football, here are stories to the most ardent rooter's order. *Ralph Henry Barbour* leads off with *HUNT HOLDS THE CENTER* (Appleton, \$1.75). Jared Hunter entered high school to win a college scholarship, and didn't have time for practice; but the other boys in Highwood High, and the girls too, were sorry they had snubbed him when he stepped out from the sidelines one day. *THE COACH*, by Arthur Stanwood Pier (Penn, \$2.00), tells how Tom Howland, a school captain, decided that defeat was due to poor coaching, and what he did about it. Then there is a baseball story, *THE MACKLIN BROTHERS*, by William Heyliger (Appleton, \$1.75), in which the "brothers' battery" at Castle Point School do things so vigorously that you can fairly hear the crack of the bat against the ball.

### Three Remarkable Adventurers

A group of stories from real life comes next. *THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF JOHN SMITH*, by Vernon Quinn (Stokes, \$2.50), is a book well named. John Smith ran away to sea when he

was thirteen, fell into the hands of thieves and smugglers, fought in thrilling sea battles, and in the end dared those deeds in America which still live for us today. *ALEXANDER HAMILTON*, by Howard Hicks (Macmillan, \$1.50), presents some little-known adventures of this boy who became one of the youngest great men in history. Did you ever hear how he rode through a tropical hurricane to help a friend? There is a picture of Alexander on the cover, taking this ride, and the book will take you with him through stirring events. Another exciting book, taken from life, is *THE ADVENTURES OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT*, by Edwin Emerson (Dutton, \$2.50). Mr. Emerson was one of the Rough Riders, and has filled this book with cowboys and Rough Riders and the hunters of big game in Africa, doing full justice to the colorful events with which Colonel Roosevelt's life was filled.

Of particular importance, though it is not actually "new," is *ABE*

*LINCOLN GROWS UP*, by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), an illustrated reprint of the first twenty-seven chapters of "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years."

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*STOWAWAY AND OTHER STORIES*, edited by Wilhelm Harper (Little, Brown, \$2.00), is a book

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*THE Youth's Companion* is glad to recommend to all its readers the book publishers whose names you find below. These are the great houses that publish none but clean, interesting and valuable books. You will find their books and catalogues at every good bookstore. Or you can safely write to any of them for catalogues, book lists, or special information—taking care, in your letter or postal, to say that you are a *Youth's Companion* reader and to mention the sort of books or reading in which you are chiefly interested.

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of the most popular boys' stories that have appeared in recent years in The Companion. They range from adventure and daring to humor, and form a noteworthy collection. And you will be glad to know that you may also have in book form such excellent tales—too well known to need description—as THE DERELICT, by Charles Nordhoff (Little, Brown, \$2.00), and THE GOLD HAIR FOUND, by Carl H. Claudy (Appleton, \$1.75).

Three other new books seem especially to belong to us. ADVENTURE WAITS (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), is edited by Helen Ferris, President of our G. Y. C., and it contains mystery and adventure stories for girls by some of the finest story-tellers in the world. KATAHDIN CAMPS, by C. A. Stephens (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.75), is a story of a girl's camp in the woods, told with our beloved contributor's unfailing charm. And those who love plays will find five charming ones in GUKI THE MOON BOY, by Beulah Folmsbee (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00). "A Gift of Love," one of these plays, is a Christmas play, delightful yet practical for children to act; the others are fairy-tale plays.

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diffident English knight who fights perhaps the most desperate and stirring battle in all fiction—a true picture of courage and chivalry. We are also indebted to the Beacon Hill Bookshelf of Little, Brown & Co. for not allowing us to forget other old friends. This fall JACK AND JILL and UNDER THE LILACS (each \$2.00), by Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women," are added to the Beacon Hill volumes which many of you already have in your libraries.

**For the Very Young**

There are many lovely books for the youngest readers this season. Chapters from three of them have appeared on our own Children's Pages. There is POLLY PATCHWORK, by Rachel Field (Doubleday, Doran, 75 cents). You remember Polly, with her dress made from a patchwork quilt of her grandmother's. And MILLIONS OF CATS, by Wanda Gag (Coward-McCann, \$1.25)—a whole book about those million cats, each of which thought himself the handsomest cat that ever lived. And THE BEGGING DEER, by Dorothy Rowe (Macmillan, \$2.00), in which you will meet Ukiko, the little Japanese girl, and her white puppy.

Everyone knows how little children adore little books. Here are some enchanting ones. One series is called the ANNE ANDERSON BEAUTY BOOKS (Thomas Nelson), six of them at 75 cents each—"Aladdin," "Ali Baba," "Hop o' My Thumb," "Red Shoes," "Sleeping Beauty," and "Snow Drop." The colored pictures on every page will delight any little boy or girl. Another series is called the HAPPY HOUR BOOKS (Macmillan, 50 cents each). These too have lots of colored pictures and are old favorites.

A HAT-TUB TALE, by Caroline Emerson (Dutton, \$2.50), tells about two fantastic little animals that live in the Bay of Fundy and meet pirates and mermaids. PINOCCHIO IN AMERICA, by Angelo Patri (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), brings comical Pinocchio to our own country.

**And Now Comes Book Week**

We have listed many books—good books, every one. Next month we may suggest a few others from this season's offerings. But in the meantime there is a great occasion—Book Week, which starts this year on November 11. If your club is planning a celebration, don't forget that the National Association of Book Publishers, 25 West 33d Street, New York City, stands ready to give you some beautiful book posters (you will find one of them printed on page 604) and club plans, and also some attractive little books called "My Book Record," about which they will tell you if you write to them at once. Say that you are a reader of The Youth's Companion, and they will be delighted to tell you about Book Week contests and programs and exhibits.

**Coming—Our Greatest Issue!**

WHEN a magazine has been published continuously for one hundred and two years, and when it is so known and loved that it has been passed down from great-grandparents to present-day boys and girls, its editors must speak with care when they make comparisons. And yet, we have no hesitation in telling you that the Christmas Youth's Companion, published next month, will be the greatest issue of the magazine that has ever been produced.

Leading the issue will be "The Gale Treasure," by that author of ingenious and fascinating mystery stories, Gladys Blake. Miss Blake stands in the very front rank of popularity among Companion authors, and "The Gale Treasure," telling as it does the story of one of the most remarkable mysteries The Companion has ever printed, is better than "The Indian Amulet," better than "The Scratches on the Glass"—the best story, in other words, that Gladys Blake has ever written.

As for shorter stories, we shall give you more and finer than you have ever before found in an issue of The Companion. Jonathan Brooks takes Jimmy Byers through the triumphal close of the Jordan football season. It looked as if Dean Warrenden was about to bring Jimmy's brilliant athletic career to a sudden close, but friends intervene in time, and Jimmy, while the Jordan stands rock and quiver, puts over the winning touchdown that brings a championship to his college and triumph over its ancient rival, Tippecanoe. That's why it will be Captain Byers next year, when the Jordan team runs on the field.

Margaret Warde, who created clever little K. Blake, has brought to life an even lovelier heroine now—pretty Joan Jordan, whom every girl reader of The Companion knows and loves already. In December Joan has a Christmas adventure which will bring a thrill to everyone. Suppose, on Christmas Eve, a handsome young man came to the door of your home and apolo-

gized to you because he couldn't remember his name, or where he lived, or anything he had ever done! Just what would you do? And what did Joan do? December brings the answer in "The Biggest Christmas Wreath."

But there are many kinds of Christmases besides these at Deepdene. Capt. Penhallow Freedom found an island once where there was no Christmas—where no one had ever heard of it. Of course, the old Captain couldn't let that state of affairs go on. So he brought Christmas to Billy Goat Island—in one of the funniest, most extravagant stories that Harry I. Shumway ever overheard at the sessions at which Captain Pen regales the Hammer and Chisel Club.

And it goes without saying that no issue of The Companion could be printed without a story of the home folks by C. A. Stephens. Never fear: we have saved one of his very best for this gala number. Other stories, too, by Edwin Cole, who wrote "The Bandit Chief" last month, and by Raoul Whitfield, who has another story of the air even more exciting than "Exceptional Circumstances," which was printed in October.

Every department will breathe Christmas: an inspiring Christmas message from the Editor in Fact and Comment; Christmas scenes in Miscellany; a Christmas construction project in the Y. C. Lab, and Christmas ideas and suggestions throughout the entire G. Y. C. Of course the Children's Pages will celebrate Christmas just as appropriately as ever. And even if there's less about Christmas in The March of Science, or The News of the Air, or Sport, or This Busy World, or Modern Radio, or Books to Read, all these splendid departments, which have made the new Companion famous for practical value the world over, will be bigger, more elaborate, more packed-full-of-interest than ever before, in honor of the holidays. A great issue? The very greatest!



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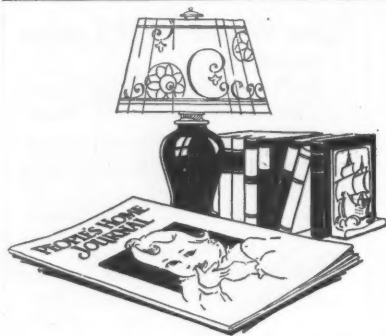
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## THIS BU WORLD

*A Monthly Summary of Current Events*



Keystone Photo

Coblentz on the Rhine, one of the German cities occupied by French soldiers

### WAR DEBTS AND GERMAN BONDS

FRANCE and Germany, which have been getting nearer and nearer together for several years, seem to be less cordial just now, and the change has come about since both nations signed the Kellogg peace treaty at Paris. The trouble is over the French soldiers who still occupy part of the Rhineland, and who are not obliged to withdraw for several years to come. The Germans are impatient to get them out now, but the French will not agree unless they can get something good in return. What that something shall be the two parties cannot agree upon, and the discussion of the whole matter has aroused some bad feeling both in Paris and Berlin. The latest news from abroad is that one hope is that the whole affair can be settled by an international conference in which the United States is to be asked to take part. The plan is to issue a lot of bonds against the property of the German railways. These bonds are to be taken largely by American investors, and the proceeds used to clean up the reparation debt that Germany still owes to Great Britain, France and Belgium. Then the French would take their troops out of Germany. But it would be part of the arrangement to persuade our government to take a lump sum in cash for the debts still owed us by the allied nations, on the ground that a smaller amount in cash is better than a larger amount for which we should have to wait sixty-two years, and which we might not get even then. Probably the next President, whoever he is, will have this proposal to deal with. What he will do with it and what the Senate will do with it afterward is a pretty question.

### SCIENTISTS IN COUNCIL

AT the Glasgow meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, it was declared that we stand today on the brink of revolutionary discoveries about life and matter. Dr. A. V. Hill of London University is said to have found out what it is that keeps a living cell alive, and what it is that causes it to die. The presence of oxygen, it seems, is necessary to life, and the moment a cell is denied oxygen it begins to go to pieces. Doctor Hill's friends think his discovery may make it possible to make a living cell in the laboratory, though it would of course be only the simplest kind of cell, quite unable to develop into even the lowest form in the animal creation. Another "remarkable" theory, suggested by Prince de Broglie, the French chemist, had to do with the nature of matter. He thinks he can show that matter consists of a series of waves as well as of minute solid particles. His theory, one enthusiastic scientist declared, would destroy not only present ideas about the combustion of matter but all the materialistic philosophy based on those ideas.



Keystone Photo

Dr. A. V. Hill

### A NEW BRITISH "EMPIRE"

THE Prince of Wales has quietly gone off to East Africa to shoot big game. But it is said in London that his trip has more serious purposes than that. The Prince has sometimes been jocosely called the "salesman of the Empire," because his attractive personality and unaffected cordiality make friends not only for himself but for the whole royal family, and the British nation too, wherever he goes. The idea now is that he has gone to East Africa to help "sell" the Empire as a great economic concern

to the folks at home. There will be a great deal of talk in the newspapers about the country where he is to do his hunting, and the British people—including, of course, the British investor—will be told how rich and promising that country is, and what a chance there is to make it an exceedingly valuable part of the Empire. As a matter of fact, it is all true. The colonies or mandates of Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda and Rhodesia, some of which have long been British, while others were in the hands of the Germans before the war, are capable of very great development.



Keystone Photo

The Prince of Wales

They will grow almost everything tropical or subtropical, and there is much mineral wealth there too. Now that the older British colonies have grown up to be almost independent nations there is need, as British business men think, to develop the still untouched resources of East Africa, for the maintenance of Great Britain's commercial prosperity. To introduce this great country rather than to shoot a few lions and elephants is Prince Edward's business for the next few months.



Keystone Photo

The "City Hall of Mexico," situated in Mexico City; one of the country's government buildings

### AN ORDERLY MEXICO

PRESIDENT CALLES has not only refused to get around the Mexican constitution by getting himself elected "provisional" President since the death of General Obregon; he has gone so far as to pledge himself not to run for President after the term of his successor (whoever he may be) is over. The constitution would permit him to run, but he thinks the government would be safer and more orderly if it were known that he was not standing in the background getting ready to go back to the President's chair as soon as he could. He has also promised that the army shall not interfere in the forthcoming election, and he hopes that the Presidency will never again be a prize fought for by military leaders, but an office open to civilians and statesmen even more than to generals.

### "MR. JUSTICE" HUGHES AGAIN



Keystone Photo

John Bassett Moore, former American jurist on the World Court

American jurist on the bench of the World Court, though the United States is not yet a member of the court. It did agree to join on condition that the court would make a rule not to give "advisory" opinions on questions in which this country claimed an interest, but the other nations would not agree to that kind of reservation.



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## BROKEN WINGS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 558]

trouble at all to accommodate another family. Another thing, Mother: it would cut down your work by more than half, and at the same time bring in a neat little sum every month. We haven't had much success with boarders. Seems to me it would be lots better to have Uncle George and his family—

His mother nodded her head thoughtfully. "Yes, so it would," she remarked after a pause. "And it would mean you wouldn't have to work—"

He smiled at her. "Always thinking of me, aren't you, Mother? Please don't let the thought of me influence you in the least."

"Well, we'll think it over, Harry, and then I'll write to your uncle. I'm almost inclined to say yes, but of course your uncle may not care for the arrangement."

"I would if I were in his place!" was the emphatic reply.

During the next few days, Mrs. Irwin gave all her thought to the plan; and then one morning she wrote a letter to her brother, saying that there were no suitable houses for rent in Ashboro, but if he cared to occupy a part of the Irwin place he might have it.

His answer came a week later, and it left no doubt that he was pleased with the arrangement. The rate of rent mentioned was agreeable to him, and he hoped that he and his family might be comfortably settled by the early part of September.

Harry was elated, the more so since he knew that his mother was delighted with the arrangement. And now he was free—free to look about in hope of finding something that he might do, no matter how humble, to help the great cause that had so violently disturbed the equilibrium of America and the world.

Two weeks before school opened, his uncle arrived with his wife and two children. Everything was ready for them. Mrs. Irwin and Harry occupied four rooms in the western end of the house; the other rooms—there were six of them—formed a spacious and comfortable home for the Andrews family. The two families were distinctly apart, and the arrangement seemed in every sense a happy one.

About that time Harry became interested in the local chapter of the Red Cross. He devoted two afternoons a week to it, working on the publicity that the chapter put out and serving in the capacity of typist. But the work was tedious and not very important; his thought strayed constantly to France, where men were enduring the hard usages of warfare. Most of his high-school friends were too young for service in the armed forces of the nation, but nearly all were doing something, and a few were in training camps with every expectation of reaching France.

"I'm wasting time here," he said to Eleanor Lee one day. "Anybody can do the work I'm doing—and what does it amount to?"

"A good many in your place wouldn't do anything at all," she said warmly. Eleanor herself had been with the local chapter since its beginning. Her lips suddenly tightened. "There's that big, lazy Chester Duff—he doesn't mean to do a thing—brags because he's a few days older than the draft limit! I could mention others who want to stay home and let somebody else fight for them, when they ought to be in camp!"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. He was not especially interested in what others did. He reasoned that at such a time a man must be guided by his conscience; his own conscience told him in no uncertain tones that he ought to be doing something more useful than typewriting for the Red Cross.

A few days later he employed his typewriter for the purpose of furthering his aim to be more useful; he wrote to Doctor Quillan, in Raleigh—the heart specialist who had examined him a year or so before. Doctor Quillan, he knew, was then at work organizing a hospital unit that was destined for overseas service. Despite his deformed foot, Harry held the secret hope that somehow the doctor might find a place for him in the unit.

He was swiftly disillusioned. The doctor, in his letter, told him that service of that kind was out of question. "But I admire your spirit!" he added. "I suggest you see Mr. Floyd Chidsey, here in Raleigh. He is, as you know, well up in the Red Cross. If you like, I'll speak to him about you."

EARLY the following week Harry sat in Mr. Chidsey's outer office, eagerly awaiting an interview with the man. Beyond a glass-paneled door Floyd Chidsey was bent over a desk, signing the last of a batch of letters. He was a big, kindly-eyed man with iron-gray hair and heavy, bone-rimmed spectacles—a man of perhaps fifty years but with an air of boyish

frankness about him. He pressed a button, and a secretary entered.

"Tell Mr. Irwin I shall be glad to see him now."

Mr. Chidsey leaned back in his chair. From a conversation with Doctor Quillan he had learned something about Harry—his tremendous energy and fine spirit, his eagerness to serve his country despite his afflictions. Nevertheless, the man was surprised at his first glimpse of his visitor. He was prepared to see a pale, solemn-eyed youth enter his office in a halting and perhaps painful manner.

"I'm glad to meet you!" said Mr. Chidsey, extending his hand heartily. "Have a chair."

"Thank you," said Harry, sitting down. Mr. Chidsey looked at him keenly. "Doctor Quillan tells me you're not quite satisfied with your service in the local Red Cross. How is that?"

"I'm not doing as much as I'm capable of," was the quick reply.

"H'm. Perhaps they'll have more for you to do later on."

"Yes, that may be true. I certainly hope so! But, to be frank about it, Mr. Chidsey, I don't see very much ahead. I want to do a lot more than I could ever do in Ashboro."

"You had a kind of physical breakdown while you were on the Mercury, so I understand."

"Yes, that's true. But I've learned a lesson—and now I think I'm stronger than I was then. I shan't do it again," he added with a smile.

Mr. Chidsey smiled also; it was clear that he was very favorably impressed. "Just what would you like to do?" he asked.

"Anything that's worth while, sir. Anything that would keep me busy all the time."

"But you already work. You run the puzzles in the Mercury, and Doctor Quillan tells me you do typewriting besides."

"I'd drop all that," was the unhesitating response. "It's not important, and we are fixed at home now so that the money I'm earning isn't really necessary."

Mr. Chidsey's eyes blinked behind his glasses. The doctor was right! This lad had the proper spirit. He was willing to sacrifice his own interests.

There was a long pause; then he asked a startling question: "How would you like to go to France?"

Harry stared at him, speechless, dumfounded. "To France?" he repeated. "I go to France? Oh, Mr. Chidsey, if I thought it was possible, I'd give ten years of my life!"

"I am not at all sure that it is," was the reply. "I merely asked out of curiosity." Then, noting Harry's crestfallen look, the man added, "But I think I can make a place for you here in Raleigh. How soon could you start work?"

"At once!"

Again the man smiled. They talked a while longer; then Mr. Chidsey rose. "I'll write to you definitely in a few days," he said. "Meanwhile you might be looking about for someone to do your puzzles for you—"

"Oh, sir!" cried Harry, seizing Mr. Chidsey's outstretched hand. "I am certainly grateful—a thousand times grateful!"

Back at Ashboro, he told his mother about his interview. She listened in silence, but, with his arms about her, she lacked the heart to voice a word of opposition. Secretly she was proud of her son, as any mother must have been proud.

"You'll be careful of your health, won't you, Harry?" she pleaded. "You won't do too much?"

And he answered her as he had answered Mr. Chidsey. "I've learned a lesson. I know how to take care of myself now."

Toward the middle of December he joined the organization of the Red Cross in Raleigh. At first he filled a position as secretary to one of the lower officials; but at the end of a month he was transferred to the office of Mr. Chidsey himself. His work there had much to do with organizing and publicity; it was important work, and there were few idle moments during the week. He received a small salary, just about large enough to pay for his meals and his room rent.

The winter passed in that manner, the terrible winter of 1917-18, and Harry was almost happy—except in the evenings. Then he would picture those more fortunate ones who were in camp or in France or cruising the salt blue waters. No one except himself knew how keenly he suffered in his mind. Ten years of his life? Yes, he would give more than that for a sound foot that would enable him to serve like the rest!

One day in March, Mr. Chidsey called him into his office. "Sit down," he said rather abruptly. "I've something I want to talk to you about."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 608]

## When WRITING beckons to you what do you answer?

"Some day I'll start" . . . "I'd like to, but I'm busy" . . . "I'll get there, all right, once I make up my mind. . . ."

And so they go, those time-devouring good intentions. A day, a month, a year goes by. Again something happens to rouse the urge within you. And again: "Some day" . . . "Yes, but" . . . or some equally deadening evasion, and no progress!

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## BROKEN WINGS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 607]

Harry regarded him wonderingly. Mr. Chidsey fingered a letter before him on the desk. "When you came to me the first time," he began, "you expressed the desire to go to France." He paused and moistened his lips thoughtfully.

Harry watched him, his eyes wide. Mr. Chidsey lifted the paper and rattled it in his fingers. "This is an appeal for field workers," he said. "Headquarters has asked me to recommend three or four young men. Do you still want to go to France? If you do—"

Harry sprang to his feet. "Oh!" he cried. "It's what I want more than anything else in the world!"

"Very well, we'll see what we can do." Harry was quivering all over with excitement, and his throat felt dry and parched. With an effort he managed to say, "Can I qualify—with this clubfoot?"

"I hope so, since you want to go so badly. Doctor Quillan is at the head of the board of examiners. He has a very good opinion of you, and he will be sympathetic. It is his word that will decide. What about your mother?"

A lump came into Harry's throat at the thought of the pain it would cause her. "My mother would never stand in my way," he replied. "In the way of my duty," he added.

THAT evening, with a new burst of hope, he wrote two letters. The first was to his mother. Assuming that he had successfully passed the examination, he told her that he had been chosen as a field worker for the Red Cross, and that he expected to sail for France. He closed with a statement of his love for her; the sentences came from his pen so fast that it seemed as if his heart, not his mind, were dictating them. This letter will not be copied here; but there is no reason why we should not give you the letter he wrote at the same time to Eleanor Lee.

DEAR ELEANOR:

If I can pass the physical exam tomorrow, I will go to France. I suppose I'll fail—how can they take a crippled fellow like me? Just the same, I'm hoping that they'll pass me; and if they do, I'll give everything I have in order to make good over there! What's it matter if I go west? There's only one person I'm thinking about, and that is Mother. Eleanor, would you sort of keep an eye on her?

If I get anywhere near the war, Eleanor, you can just bet that I won't be interested in trying to save my own skin. Probably it will just be

office work, I suppose, but I've heard a lot about Red Cross workers from Clara Barton down, and I know they don't try to duck the bullets. And why should I? I'm almost no good at all to anybody but my mother.

Things might have been different, Eleanor, and I'd just like to say that I've never cared about any girl but you. I wouldn't have said this at any other time, but if I do go abroad I don't expect to come back, and I'd just like you to know it. Don't think I'm pretending to be a hero. I'm just a lame duck. Things might have been different. Good-by. Don't forget me.

Yours, HARRY IRWIN

He kept both letters in his pocket as he went before the medical examiners next morning. In the gray morning light, his knees were trembling again, and his heart throbbed. He was frightened, panic-stricken, almost unable to stand.

"Take off your clothes," said a doctor—a grim-faced man whom Harry had not met before. Harry obeyed, piling them on the back of a chair. It was all he could do to hop forward on his good foot. Panic still gripped him; but it was not the sort of panic that fears danger. It was the panic of the brave man who fears that he will not be allowed to go where danger is.

The examination was thorough, but brief. Eyes, ears, teeth, throat, heart and lungs—all were examined, and all met the tests. The doctor said little; at last, after one swift glance at Harry's clubfoot, he grunted, "Put on your clothes." Then he retired into a private room, where three or four other men were sitting around a table, Doctor Quillan among them.

"That's the most eager worker we've examined yet," said the doctor who had looked Harry over. "Never saw a boy so anxious to go overseas."

"Isn't it fine?" said Quillan. "When I think of my work for the draft board, and remember how many boys pretended to have fallen arches or something else that would serve as an excuse—"

"Many boys?"

"Well, quite a few," said Quillan. "Not a nice thing to remember, and I'm glad to have this crippled boy as a set-off. He has the spirit that made this country what it is. Passed him, didn't you?"

"I certainly did. Let's make out his papers and send him on his way."

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

## THOSE TURBULENT TWINS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 561]

Joan. "But until that happens, I'm sure Mrs. Alden will lump them together, just as before. Anyway, K, I'm not in this Miss Fix-It business just for glory—I've got to have money, to keep Deepdene going until my father gets back."

There was a letter that day, a letter with an English stamp. It was from Mr. Alden. "The boys and I want a country Thanksgiving," he wrote. "Please 'fix-it.' Hire a country cook, and find her the makings of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, if my farmer can't. Special rates for a special job, Miss Fix-It!"

Joan got Aunt Jane Wideawake to help the farmer's wife with the turkey and squash and onions, the cranberry sauce, and the mince and pumpkin pies. What a Thanksgiving dinner it was!

She trimmed the living-room with rowan berries and bittersweet, and the dining-table with big red apples. Deepdene's holiday dinner was postponed till evening, so that she could give the day to her job. Mrs. Alden woke with a headache and stayed in bed, so Joan found herself at the head of the table, with a twin, both talking at once, on either side. After dinner she and Jimmy chose hiking in preference to horseback riding, while John and his father made for the golf course. It had been a long, late fall, and Thanksgiving was an Indian summer's day, ideal for walking. But somehow Joan felt nervous and restless; earlier than was

necessary she persuaded Jimmy to start for home. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching!" they sang as they swung up the road. Two strange cars in the drive. A woman in starch white in the hall. Mr. Alden running to meet them.

"It's all right now," he reassured the frightened pair. "Johnny's ball struck a rock, bounded back, and hit him on the forehead. Knocked him out, and he fell on another rock—his face is pretty badly cut and bruised. They had to take several stitches. Hey, Jimmy, don't cry! It's all over now. Of course your brother's not going to die. Go in and talk to him—he's on the living-room couch."

Jimmy dragged Joan with him. On the broad divan before a blazing fire sat Johnny, his head swathed in a bandage.

"Say!" he greeted the two cheerfully. "I got hit, and it had to be sewed with six stitches. Say, Miss Jo, honest, will it always show? The doctor said so. Is it true?"

"Oh, I guess—not," Joan said bravely. "Just a tiny bit, maybe; and men don't mind scars. Only girls mind."

"Gee!" Johnny threw off a hampering blanket and stood on his feet, grinning broadly beneath the bandage. "Then I've fixed us! We can be told apart! Hurray for my scar! Now I guess it's Thanksgiving Day in the Alden family!"

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## WHAT SHALL WE EAT TOMORROW?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 563]

shall beyond question learn much in the future, is appreciative of the soy-bean now. Although its production in this country has increased enormously, it has been grown largely as a forage crop for pasture, hay and stock food. Oil from the soy-bean has been extracted for use in soap and paint, and the remaining press cake used as stock food and fertilizer. But we have overlooked so far its greatest possibility. Human foods can be manufactured from the seed. Soy-beans contain only slight traces of carbohydrates, but are rich in oil and protein. Flour can be prepared from the press cake for use in bread and breakfast foods. A vegetable milk, known as soy-bean milk, has been prepared and has a number of possible uses by bakers, confectioners, chocolate manufacturers and in general cooking. A curd may also be prepared from it which has a remarkably high protein content and is particularly valuable for those wishing to avoid meat in their diet. This curd may also be flavored with various materials, such as fruits or jams in the production of something resembling a quite satisfactory pudding. In addition, this remarkable and versatile bean may be used as a food by sprouting, steaming, roasting and salting. Sandwich spreads and luncheon novelties of the future will depend heavily upon it. Into the bargain it can be used to produce a tasty "soy sauce."

### Cottonseed Hash

When anyone pretends to tell you that in days to come we shall consume all our food in the form of little white pellets and that the appetizing meals of the present day will go out of fashion, to be replaced by a pill and a swallow of water, you will be wise to laugh heartily. The wonders which science is performing today all tend to produce, not less variety in our food, but more. The chemist and biologist are concerned now largely with turning materials which are either wasted or not considered as possible foods at all into something edible and appetizing. I spoke a few paragraphs before of the "hydrogenation of oils." This represents a great forward step in food production which is already an accomplished fact. Oil obtained from the carcasses of fish and also from the cottonseed undergoes an amazing transformation when it is treated with hydrogen. It loses all objectionable odor and color and solidifies into an appetizing, pearly-white fat which has a high food value, possesses many advantages which lard does not have, and is of tremendous value in frying, and as shortening for cakes and pastry.

Cotton indeed may some day be raised as a food crop—not merely to supply textile materials, in which it is fighting a desperate battle against superior synthetic products such as rayon. The cottonseed has food value. After the oil has been extracted from the seed, the so-called press cake can be utilized also.

How does synthetic hash sound to you? It has been produced and is reported to be nourishing and appetizing. It consists of cottonseed meal mixed with water until it becomes the consistency of a porridge. To this an enterprising dietitian added potatoes and onions flavored with salt and pepper; then he put it all into the frying-pan. It was impossible to tell the difference between the result and ordinary hash. Furthermore, the protein in the cottonseed meal cost but five cents, whereas the same amount of pro-

tein, had it been obtained from meat, would have cost no less than two dollars.

Now let me tell you another wonder which has been accomplished and will be of great importance as soon as we overcome a silly prejudice against it. The blood of animals which supply our meat has hitherto had no use except as fertilizer. A gifted biologist, however, found that he could separate albumin from the hemoglobin of the blood, and that this albumin when beaten up produced a froth, from which it was easy to remove the water. This important process, by the way, is known as dehydration, and I shall come back to it in a moment. The result of dehydrating this froth was a clean, pure, white powder which contained high energy value in a very small bulk. When water was later added to it again, it produced an admirable synthetic substitute for whites of eggs. This is a contribution of enormous importance. Eggs are expensive and difficult to keep. Bakers and confectioners use huge quantities of them, and the production of a cheaper and equally nutritious substitute for whites will mean great things to us some day when buyers no longer refuse to use the product. I have eaten a cake made with synthetic egg whites and can report that it was delicious and could not be distinguished from one made with the natural product.

Yeast as a food of the future is already looming large. Many proteins will be developed in the future by fermentation. Yeast can be developed from many waste liquids, especially those containing a small amount of fermentable sugar, such as molasses water, dilute juices from fruit and vegetable processes. Yeast is not only a food but a medicinal food. It is rich in protein and in vitamins, and chemists have stated that an acre devoted to the production of raw materials for producing yeast would yield many times the quantity of protein food that could be produced on the same area by the best efforts of the farmer.

### Shall We Eat Wood?

Indeed, we shall some day be eating wood. Essentially, wood is cellulose, and already chemists have discovered means of changing the cellulose molecule in such a way that it becomes available as a source of animal energy. Thus it is that cows will now be fed on a modified sawdust, and it is far from impossible that cellulose will not some day yield a human food. Indeed, hydrolyzed wood may now be made to yield edible protein in the form of yeast, and we shall be able to achieve many variations in our diet through its use when colored and flavored or mixed with other foods.

No one can tell what sudden new path may open up for further research tomorrow. I have said little in this article about any developments which are not close to the realm of present-day possibility. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that wood and cotton might, through the unceasing study of scientists, become something that human beings could eat and enjoy? And who can imagine what will happen next? Of one thing only can we be certain: the meals that the human race will eat in the future will be vastly more varied and unusual—just as our present-day foods mark an extraordinary advance over the crude and often unhealthful fare of our pioneering forebears. Even breakfast ought to be a lot of fun in 1968!

## GREENBACKS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 559]

bawled aloud as they stampeded. In vain their drivers rapped their heads with goads. Panic had set in. The Murch boys and I, in the embowered front cart, were immediately aware of a jumble of racks and steers bearing down on us. Jumping hurriedly out, Ben attempted to turn our team but succeeded only in swinging the rear end of our rack across the road, where next moment an oncoming team struck and overturned it. Willis and I found ourselves in the road under the cart, along with the churn, flail, hoe, sheaves of wheat and cheese hoops!

It was indeed a dangerous situation. Cattle were rushing past with other racks bumping and slewing ours along in the dirt. Six or seven outfits racketed by, each dragging us farther in the headlong rush past the gypsies.

At length Willis and I managed to crawl out, very dusty and not a little bruised and barked about our hands and faces, but able to regain our feet in time to see the rear of the stampede. The highway ahead presented a wild spectacle, the ditches filled with wreckage. Two of the runaway teams entered the open meadow and brought up in the brook. Another ran for a mile or more along the road and

dashed into a barn that stood by the way with its great doors open. Still another came to a standstill among the trees of a near-by orchard, breaking the rack into pieces. Every cart save the hindmost was wrecked!

The surprised gypsies had hitched up their horses in haste and had driven off at a great pace—fearing vengeance from us, perhaps.

The remainder of the afternoon was occupied in piling up damages and loading hopelessly smashed carts aboard those that were still able to move on their wheels. All expectation of reaching Chase's Mills that day, or on any other, was abandoned.

It was two o'clock the following morning when we finally arrived at our starting point at the Corners. Except for the creaking and squeaking of damaged carts no demonstration attended our return. In fact, everybody was rather glad, I think, of the cover of darkness.

I was very lame and much disfigured for several days—discomforts not in the least ameliorated by certain comments on the part of Cousin Addison. In fact, I was known as the Greenbacker of the family for a long while afterward.

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As the last notes of the Liebestraum died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. Everybody was plying me with questions—"Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" "Where did you learn?" "Who was your teacher?"

Then I told them the whole story. "It seems just a short while ago that I saw an ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only averages a few cents a day! Without a teacher! And no laborious scales or exercises. I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson and was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. I sent for the course and found it as easy as A. B. C. Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I would soon be able to play ballads or classical numbers or jazz with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music!"

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## Boxes, Boxes, Who Said Boxes?

### Something for everyone on this Christmas Tree

By Helen Perry Curtis

I DON'T know why fancy boxes seem suddenly to have been discovered. But here they are, dainty boxes and sturdy boxes, tin boxes and wooden boxes and cardboard boxes, small boxes and large boxes, covered with wall-paper and cretonne and bright calico, with everything glue-able, in fact. A Christmas remembrance, however small, becomes an important gift in an attractively covered box that may be used all year in a girl's own room. I recommend boxes to you, this Christmas.

Best of all, materials for Christmas boxes don't cost much. A dollar will buy enough glue and white shellac and assorted paints and inch-wide brushes to make at least fifty useful and lovely boxes. For of course the papers and boxes won't cost anything if you start collecting them now. You will be surprised at the variety of wooden, tin and pasteboard boxes you can gather together in a short time. Rummage in your attic. Save your candy boxes and all tin cookie and cracker boxes that come into the kitchen. See whether the corner drugstore hasn't some empty wooden cigar boxes, especially the nice kind with a cover that comes over the edge and with hinges and a catch. Ask your milliner for good, strong hat boxes, big and little. Go to the notion counter of a department or five-and-ten-cent store and buy some of the alluring little boxes of assorted darning cottons, or mending silks, or hairpins, or safety pins—just the thing for a guest-room.

Next come the papers and other coverings. Save all the interesting wrappers that come into the house. Pull out the bright linings from letter envelopes. Ask the paper-hanger for an old sample book. See if you haven't some left-over rolls of wall-paper in your attic. Explore the family piece-bag for interesting bits of chintz and silk. Go through your collection of Christmas cards and old magazines, for light-colored pictures.

Next, to work. It is important to pick out a good working space. An attic or the corner of a barn or your own room can be transformed into a convenient studio. A large table or the floor makes an excellent workbench. Cover it with newspapers, so you won't have to worry about glue and spots. If you have a large piece of oil-cloth to put under the papers, so much the better.

### The Plan of Work

First choose the covering most suitable to each box—small-patterned papers and fabrics for the tiny boxes; wall-paper for the hat and suit boxes; pictures for the candy and handkerchief boxes that already have gay covers and only need to have the advertising concealed. Next, decide how you will cut out the papers, whether one piece can be so cut and folded as to cover the whole box, or whether separate pieces shall be cut for each side, leaving colored borders on the box itself showing. When you cut your papers or fabrics, either measure the boxes carefully or draw around them directly on to the paper as a guide for your cutting. Perhaps you will find it convenient first to cut out a newspaper pattern.

When the cutting is finished, begin your gluing. It is usually necessary to trim off edges with the scissors while the gluing is in process. If you are gluing on small pieces, brush the glue directly on the paper and then lay it on the box very carefully in just the right place, trimming off the edges if necessary. If you are covering the whole box with one piece, put the glue on the box, top first, and each side as you come to it. Your fingers and the paper and the box and the scissors will be stuck up with glue, but fingers and scissors can be washed frequently, and newspapers changed. And the shellac goes on while the glue is still wet, so that no spots show. It is better not to bother with linings in most boxes,

as the lining makes it difficult to fit the cover over the box. But a wooden box with a hinged cover may be painted inside, or have pictures pasted in the top and on the bottom to cover any advertising, or be lined throughout with paper or fabric.

Boxes covered with paper or a thin fabric should be shellacked while the glue is still wet, as this helps hold the corners and edges in place. Put the shellac on generously, rubbing it well with the brush. It is a good thing to shellac the inside of the box as well as the outside, since this keeps it from staining with cookies or candies, if used for them. Do not shellac velvet or any thick fabric.

Wooden or tin boxes may be painted a light color, using one of the quick-drying paints. Tin boxes should be painted with the cover on, as the paint will chip off if it is applied

under the edges of the cover. After the paint is dry, a bright picture may be pasted on and shellacked over, or a very simple conventional design may be stenciled or painted on.

The hat box you see here first on the right I covered with blue and white wall-paper, cut so that the white edges of the box show. I centered the medallion in the top, bringing the border around the rim, and turning the paper up underneath. This box is shellacked. The cigar box



As usual, you are giving a Christmas bazaar. How about the one last year? Have you gone over everything you did, to see just what went well and what didn't?

I have noticed that successful bazaars are those that have an idea behind them. For instance, why not a Box Bazaar? Mrs. Curtis tells you here how to make all kinds of attractive boxes at small cost. Make sample boxes, show them to your friends, announcing that you are taking orders for boxes in which they may put their Christmas presents. Price your boxes, with due regard for costs and labor, so that your friends will prefer your boxes to other wrappings.

This will give you a send-off in advance for your Box Bazaar. At the bazaar itself I sug-

gest that you have these orders completed, displaying them prominently with a sign, "Sold." Another poster—and do make it interesting—may announce that at this table orders for other boxes will be taken. Remember, too, that timeliness is an important factor in any bazaar. A Box Bazaar should be held sufficiently in advance so that everyone won't have completed Christmas plans.

You might also offer filled boxes for sale—any Christmas novelties that take an added value in a colorful box, such as handkerchiefs or the small toilet articles mentioned by Mrs. Curtis. A candy table is also an asset. Sell boxes of fudge or cookies, taking orders for later delivery.

Have an original idea for your bazaar. Sell what people want. See to it that they know about your bazaar and will come. Price your articles so that you will really make money. Don't make articles for sale that can be more cheaply purchased at the store. Plan the work to be done so that each girl knows just what she is to do. In short, a bazaar is a business proposition. You can make it a success in the same way that business men and women make their business a success.

## Make Your Bazaar a Success

By Teresa Fitzpatrick

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box in the picture and which was a cylindrical one from our kitchen, I painted a Chinese vermilion and decorated with

pictures of a Scottish terrier, cut out, pasted on and shellacked. The round tin candy box which is beside the cookie box I painted black and decorated with a wall-paper bouquet, cut out, pasted on and shellacked.

The string box, beside the tin candy box, is covered with black satin. I cut four pieces of paper exactly the size of the top and sides of the cylindrical box that I used, covering them with black satin. The satin I glued only where it turned over the edges of the paper. I then glued the satin-covered edges to the box itself and covered these edges with red and gold Chinese braid. I made a hole in the top of the box, ran through it a string and tied a bead to the end of the string. There is no shellac on this box.

The box of assorted hairpins, which is placed first to the right in the grouping of the four small boxes, I covered with a single piece of red and gold paper, cut as it was glued on and turned up underneath. This I shellacked. The box of darning cottons, second from the right, I covered with fancy velvet, glued on top. I used no shellac on this box. The box of assorted silks, next in line, I covered with green and silver paper, gluing it on in one piece and shellacking it. I bordered the edges with narrow silver galloon, glued on and sewed at one corner. The match box, first on the left, covered with fancy paper, was shellacked. I cut one piece of paper to go around three edges of the match box.

### Organize on the Table Basis

If a group of you are planning to make your Christmas boxes together,—and I recommend this plan for Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, 4-H Clubs and other organizations, since your smaller bits of materials may then be used in great variety,—I suggest that you organize your work by tables. Divide the work into three tables: 1, a cutting and pasting table; 2, a shellacking table; 3, a painting table. Table 1 will have the greatest amount of work to do and so will need the largest number of girls.

For those of you who are interested in making all kinds of Christmas presents, the G. Y. C. is pleased to announce a new handicraft book for girls which you may obtain through our office at a cost of only twenty-five cents. This book contains complete directions for attractive articles of widest variety—desk sets, lamp shades, book-ends, boudoir novelties, wastebaskets.

It is a gold mine of suggestions which we heartily recommend. Send twenty-five cents in stamps to Hazel Grey, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, and she will see that your order is filled at once. You will be glad, too, to have this book all year round, for use when the spirit moves you to make something attractive.





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## GOOD MANNERS and GOOD FORM

I AM delighted that so many of you like our new etiquette column. No sooner was last month's magazine in the mails than your letters began to come in. Most of your questions were about going to parties. From these questions I have selected for reply here those most frequently asked.

I hope many more of you will write to me this month, telling me your most perplexing etiquette problem. I wish to make this department of real help to you, but in order to do so I shall need as many letters and questions from you as I can possibly get.

HAZEL GREY

### When You Go to a Party

Q.—When food you dislike is served at a party, what should you do?—A. W., Texas.



Precede your hostess from the room

A.—That depends on the kind of party it is. If it is a large evening party where it will occasion little notice, a quiet refusal is quite in harmony with good manners. On the other hand, at a small dinner party your refusal will be evident and make your hostess uncomfortable. In this case, do not refuse anything that is served. Accept it, eating a little. Even though you may dislike a dish extremely, a few mouthfuls should not distress you and will be your share in helping the party along.

Q.—What should I do with my napkin at a dinner party?—N. N., Colorado.

A.—When your hostess takes her napkin from the table, unfold half of your own, placing it smoothly across your knees. When you leave the table, do not fold it, as though you expect to come again. Lightly crush it, placing it either beside your plate on the table or on your chair. Another suggestion about the use of the napkin: remember to use it before taking a drink. This is the surest way to avoid leaving a mark on your glass.

Q.—After dinner, should guests precede or follow their hostess from the room? W. B., New York.

A.—Precede your hostess from the room. In entering the dining-room, the hostess leads, showing the way, and if the party is informal indicating the seat which each guest is to occupy. After dinner, however, the guests know where to go. When the hostess rises from the table, they follow her example and precede her from the room.

Q.—How can I tell what silver to use when invited out to dinner? A. L., Florida.

A.—There is one simple rule for the use of silver—go from the outside in. In other words, the silver which you find on either side of your plate has been arranged so that what you will need first is at the outside of each group. If, however, you feel doubtful, glance at your hostess and see what she is using.



What should I do with my napkin?

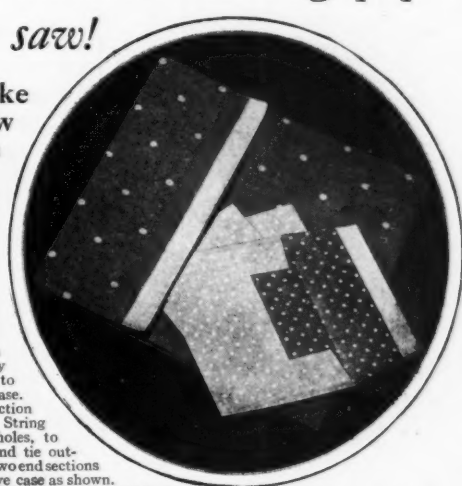
Q.—When you find that you cannot avoid being half an hour late to dinner, what should you do? This happened to me recently, and I telephoned my hostess that I couldn't come. Was this right? T. S., Wisconsin.

A.—The best plan to follow in such circumstances is simply to put yourself in your hostess's place. When a hostess plans a party, she invites the number of guests she wishes to have, and those who she thinks will enjoy being together. It is therefore a disappointment to her to have anyone suddenly absent. If you find yourself unavoidably detained, telephone her, explaining the situation. A half-hour's lateness at a dinner-party seems a long time, but, on the other hand, any hostess is prepared to wait a short period of time for a tardy guest—although she should not be asked to! When you have accepted an invitation, you have a definite obligation to your hostess to help make her party a success.

## It's the most adorable writing paper case you ever saw!

And yes, you can make it yourself—just follow these simple directions

Choose an attractive paper and cut a sheet 11 x 18 1/4 inches. Lay face down and measure from left end a section 6 1/4 inches long, and fold along that line. From the right-hand end, measure a section 3 1/2 inches long and fold along that line. Fold over a hem 1 inch wide on both long edges. Cut these hems off the two end sections, leaving them on the center section, which, between the hems, now measures 8 1/2 x 9 inches. Cut a sheet of heavy cardboard 8 1/2 x 9 inches and lepage to wrong side of center section of base. Two inches from the short end section cut holes in the center of the hems. String a ribbon through these holes, to keep the hems folded in and tie outside the case. Fold in the two end sections and you have the attractive case as shown. Now wasn't that easy? And isn't it a delightful case? Wouldn't you like to make a lamp shade, too, for your own room? Or a desk set?



## LEPAGE'S New book shows how to make 30 Modern . . . Colorful things for yourself or for Christmas Gifts . . .

This new book was prepared by an interior decorator of New York City, Miss Edith McClure. She says, "When I was making these gifts, every girl who saw them in my studio, wanted me to show her how to make them. Goodness! there were so many girls that I didn't have time to show them all. So I have put complete directions for making all these fascinating things into book form. And now any girl, anywhere, can easily make them herself."

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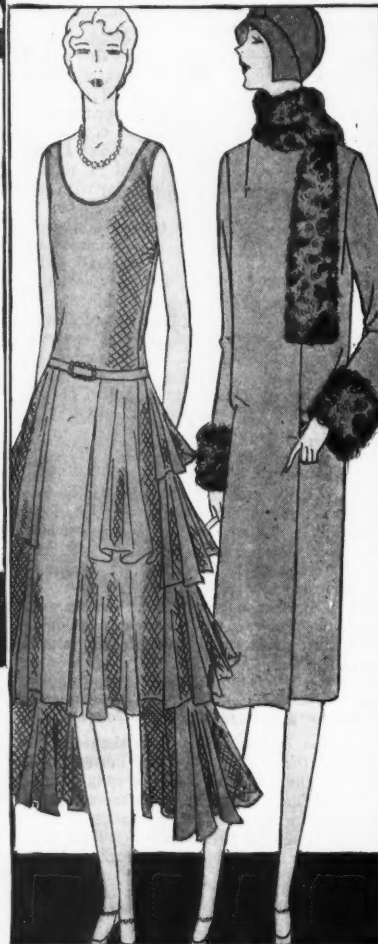
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## FOR the GIRL of CHARM FASHIONS ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR THE G. Y. C.



## The Long and the Short of It

By Elizabeth Lee



CAN a tall girl make herself look taller and thinner by the clothes she wears, and can a short girl make herself shorter and rounder in the same way? She can. It is very simple! If you are tall and thin and wish to be taller and thinner, wear clothes that have up-and-down lines. If you are short, try clothes with round-and-round lines—and look in the mirror.

The delightful fall styles which you see here can be becomingly worn by almost any girl, whatever her type. But I have selected them because they have the additional characteristic of being of advantage to the tall girl who does not wish to appear taller, as well as being suggestive to the short girl who has her own problems. In the picture to the left are a dress and a coat which, worn together, make a lovely everyday ensemble. The coat, which may be made from Butterick pattern No. 2230, price fifty cents, I saw in basket-weave material of soft green, with a beaver collar. If you already have a fur collar, you might work from that, selecting a becoming material which will harmonize nicely with your fur. This coat is excellent for the tall girl because of the belt and the pockets, which cut off from the up-and-down line.

The dress in this picture is excellent for the tall girl who is not too thin, because of the pocket, the belt and the arrangement of the pleats in the skirt. The pointed neck line, however, is something to think of. Generally speaking, a pointed neck line emphasizes thinness. This dress I saw in wool jersey material of brown and green. The green dress had a dark-brown belt, and I could see it worn delightfully with brown shoes and stockings and the coat with the beaver collar.

The evening dress (Butterick pattern No. 2237, price fifty cents) was in butterscotch tulle, and exquisite. The designer told me it would be equally effective in tulle of shell pink and aquamarine blue, two favorite colors for evening this season. This style is excellent for our tall girl because of the round neck line, the belt and the tiered skirt. It is also good for many types of smaller girls, making you look piquant if you are slender. For the girl who is very tiny, I suggest the possibility of omitting the longest tier at the back.

The coat beside the evening dress I selected as very appropriate for a dress-up coat this winter. It was made of velvet (Butterick pattern No. 2168, price forty-five cents), and its color was

light beige with beige caracul collar and cuffs. This style is also excellent for the tall girl, because of the slight break at the waistline and the collar-throw, which shortens the effect of the straight coat. But it, too, is a style that will be becoming to many shorter girls, depending on your type. You must decide for yourself. If you are planning for a silk best dress, you may have an ensemble with this coat by lining the coat either with the same silk or with a lining which harmonizes with both coat and dress.

I have been ever so pleased with your letters about our October Charm Page. You did indeed discover what was wrong with each picture—the girl in the evening dress should have left off those earrings, bracelets, the bright lining to her skirt and the fancy shoes. Her rose was much too large and in the wrong place. As for her hair! The velvet dress without the pattern was much more pleasing with the lace, don't you think? And this girl, too, should have left off her beads, her bracelet, her flowing handkerchief and those fancy shoes.

The girl in the street dress also was much too fancy, what with beads, bracelets, rose, earrings, loud-patterned stockings, elaborate shoes and hat—not to mention fancy hair! Isn't it amazing how an attractive dress can be utterly spoiled by such little things? Because so many of you wrote me about our October page, I am planning another page of little things for next month. This time, however, it will be little things that are delightful indeed.

If you cannot procure the patterns on this page from your nearest pattern store, order them directly from the Butterick Company, 223 Spring Street, New York City, saying you are a girl of The Youth's Companion.

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## Please Pass the Biscuits

Our G. Y. C. recipes by  
girls for girls

Tested by ALICE BRADLEY,  
Principal of Miss Farmer's  
School of Cookery



ARE you a girl who, when unexpected company comes, can stir up hot biscuit or light-as-a-feather muffins, pop them into the oven and bring them, hot and toothsome, to the table for the delight of everyone? I hope so. In fact, I am almost sure of it, because I have found so many recipes for hot breads among those you have sent to the G. Y. C.

But have you had the fun of working with real bread dough? If not, try it. Every real cook is able to mix, shape and bake a satisfactory loaf of bread. Even though your own supply of loaves comes from one of the large bakeries, you will be interested in seeing how much time our big baking manufacturers save us all. Besides, once you have mastered a basic recipe for bread, you will be able to make rolls of various shapes and sizes, and to experiment with new ingredients. The recipes which I am giving you here mention such ingredients and show me that you are experimenters. I am glad of that.

Do you know the difference between what we call bread and hot or quick breads? I have always been interested in the history of bread, from the time grains were ground between stones, mixed with water and baked on those same stones, to our machine-made loaves of today. Somewhere, sometime, someone, probably by happy accident, found that a small portion of dough kept until it fermented, and then mixed with a large mass of new dough, made the latter rise. After many years this knowledge led to the use of yeast and other fermenting agents. Today when we speak of bread we mean a loaf in which yeast has been used. Other breads, made with baking powder and soda, are called hot or quick breads.

The essential ingredients needed for bread are flour, liquid, sugar and yeast. Any standard cookbook contains a tested basic recipe for bread with which you can try out your bread-making skill. Meanwhile, I am sure you will find these hot-bread recipes as delicious as the students in our school found them when they tested them for you.

### POPPY SEED ROLL

Her grandmother's recipe. From Margaret Wedel,  
Newton, Kan.

#### Dough

1 cake yeast foam 5½ cups flour  
¼ cup water 1 egg  
2 cups milk ½ cup sugar  
2 teaspoons salt ½ cup butter or lard

#### Poppy Seed Filling

1 cup poppy seed 1 cup sugar  
1 cup thin cream 2 tablespoons flour

Dough: Soak yeast foam in water. Scald milk and when cool add yeast foam, enough flour to make a sponge (about 3 cups) and let stand overnight. In the morning add shortening, softened but not melted sugar, salt, beaten egg, and approximately 2½ cups flour, or enough to make a dough stiff enough to be handled easily. Knead, let rise until light, then roll out, spread with filling and make into a roll. Let rise again

and bake in a hot oven or at 400° F. for thirty-five to forty-five minutes.

Filling: If large poppy seeds are used, put through food chopper. Then add seeds to cream that has been heated. Add sugar and flour mixed, let boil one minute, stirring constantly to prevent sticking. When cool spread on dough.

Two small loaves of plain bread can be made, omitting the filling and the egg, and using only two tablespoons each of shortening and sugar. This recipe serves twelve people and makes three rolls.

### OLYMPIAN RAISIN BRAN BREAD

From Harriet Thwing, Timber Lake, S. Dak.

2 cups bran ¼ teaspoon salt  
1 cup flour 1 cup seedless raisins  
½ cup corn meal 3 eggs  
¾ cup sugar ¼ cup butter  
2 tablespoons baking powder 1 cup milk

Mix bran, flour, corn meal, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add eggs, well beaten. Plump raisins in one cup boiling water for five to ten minutes. Add butter, stir until butter melts, then add to first mixture. Add milk, mix thoroughly, pour into well-greased pans, one-third inch thick, or thicker in bread pan. Bake in a medium oven or at 350° F. for thirty minutes. This mixture is good baked in muffin rings. This recipe serves ten people.

### GRAPE-NUT BREAD

From Janet Sacket, Springfield, Mass.

1 cup Grape-Nuts 1 teaspoon salt  
2 cups milk 2½ tablespoons baking powder  
1 egg 4 cups flour  
½ cup sugar

Mix Grape-Nuts and hot milk and let stand twenty minutes. Add egg, well beaten, sugar, salt, baking powder and flour. Mix and let rise in bowl twenty minutes. Put in two small greased pans or one extra-large bread pan and bake in a moderate oven or at 350° F. for one hour to one hour and a quarter. This recipe makes two loaves.

### NUT GRAHAM BREAD

An old family recipe. From Myra Hawthorne,  
Garnet, Kan.

2 cups graham flour 1 level teaspoon soda  
1 cup white flour ½ cup molasses  
½ cup sugar 1½ cups sweet milk  
1 level teaspoon salt ¼ cup nut meats  
1 tablespoon baking powder

Sift white flour, sugar, salt and soda together. Add unsifted graham flour. Mix dry ingredients with one-fourth cup nut meats cut in small pieces. Add molasses and milk. Beat, and bake in buttered pan in a moderate oven or at 325° F. for one and one-half hours.

### SOUTHERN HOT BISCUITS

An old family recipe. From Louise Chambers,  
Darlington, Md.

2 quarts flour 2 tablespoons baking powder  
2 level teaspoons salt 3 tablespoons lard  
½ teaspoon soda 3 cups sour milk

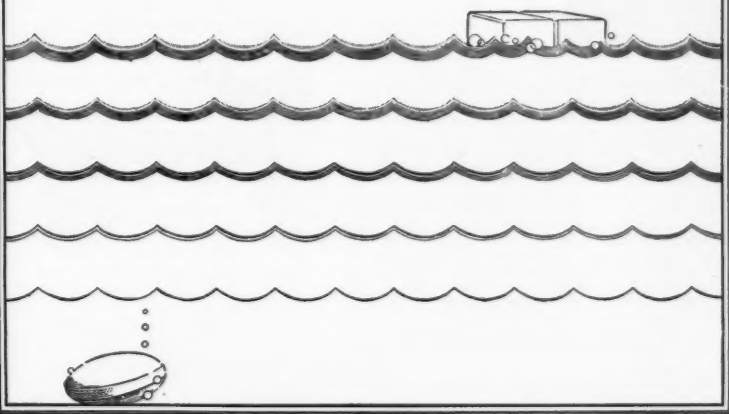
Sift dry ingredients into mixing bowl, cut in shortening, and make a well in center in which to put milk. Mix as quickly as possible into a soft dough. Turn on to a floured cloth, using no more flour than necessary to keep from sticking, and roll to a one-half-inch thickness. Cut into biscuits, brush over with melted fat, and bake in a quick oven or at 450° F. for the first ten minutes; then reduce to 400° F. and cook for another ten minutes. This recipe makes four dozen medium-sized biscuits.



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NO NEED OF SUFFERING THIS WINTER

## More Good News for G. Y. C. Cooks and Especially Bread Makers

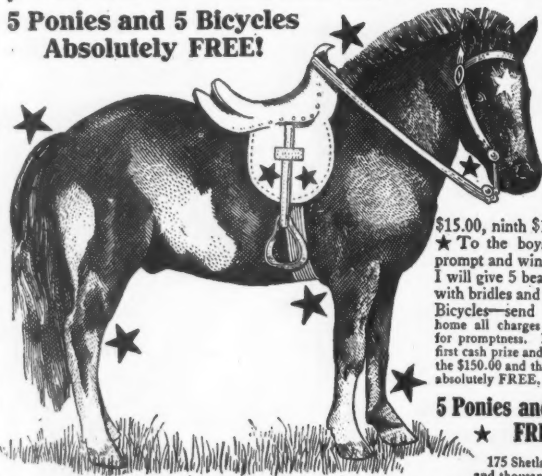
THROUGH the courtesy of the Gold Medal and Pillsbury flour companies, the G. Y. C. has for you two most attractive books on making bread and cookies and dumplings and jelly layer-cake and any number of toothsome dainties. You may have these books free by sending the cost of mailing—four cents—to Hazel Grey, 8 Arlington Street, Boston.



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5 Ponies and 5 Bicycles  
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TO make more friends for my company among the boys and girls, I will give \$415.00 in prizes: First prize \$150.00, second \$75.00, third \$50.00, fourth \$35.00, fifth \$30.00, sixth \$25.00, seventh \$20.00, eighth \$15.00, ninth \$10.00 and tenth \$5.00.

To the boys and girls who are prompt and win one of these prizes, I will give 5 beautiful Shetland ponies with bridles and saddles and 5 elegant Bicycles—send them right to your home all charges paid—absolutely FREE for promptness. If you win the \$150.00 first cash prize and are prompt, you will get the \$150.00 and the pony, bridle and saddle absolutely FREE.

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## G. Y. C. Girls Like to Read

Honors are given to the letters and pictures published on this page, and a publication prize of one dollar is awarded for each of them

DURING November we celebrate a very important event—Book Week, this year from November 11 to 17. And so I am honoring G. Y. C. Members who have sent in reading and authorship achievements. Every girl whose picture and letter you see here is an Active Member who has done splendid reading or who is at work on her own writing.

Holly Wolcott's achievement during Book Week last year was so unusual that I have selected her letter first of all. And if you, too, are planning a Book Week celebration for your club, remember that the National Association of Book Publishers, 25 West 33d Street, New York City, will be pleased to send suggestions to you. When you write, say that you are a girl of The Youth's Companion. Here is Holly's letter.



Holly Wolcott  
Galesburg, Ill.

But afterward she came up to me very shyly and said she had liked it so much.

One other time there were two boys about seven and nine who captured my interest, so I told some stories about knights especially for them—"The Knight of the Silver Shield" and "King Arthur." They called loudly for more, but the hour was up. It was dark early, and the twilight made it seem nicer.

I enjoyed all of it because I love stories and children and bookshops, and I had them all together then. I have always loved books and shall never forget all that our children's librarian in Lincoln, Neb., did for me. She gave me books that were just right and told me about the authors. I'd still rather read than do anything else.

Your G. Y. C. Member,  
HOLLY WOLCOTT  
Active Member in Galesburg, Ill.

Adeline Haese  
Reedsville, Wis.

Others of you are telling me that you are interested in becoming writers yourselves. Virginia Borchers, Active Member in Lebanon, Ore., is one of these girls:

Dear Hazel Grey:  
I am planning to study journalism when I finish high school (I will be a senior next year), and meanwhile I am keeping my stories, essays, poems and diary in a book which I made myself. I got a large loose-leaf notebook and covered it with cretonne of a very pretty figure. I then got some heavy drawing paper for dividing the pages into sections, as stories, essays, poems, playlets and miscellaneous. In the front of the book is my diary. I call it "My Autobiography."

Your sincere friend,  
VIRGINIA BORCHERS  
Active Member in Lebanon, Ore.

And do send me more reading and authorship achievements for our next G. Y. C. book page.

*Hazel Grey*  
Executive Secretary of the G. Y. C.



Bernice Burnham  
Kittery, Me.



Rebecca Elkinton  
Westtown, Pa.



Virginia Cox  
Woodlawn, Va.



Genevieve Fink  
Alden, Ill.

## What Kind of a Girl Are You?

HAVE you been thinking that the G. Y. C. girls earn their Active Membership only by cooking and sewing? Indeed not! We have just as many girls who are wearing our blue and gold pin because they have sent in a reading achievement or a sport achievement or a hostess achievement or a camping achievement or a club achievement. In fact, our G. Y. C. Members are doing all kinds of things, because our G. Y. C. is for all kinds of girls. This coupon, sent to me, will tell you just how you may join us and earn the right to wear our blue and gold pin. And if you have been hesitating about sending it in, thinking that the things you do wouldn't count for Membership, don't wait any longer. There is a place for you in the G. Y. C.

H. G.

## CUT OUT AND MAIL TO

Hazel Grey, 8 Arlington Street,  
Boston, Mass.

DEAR HAZEL GREY:

I am a girl who enjoys what the G. Y. C. Members do, and I am interested in worthwhile achievements.

Will you please write and tell me how I may join the G. Y. C., earn the right to wear the blue and gold Keystone membership pin, and enjoy all the advantages of being an Active Member?

My name is.....

My age is.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

11-28



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THE special boys' Eveready Flashlight No. 2697 shoots a bright, piercing, 200-foot beam right through the heart of the blackest night. And just by turning the lens the other way you can change that searchlight beam into a big, broad light for close-by use.

Focusing is only one feature of this special Boy Scout Flashlight. There is a special clip on the back for fastening the light to your belt or shirt-pocket so both your hands can be free. A great feature when you're busy.

And there is a ring-hanger that snaps back out of the way, and a safety-lock switch that prevents accidental lighting. That switch gives you either steady or off-and-on light.

Boy Scout Headquarters endorse this light as the only official Boy Scout Flashlight. That's why it's marked with the Boy Scout insignia. It's olive-drab in color, too, to match the uniform. Truly a fine-looking flashlight.

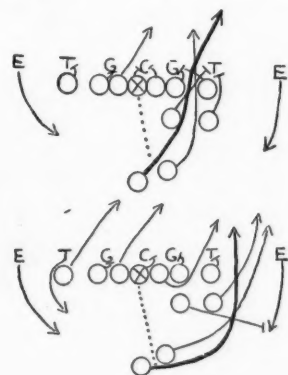
You'll want to see this flashlight and try out its features for yourself. Ask for Eveready Flashlight No. 2697.

## SPORT

CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE 568

### The Running Attack—Continued

Plays from Shift Formation



### Team Play

THE charging lineman, the end breaking interference and the back crashing through the line for a gain assume somewhat similar positions. Note a star football player in motion during a game and you will see that he charges or bucks with his back slightly tilted upward from hips to shoulders. Although his head is somewhat down, his eyes are peering ahead. His legs are a bit under his body, driving up and down like the piston-rods of an engine.

This is the strongest position a football player can take. The line of his back permits him to strike forward and upward, so that when he hits an opponent he not only drives him back but lifts him up off his feet. The piston-like leg drive permits him to put all the driving power of his strong leg muscles into his effort, whether it be to drive through the line, or to lift an opposing lineman out of the way, or to break through interference to get at the runner, or to tackle. The eyes are facing forward, so he can see every move of his immediate opponent as well as follow the course of the ball.

The writer remembers an incident in his early college football days. Rushing down on a punt to tackle the receiver, he closed his eyes as he approached the runner. Crash! He threw himself at this opponent to make the tackle and rose a few moments later very much pleased with himself. But he had tackled a teammate instead. During the intermission his coach said to him, "You are trying to play football blind. Make use of your eyes." The lesson was never forgotten.

In the panel drawing across the bottom of page 568 every point of individual play that makes possible a long run is sketched. Study the duties of each player. Note how each has his particular job to do to make the run of the back a success. Each lineman who remains on the line must check an opponent. If one fails, his assigned opponent will break through and throw the runner for a loss. Two other linemen must come out of line, run back of it, cut across the line of scrimmage outside their right tackle and each take out an opposing back. The left end must break through and knock down a third back.

The three backs, other than the runner, have important duties that are clearly shown. One helps his right end block the opposing left tackle out of the play. Two of them cut down the opposing left end. If any of the ten men, other than the runner, fail in their duties, the latter will be stopped without gain or with very little gain. If all perform as instructed, the runner will break clear of every opponent except the defensive men, as all he need do is to run in the lane cleared for him.

If the runner gets by, he will be loudly cheered for making a great run. The players who made it possible, his ten teammates, will scarcely be mentioned. Yet they alone are responsible for the run. I once complimented one of the "Four Horsemen" of Coach Knute Rockne's best team, the Notre Dame eleven of 1926, on their remarkable running ability. "Yes," he replied, "we looked like world beaters running for touchdowns. But don't forget the seven mules. [He so referred to the seven linemen.] They did the work for us. They won the game."

After a game at Penn years ago, when a half-back ran back a punt some fifty yards to win from Michigan on the last play, I walked into

the dressing-room, a scene of wild joy. Suddenly the coach entered. "Boys, that was the finest interference I've seen this year. It won the game. It will win any game you play. That's team work; that's football," he said. "Yes, fellows, you did it," said the hero; "anyone could have made that score."

The most satisfying look came over the faces of the entire team. They knew that the coach knew. Each was happy in the knowledge that he had performed his duty perfectly. Football is close kin to life in this respect. The most satisfying moments of one's existence come when a hard task that means much to others has been well done.

—S. M.

### November Diet

TURKEY with cranberry sauce and then mince pie or plum pudding never hurt any boy on Sunday after the big game of the day before. If he happens to play a Thanksgiving Day game, he should eat such a dinner afterwards, for it will help tremendously in forgetting the bumps and bruises.

We always used to have such a dinner at college, with all the trimmings, every Thanksgiving after the final game. Many old grads came to it, men who had football records that were a tradition around the university. There would be the election of a new captain. Then the coach would make a little speech—a very pleasant one, if we had won that afternoon, an even happier one if we had lost. Usually we would give him a present.

One such night in Oregon an entire student body paraded into the armory, where the dinner was held. The president of their senior class made a speech and presented the coach with a gold watch in recognition of his services. The "Old Man"—that's what we called the coach—couldn't reply for some minutes. There were tears in his eyes when he did thank the boys. It hadn't been such a successful season, either. But the "Old Man" had made an impression on every fellow on the campus. We all knew he had taught the team a great deal more than football. You couldn't help being a better man for playing under him or for being associated with him. A real coach does his best job off the field.

Lots of stewed and fresh fruit and delicious hot cereals, with eggs and toast and coffee substitutes or cocoa, for breakfast, with more stewed fruit, a cut of meat and a baked potato for lunch (which should be eaten some three hours before practice and never be a heavy meal), followed by a big supper or dinner at night, the name for this meal depending upon where you reside, with a roast or a steak medium done, for the meat, is the diet list.

Steaks are best when cut thick and cooked in a frying-pan in their own fat. Wait till the pan is hot, then sprinkle it with salt. Then drop in the steak and keep turning it frequently with a fork. The hot pan will sear each side and cause the steak to hold its juices. Turn it often, so that the sides will not burn. Insert a fork to find out just when it is done to a taste. That beats broiling any steak, as none of the tasty juices escape.

Eat plenty of vegetables at night, all the green ones you can get hold of. But dodge pies and pastries and rich desserts except on Sunday, when the good athlete wants a change of diet to break the monotony of training.

—S. M.



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# THE CHILDREN'S PAGES

## A Kitty-Nanga and a Habbacuck

By Dorothy Canfield

Illustrated by Doris Holt Hauman

**E**VEN when he was just beginning to have stories told to him, Jimmy never liked the ready-made kind. He said they didn't fit his ideas. He wanted to hear about the things he wanted to hear about, as I imagine you do, too. So, every once in a while, he would ask his mother to make him a story to his order. He would think up beforehand just what things he wanted in his story, and then his mother would make it to fit. And Jimmy loved his "made-to-order" stories best of all.

Well, one day Jimmy's little cousin Nancy heard about this kind of story and of course wanted one, too. Jimmy

they did surprise him in another way, for, what do you think! he knew right away which story they belonged in.

"Why, Nancy," he said, "that's the story about Uncle Jed's black dog."

"Oh, goody," said Nancy. "Which black dog?"

"W-e-l-l," began Jimmy in his best story-telling voice, "it was the dog Uncle Jed had when he was a little boy, about the only plaything he had, because his folks were quite poor. And he loved it and played with it so much he could teach it most anything. He called it Willywack, and he thought Willywack was worth all the rest of the animals on the farm put together."

"One day in the summer Uncle Jed had finished hoeing his corn earlier than usual—he was little Jed then, of course, but he was big enough to hoe corn. And he was lying down in the hammock under the trees in front of the farmhouse. It was the kind of hammock you make out of barrel staves. Willywack saw him and came running over to play with him, and Uncle Jed began to fool round with him. He was teaching Willywack to track things, and this is the way he was doing it."

"He'd take a shoe of his mother's, give it to Willywack to smell and say loudly, 'Go-Get-Some-More.' Then Willywack would smell the shoe all over, slow and thoughtful, and dash off into the house, and come back maybe with Jed's mother's apron that she'd left across a chair."

"Or else Jed would let Willywack smell the hired man's necktie before he'd say, 'Go-Get-Some-More.' And off Willywack would tear and bring back the hired man's hat or his extra overalls or something."

"Well, that day Jed was in the hammock, he and Willywack were having such a good time, when all of a sudden Jed heard a man's voice saying, 'Is this the road to Peterborough?'"

"Quick as a wink Jed replied, 'No, sir,' and looked around to see who the man was. It was a stranger on horseback, and when Jed told him he'd taken the wrong turn the man said he was very sorry, for he hadn't any time to lose. He was looking for his little girl, he said, who'd walked out of the house in her sleep the night before and hadn't come back. He'd heard that a family with a child that age had passed through Peterborough, and so now he was going to Peterborough to try to find them. 'I'll show you the way,' said Jed, running down to the gate."

"So the man took Jed up on the front of his saddle, and they



Jimmy couldn't help laughing one little chuckle, because she did look so like a baby doll talking to him with her head tipped back like that



"That's my poor little Pussy-girl's dolly," said the man sadly

was quite a big boy by that time, and Nancy had to tip back her head to talk to him: "Dimmy, let's you make me a made-to-order story for me."

Jimmy couldn't help laughing one little chuckle, because she did look so like a baby doll talking to him with her head tipped back like that. And he didn't think for a minute that such a little tike could think up an order for a story. But he said, "All right, Nancy; only if it's going to be your made-to-order story you'll have to pick out what's going in it, you know."

That didn't bother Nancy a bit. She just said, "Wait a minute." And then she thought and thought and thought. And then she said, right straight off like this, "I want to have in it a kitty-nanga, a habbacuck, a baby doll and a very, very little girl."

Probably you don't know what Nancy meant, but Jimmy did. He knew that in Nancy's language *kitty-nanga* meant a soft, woolly outing flannel nightgown—like a kitty, you see. And he knew that *habbacuck* was her word for hammock. So he wasn't as much surprised as you probably were when you heard those words. But

rode away. And Willywack went along, too, running his legs off, very proud and excited. But when they got to Peterborough, the 'child that age' turned out to be a little boy and to belong to another family anyhow. The father felt pretty sad then, I can tell you. He reached into his pocket to take out his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and what should he pull out but a little baby doll that hit Willywack on the back and rolled off in front of his nose! He was smelling it very hard when the man picked it up. 'That's my poor little Pussy-girl's dolly,' said the man sadly. 'I thought she'd like to see it, so I brought it along.' And he put the doll into his pocket again."

"So they started back, Willywack trotting along, sort of thoughtful, so it seemed to Jed, and every once in a while he lifted up his head and sniffed. Snf! Snf! Snf!"

"When they got to the turn of the road, Jed got off the horse and started to walk back up the hill, but Willywack wouldn't come. He barked, and sniffed, and ran down the hill, and said, 'Come along! Come along!' as plain as could be."

"What's the matter with your dog?" asked the little girl's father. 'Lost his mind?'"

"I never saw him act so naughty," said Jed, whistling with all his might: Whee! Whee! Whee!"

"But Willywack paid no attention

to the whistling and darted off through the woods as fast as he could go. In a minute, while they were still wondering what to do, he came running back with something long and white trailing from his mouth and dropped it down at Jed's feet, wagging himself all over with pride."

"My baby daughter's little nightgown!" cried the father. And with that off they all went, as fast as they could leg it, the way Willywack had gone."

"Of course, sure enough, they found her—in a camp, with a good-natured man and his wife and their five children. Little Pussy-girl was all dressed up in a calico dress that belonged to one of the children. She'd come walking into their camp early that morning, they said, still sound asleep, and they hadn't known where to return her because she was too little to talk much."

"But, however," said the father as he and Jed and little Pussy-girl and Willywack started back, 'did your dog know how to look for my Pussy-girl when he's never even seen her?'"

"Don't you know?" said Jed, in a sort of teacherish tone, looking at the head of the baby doll sticking out of the father's pocket. 'Well, you just keep thinking it over and over, and maybe the idea will come.'

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for that dog," said the father."

"Oh, I couldn't sell my dog," said Jed."

"Well, I'll give you a hundred dollars, anyhow," said the father."

"And he did."

"A hundred dollars!" shouted little Nancy, the minute Jimmy finished. "A hundred dollars in my story! A hundred dollars out of a kitty-nanga and a habbacuck and a doll and a little girl!"

"But look here, Nancy," said Jimmy. "Look-y here, it was Jed had that hundred dollars!"

"But it's in my story!" insisted Nancy. "It's in my story. You said it would be my story!"

So Jimmy let her have it."

Would you like a whole book of Jimmy's "made-to-order" stories? You may have it, for there is one, written by Dorothy Canfield herself and published by Harcourt, Brace & Company."



It was the kind of hammock you make out of barrel staves



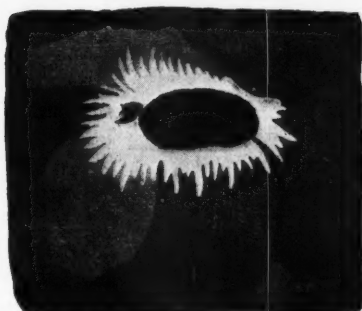
# The Magic Merry-Go-Round For Mother and Grandmother

Merry  
Christmas

From Jimmy  
and Betty



By Helen Perry Curtis



THESE are the Christmas presents Jimmy and Betty have been making for their mother and their grandmother. If you would like to make some presents just like these, this is how they did it.

When Betty started to make the holder, she cut a pattern from a newspaper, eight inches long and six and a half inches wide. Then she and Jimmy found some chintz in the piece-bag—it could have been calico just as well, Aunt Jane said—which was large enough to make two pieces the size of the pattern. Betty pinned the pattern on the chintz and cut out the two pieces the same size exactly. From some old stockings Aunt Jane gave her she cut two pads, each half an inch smaller all the way round than the pattern. Then she laid one pad on the inside of one of the pieces of chintz, turned the edge of the chintz over it and basted it, folding the corners carefully. Then she did the same thing with the other pad. Next she pinned the two sides of the holder together with the chintz side out, and with a piece of bright red yarn that matched the flower which you see in the

picture she blanket-stitched the edges together. Do you know how to blanket-stitch? If you don't ask your aunt to teach you.

Grandmother likes to have flowers in her room, so Aunt Jane suggested that they make a vase for her from an empty olive bottle. They found the bottle in the kitchen and washed and dried it very thoroughly. Next they went to the five-and-ten-cent store with Aunt Jane and bought a brush about an inch wide and a can of bright orange paint. Betty and Jimmy had enough saved up to pay for everything. Aunt Jane said bright red would make a pretty vase—or green or blue—but Betty and Jimmy decided on orange. When they got home, Aunt Jane said to paint the inside of the bottle first, as far down as Jimmy could reach. So he did. And then he painted the outside—and there was as lovely an orange vase as you could imagine.

## NUTS TO CRACK

A CORNER FOR BUSY MINDS



### 1. CHARADE

Never my first, but my second is  
An article without compunction.  
These two are small, my third is less,  
My whole a frequently used conjunction.

### 2. ENIGMA

M  
O  
T  
Y

These four letters arranged as above denote a common word of eight letters. As a clue to its meaning, well, it is very tiring.

### 3. CLEVER FIGURING

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.

By placing the proper signs of addition, multiplication, subtraction or division between the nine figures given, they may be made to total 25, thus: 9 plus 8 plus 7 plus 6 minus 5 plus 4 minus 3 minus 2 plus 1.

See if you can make them total fifty, and one hundred, in a similar manner.

### 4. MISSING LETTERS

G N T L N D N L R D S F Y R K

If the proper letter be inserted several times among the letters given, there will appear a war-cry of the War of the Roses.

### 5. WORD-DIAMOND

1. A letter. 2. A passenger vehicle. 3. An indiscriminate collection. 4. In the open. 5. To register. 6. A tool. 7. A letter.

### 6. A PUZZLING COUNTRY

A POUND AN IOWA.

Can you tell what country is represented by the words given?

### 7. ANAGRAM STORY

The words in capitals can be rearranged into

other words which will fit the sense of the story.

When SULU COMB came to MICA ERA, there was no RED NAG from SEA TRIP, for he was crossing unknown NO CASE. In the IT RAN NEAR MEDE, however, there were RIPS TEA, who were given severe NINE THUMPS when caught.

### 8. LETTER-CHANGING

1. KING 4. \*\*\*\*  
2. \*\*\*\* 5. \*\*\*\*  
3. \*\*\*\* 6. JACK

### 9. WORD-BUILDING

The words described below are of increasing length; each contains the same letters as the preceding word, and one other letter.

1. A tiny word. 2. A measure of area. 3. Equality of value. 4. To gather. 5. That which is before you. 6. One who strikes smartly. 7. To make ready.

### 10. A RIDDLE

I am something of unchanging length. My first part is an onslaught, I have an eye in the middle, and we are on the end.

If there are two of me, however, it makes us disappear, and we have then two eyes on the right.

### ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES

1. Insert I. "Singing is sin in Sing Sing." 2. Paris, Atone, Roost, Insert, Ser-to. 3. Malta. Oahu. 4. BBBB (Bees), IIII (Eyes), TTTT (Teas), EEEE (Ease). 5. Ti, In, NY, TINY. 6. F, Caw, Cases, Fashion, Weird, Sod, N. 7. Re-Pub-Lick. Republic. 8. "Many a man is told to wait for the power that belongs to old and aged persons without terse attempts to present fame. 9. AGRA; INDIA. \*\*\* dollars A GRAIN, DIAMONDS \*\*." 10. Star, Sear, Seas, Sets, Bets, Bats, Rats.



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## STAMPS TO STICK

A DEPARTMENT FOR STAMP ENTHUSIASTS OF ALL AGES



Poland commemorates a nineteenth-century hero; Uruguay's Olympic soccer victories of 1924 and 1928 are perpetuated philatelically; the first ruler of Hungary, St. Stephen, on an issue nine centuries after his death; Yugoslavia's double surcharge described below

## TETE BECHE

CONSIDER Egypt's 1-piastre vermilion-red stamp of 1872. As listed in the American standard catalogue for 1928 it is worth 35 cents in mint, or unused, condition. But we find chronicled three minor varieties. The first, marked *a*, is worth \$1 unused if the color is rose-red instead of vermilion-red. The second, set down as *b*, is valued at \$2 unused, because it is imperforate instead of being perforated. The third, designated *c*, is worth \$7.50 unused, and the catalogue listing calls this minor variety "tête bêche."

When the philatelic value of a stamp is thus enhanced because of being tête bêche it is important for the beginner to understand the meaning of the term.

It is the common practice for stamps to be

printed in sheet form, with horizontal and vertical perforations between the rows, so that the stamps can be separated readily. Occasionally an error causes one or more of the units in a sheet to be inverted. Thus two adjoining stamps, one right side up and the other upside down, are characterized as being tête bêche. The minor variety known as tête bêche, therefore, never is a single stamp. There must always be two, attached to each other, one of the two being inverted. This pair may be a horizontal one, one stamp being beside the other, or it may be a perpendicular one, with one stamp above the other.

The first tête-bêche stamps appeared in 1849, and in all but twenty-five of the subsequent years such errors were made in numbers ranging from only one in each of eleven years to as many as twenty-seven (in 1921). In all, 361 tête-bêche varieties are available to collectors.

## STAMP NEWS

## Polish History

A CENTURY ago a young revolutionist, Jozef Bem, was fighting in the army of Poland, and in 1830-31 he distinguished himself in the Polish revolution, rising to the position of commander-in-chief of the artillery before the insurrection collapsed. In 1848, at the head of Hungary's Army of the Transylvania, he defeated the Austrians at the bridge of Piski and later drove them and their Russian allies into Wallachia before he was finally defeated and had escaped into Turkey, where, wounded while commanding a Turkish army that was suppressing an anti-Christian riot, he died of fever at Aleppo.

The dates of General Bem's birth and death, 1794 and 1850, and of his campaigns of 1831 and 1848, are all inscribed on a commemorative stamp which Poland has issued—25 groszy, red—that bears his picture and name.

## A Saint of Hungary

NEARLY nine centuries ago (1038) Hungary's first king, St. Etienne I, whom we know today as St. Stephen, died, after devoting the entire period of his reign to the spreading of Christianity throughout the land over which he ruled. Born about 977, he was converted to Christianity in 995 and two years later ascended the throne.

Hungary is observing now the ninth centennial of his efforts to diffuse the gospel of religion among his people, and, as one token of the homage being paid, three commemorative stamps have been issued which bear his likeness, the head wearing an iron crown. The values are 8 fillers, green, 16 fillers, red, and 32 fillers, blue.

## Uruguay Celebrates Soccer

PROUD of her soccer football heroes, Uruguay has once more celebrated, through the medium of the postage stamp, their triumph in this sport at the Olympic Games. It will be recalled that Uruguay's team was victorious when the international athletes assembled in France in 1924, and that three special stamps were issued in its honor. At the recent games in Amsterdam the Uruguayans repeated their success in soccer, and commemorative adhesives have once more

appeared, both dates, 1924 and 1928, being inscribed. The design shows a man and a football on top of a blossom-studded crossbar; in the background is a mountain top, symbolical of the heights, with a rising sun casting its beams upon the crossbar and its human victor. The values are 2 centesimos, brown-lilac, 5 centesimos, red, and 8 centesimos, ultramarine.

## Multiple Surcharges for Yugoslavia

NOW and then the philatelic public fails to "bite" when a country issues a semi-postal charity series to raise funds for one purpose or another. Late in 1926 Yugoslavia suffered disastrous floods, and twelve values of the regular set were overprinted with new denominations. Ample stocks were run off to meet demands by the world's collectors, and it is suspected that the postal administration was disappointed at the apathy exhibited by stamp lovers. Quantities of the stamps remained unsold.

As a measure of economy, so that the balance of the unpopular issue will not be wasted, these remainders have now been once more surcharged. This time four heavy X's, black, obliterate the new values which were placed on the stamps in 1926. Thus, doubly overprinted, they are converted into adhesives for regular postal use once more.

## Air-Mail News

AMONG the recent air-mail stamps are a series from the French offices in Morocco and a singleton from the Dominican Republic. The latter adhesive, 10 centavos, deep ultramarine, shows a dotted air route extending from the western tip of Porto Rico across the map of the Dominican Republic to the eastern part of Cuba.

Morocco's set of ten is a very colorful one, ranging from 5 centimes to 5 francs, and the designs present a panorama of what one would see while flying above this French possession in Africa—native fighters on horseback, the pursuit of agriculture, villages, mosques, flocks of sheep, native birds in their habitat. A 20-centime, black, special delivery—inscribed "Correspondencia Urgente"—has appeared also, the design being a dispatch-bearer on horseback. Our illustrations show several of the most striking designs in the air-mail series.

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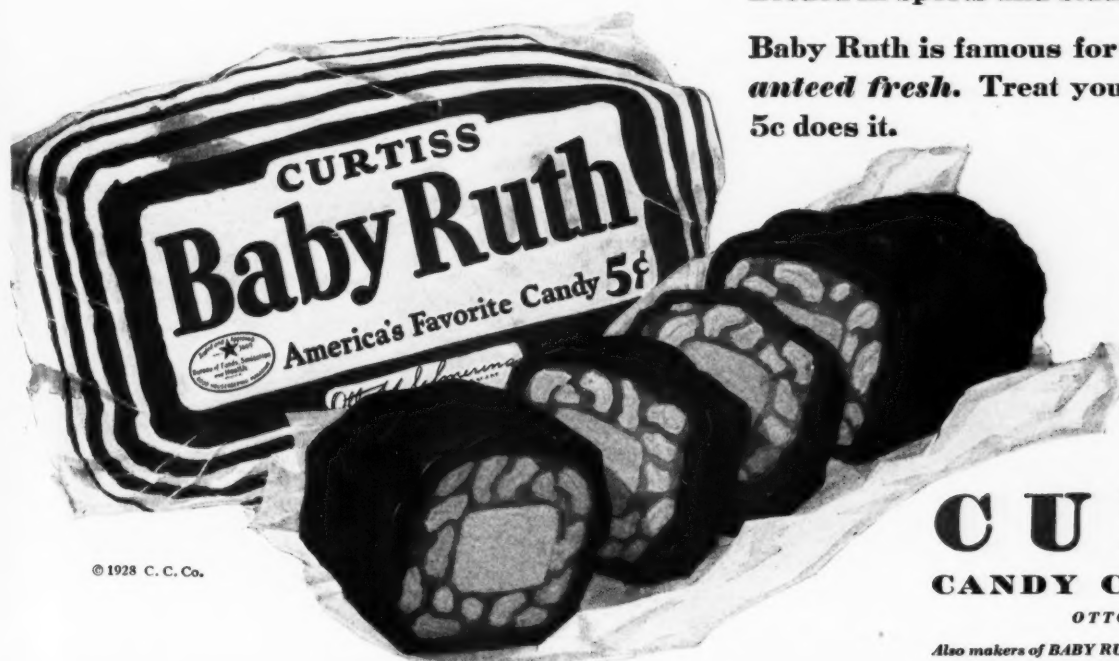
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P AND G HOME



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As a matter of sentiment I wanted each of my children to wear the "family jewels", so Dolly and Ethel too and finally a young son, Jackie, appeared in the same little dress at their christenings and on other state occasions. It has traveled with the family North, South, East and West, and has been washed in all kinds of water—hard and soft—but P and G has always kept it white and dainty.

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